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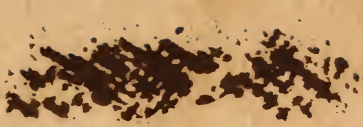

THE

PSALMS,

PARAPHRASED ACCORDING TO THE

NEW-TESTAMENT INTERPRETATION,

AND

Adapted to the common CHURCH-TUNES.

WITH

An ILLUSTRATION at the Beginning of each Pſalm, or elſe a Reference to its Parallels; and an introductory VERSE, expreſſive of its Spirit and Scope.

To the whole is prefixed,

A General PREFACE, ſerving to ſhew, that theſe inſpired Songs are not expreſſive of the private Frames and Experiences of the Penmen; but are either hiſtorical and commemorative of public Events concerning the Church; or prophetical and deſcriptive of the Perſon, Character, Miſſion, Offices and Kingdom of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Deſigned to be ſung in Churches and Families.

BY JOHN BARCLAY, A. M.

Miniſter of the BEREAN ASSEMBLY in EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE.

IS it not surprising at this day, when all honest freedom of inquiry is beginning to be so much indulged, that those vast mountains of rubbish which whole legions of commentators have been heaping for ages upon the Psalms, are still suffered to lie almost unmolested, untouched? For what though some one, happily, may have discovered, assayed, and laid open the golden vein of truth which runs through that precious portion of the book of God; where have they been found who have pursued the track, and wrought the mine? or, if some have actually begun to put their hands to the work, yet in such a shy, reserved, partial, hidden manner have they proceeded, that we may still say, where are they? who are they? as if they had been stealing away, rather than boldly avouching the cause of truth.

How much the cause of truth, to the hurting of many souls, hath suffered by wresting that particular book of divine inspiration, may appear from a comparison of the common stream of commentators with the words of the Holy Ghost; who hath certified us, 'that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private 'interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old 'time,' or at any time, as the margin reads, 'by the 'will of man: but holy men of God spake as they 'were moved by the Holy Ghost.' Now, where has the Holy Ghost, in the whole public interpretation of the Old Testament writings by the apostles, given any one hint for applying any one of the Psalms, or any one part of a Psalm, to David, or any one of the penmen, concerning whom we hear so much, whosoever they were? Is not a dead silence observed

on this head throughout the whole New Teſtament? A ſhrewd hint, that, whoever was employed, the Holy Ghoſt had no hand in any ſuch applications: for he hath ſaid to the churches concerning the ſalvation which the apoſtles preached, 'that the prophets 'inquired and ſearched diligently, who propheſied 'of the grace that ſhould come unto you: ſearching 'what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Chriſt 'which was in them did ſignify, when it teſtified 'before-hand the ſufferings of Chriſt, and the glory 'that ſhould follow. Unto whom it was revealed, 'that not unto themſelves, but unto us they did mi-'niſter the things which are now reported unto you, 'by them that have preached the goſpel unto you, 'with the Holy Ghoſt ſent down from heaven; 'which things the angels deſire to look into.' Agreeably to all this David had ſaid by the ſame Spirit in his laſt words, 'The Spirit of the Lord ſpake by me, 'and his word was in my tongue.' And the Lord ſaid to the Jews, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them 'ye think ye have eternal life; and theſe are they 'which teſtify of me.' It was the Scriptures of the Old Teſtament to which they were referred; and this teacheth us, that Chriſt is the great and principal ſubject of them; and that our moſt painful ſtudy and learned reſearches are to no profit as to eternal life, and conſequently to nothing at all, if we cannot diſcern God teſtifying of his own Son, our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, in them. As, in that place, he refers to the Scriptures in general, ſo, when going to accompliſh his obedience in his death at Jeruſalem, he tells his diſciples expreſsly of the matter, pointing to the Pſalms in particular, ſaying, 'The things which are 'written in the Prophets and in the Pſalms concern-'ing me have an end.' And accordingly, in the New Teſtament we find many of the Pſalms expreſsly applied to him; which ſhews, as Chriſt is the great ſubject of the Scriptures in general, ſo in particular,

cular, and especially of the Psalms: and therefore we should search for Christ in them, even in them all: for, if no part of the Psalms is to be explained of Christ, but what is in as many words applied to him in the New Testament, as some would make us think, so neither is any such part of the Law and the Prophets to be understood of him; and so a great part of the Old Testament, speaking of Christ, must go for nothing as to any saving purpose; nay, must be considered as a blot upon the face of Jesus; for the Spirit teacheth us by truth, and not by falsehood; for, if I am reading any passage speaking of Christ, and apply it otherways, I cannot be profited; it is impossible, whatever pious views I may have, seeing I rob God of his glory, and give it to another, deceiving myself, and being deceived: now, deceit can never be of God, nor for the glory of God.

But, as we have said, the New Testament explains the Old, by letting us into the spiritual intent, truth, or meaning thereof: with this key we are warranted to open up and explain those passages which are not directly mentioned in the New: neither need we be afraid of any dangerous mistake, as long as we are guided by that light which shineth in the face of Jesus.

If then we would express praise with knowledge, and sing the Psalms with understanding and grace (and there can be no grace without truth) in our hearts, we must go to the apostles, who alone had the Holy Ghost given them to search into the mind of Christ, and declare to the churches those things which God had kept secret from the foundation of the world, even the hidden things of God, wrapped up in the mystery of all the prophecies, promises, signs, and figures, that had gone before, shewing, like the outer leaves of an unblown flower, that some better things were to come, whose form and beauty should appear displayed to open view, in the fulness

of their glory, when the proper ſeaſon appointed of God ſhould arrive.

If this matter had been well attended to, we had not ſeen reverend fathers, and admired doctors, gravely explaining, that is, perverting and deſtroying, the New Teſtament by the Old, caſting the vail of Moſes again upon the face of Jeſus, and hiding the glory by that which in itſelf had no glory, ſpreading night and tenfold darkneſs between us and the Sun of righteouſneſs, giving us ſtones for bread, ſerpents for fiſhes, the letter, inſtead of the Spirit, the miniſtration of death, inſtead of life, the reveries of their own carnalized imaginations, inſtead of the eternal truths and conſolations of the Holy Spirit. Let the reader, who is acquainted with ſuch teachers and their adherents, judge how far they are guilty. How dangerous are their gloſſes upon the Pſalms!

Prudential conſiderations, perhaps, ſhould lead one cautiouſly to inquire, if it would not be conſtrued calumny to inſinuate, that you will hardly meet with a place of public teaching in the kingdom wholly free from the groſs abuſe here complained of. Therefore, to cut off occaſions from thoſe who might be diſpoſed to take them, inſtead of making irritating aſſertions, however juſtifiable in proof, let the perſon of like precious faith with the apoſtles conſider, how he ought to be moved with the higheſt indignation and pity, when he hears a ſet of men, with their admirers, ſubſtituting what they call their moral virtue, ſincere obedience, good diſpoſitions of heart, and ſuch like names, (I ſay names, for in their ſenſe and connection they can be nothing elſe but names, falſehoods, and not truth), inſtead of Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified, for the juſtification and acceptance of ſinners with God. They leave you at no loſs for their meaning; for, to paſs by other devices of theirs to eſtabliſh an imperfect inſtead of a perfect obedience, (O maſter-plot of hell, to eſtabliſh the torments

of

of hell instead of the glory of heaven!), they will read you all the passages in the Psalms, where the righteousness, integrity, and uprightness of Jesus Christ are mentioned and rewarded; these they explain for proof and illustration of their sense, namely, that our own virtuous inclinations and actions are the express conditions of our obtaining the mercy of God, and acceptance with him. So, many of them are not ashamed, nor afraid, after all that the witnesses for the Lord Jesus have advanced, broadly to speak out.

They have different ways of phrasing and disguising the matter: sometimes they will tell you, that Jesus Christ by his death laid a foundation for the acceptance of your repentance and faith, and that he works these graces in you, and upon account of them you are accepted of God; at other times, to the same purpose, they will tell you, that Jesus Christ purchased by his death the blotting out of all past scores, and that he gives you the Spirit to work in you the moral virtues, and all good works, which if you bring forth, you are justified and accepted in the sight of God on account of them: whereas, they might as well have taught you of your being accepted and justified in the sight of God, upon the account of an energy from hell upon your spirit, the one being as true as the other; seeing there is no acceptance, no justification of any person with God but through the blood of the Lamb only, excluding, in this respect, all our good works, as much as our bad works.

No matter, they go on in their way, hardy, zealous, undaunted: no wonder the blind be foremost; for Satan hath blinded their eyes, and they see not their danger: how else could you see them set whole congregations of poor deceived people a-singing the xvth and xxivth Psalms, according to that blasphemous view they have given of that righteousness whereby a man can ascend into the hill of God? as if it could be any other but the righteousness of God, even

even the righteousness of his Servant whom he upholdeth, his Elect in whom his soul delighteth, for whose righteousness sake Jehovah is well-pleased, because he hath magnified the law and made it honourable, and is become the end thereof for righteousness to every one that believeth; having purged away the sins of his people by himself, and then entered into the highest heavens with his own blood, their accepted Head and Forerunner, having obtained eternal redemption for them; who enter along with him in his right, in their appointed time, not by works of righteousness which they themselves have done, but by that finished, accepted, everlasting work of righteousness which He, their Lord, their Representative, hath done for them; whom he also sanctifies throughout, in body, soul, and spirit, to the glory of his Father, and so makes meet for the inheritance purchased and prepared by himself for his saints in light.

Nevertheless, as if it were a heinous guilt to leave any saying of the Lord unwrested to the destruction of as many as shall fully imbibe the spirit of their doctrine, they persevere in their purpose, and make the xviiith Psalm also chime in to the same tune, where it is said, 'The Lord recompensed me according to my 'righteousness,' &c. ver. 19—27. which they apply to the good people of their own flock, as being similar in their experience to David.—Not a word here of the good Shepherd who laid down his life for his sheep! In like manner, Psalm xxvi. never fails to be sung in the same strain, especially on a communion occasion, when you behove by all means to be put in mind of some earthly altar; 'I will wash mine 'hands in innocency.'—Whose innocency? your own indeed! for, does not the royal psalmist David say, 'I will wash mine hands in innocency, so will 'I encompass thine altar, O Lord?'—He had need to be very pure, who would adventure upon such a boast!

boast! Psalm cxviii. 19. 'Open to me the gates of 'righteousness,—this is the door,' &c. seldom escapes being pressed into the same service. If they happen upon such occasions to drop a word about the righteousness of Christ, you may expect to hear it upheld only as a pattern to your righteousness; that, as he entered into heaven by his own perfect obedience, even so might you, by the highest perfection of obedience which you can attain to, to wit, your sincere, though imperfect obedience, or endeavours after it; which is, they say, your gospel-perfection, and which the new covenant, with many other things which the Holy Ghost gives as little allowance for, admits of, according to them; I say, according to them, if so be you will allow the scope of a whole sermon to explain itself.

The texts commonly made to stand on the front of such destroying doctrines are such as these, all the words of the Lord Jesus speaking of himself; 'I de-'light to do thy will, O my God—O how love I 'thy law!' Or, bearing witness to the righteousness of the law which he came to fulfil; 'As I live, saith 'the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him 'that dieth,' &c.—'The man that doeth these things 'shall live by them.'—'Verily, verily, I say unto 'you, except your righteousness shall exceed the 'righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees,' &c. or some such passage of a like spirit, where a righteousness is recommended, by which a man may have entrance given him into the kingdom of heaven.

As they make this righteousness in their texts something else, and not the very righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, it is evident, that all their after-talk of sincerity, virtue, repentance, faith, (for faith is a name they must deal in too, though they take away the sense of it, and give you one more suitable to their own ideas), goodness of disposition, and the like, can be nothing else but a round-about way

way of bringing in an abſolute juggle, (not deſigned, it may be, by them, but at leaſt by the father of lies, who makes whom he may the venders of his abominations), a mere ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and playing, of a pack of unintelligible words.

The effect of thoſe their doctrines of vanity, where they take place, may be compared to the admiſſion of a multitude of ſwine into a garden full of precious roots and flowers. So have they uſed their endeavours to root up every precious thing in the book of Pſalms, and indeed in the whole word of God, as if they had received a commiſſion to deal by the Scriptures as the Iſraelites did with regard to the land of Moab, 'To ſmite every fenced city, 'and every choice city, and to fell every good tree, 'and to ſtop all wells of water, and to mar every 'piece of good land with ſtones.' Thus they utterly ſpoiled the Moabites. And thus the end of thoſe who are poſſeſſed with ſuch a falſe ſpirit of doctrine, except they be again diſpoſſeſſed, may be repreſented by that herd who ran from the Gadarene-mountains violently down a ſteep place, and were all choaked in the ſea.

They who have conſcience for it, may call ſuch ones Chriſtians, if they pleaſe, and then, when they have done ſo, endeavour to ſanctify Satan by calling him Saint. But ſaints indeed will do well to conſider thoſe words of their Lord, as they ſtand in their own connection, 'Every plant which my heavenly 'Father hath not planted ſhall be rooted up.'

Theſe are the men who are for ever filling your ears with ſomething or other about philoſophers, Tully, Seneca, Socrates, the divine Plato, as they call that other whom the devil at Delphos is ſaid to have deified, (honeſt heathens, the wonderful things the light of nature teaches you!), the moral ſenſe, the beautiful, the ſublime, the decent, the fair, the handſome, and ſometimes the το καλον and the το πρεπον, (for

(for they love to ſpeak plain!), with other ravings of the ſame ſtamp.

There is another, but in many reſpects very different kind of men, indeed, whom you will find alſo at the head of their thouſands and ten thouſands, who do, verily, highly, as juſtly, diſapprove of thoſe miſinterpretations of the Pſalms, and other ſcriptures concerning righteouſneſs, &c. juſt now mentioned, yet are by no means free themſelves of ſome ſort of corrupt leaven; which ſhews its malignity in them alſo, but in a different appearance from the former.

Obſerve them only expatiating and enlarging upon their darling heads of ſpiritual deſertions, hidings of God's countenance, withdrawings of his favour, or a ſenſe of it at times from his accepted dear children, doubts and fears about their eſtate, darkneſs concerning their intereſt in Chriſt; which, with their other kindred topics of diſcourſe, make up no ſmall part of their doctrine and popularity.

To give a taſte of this ſame leaven: after theſe, or the like words, of the Lord Jeſus have come in their way, 'In my proſperity I ſaid, I ſhall never be 'moved: Lord, by thy favour thou haſt made my 'mountain to ſtand ſtrong. Thou didſt hide thy face, 'and I was troubled.' Theſe expreſſions, the meaning whereof is not difficult to ſee, when viewed in the light of the apoſtolic teſtimony, do they compare with, and illuſtrate by that teſtimony? No; but with the experiences of Job, who, in the day of his affliction, ſaid, 'O that it were with me as 'in months paſt, when the candle of the Lord ſhined upon my head!' Is the cauſe of Job's complaint a ſecret? but whatever he feared, doubted, or complained of, it was not, certainly it was not, concerning his ſtate with God, or his intereſt in Chriſt; ſeeing in that he triumphs, and in that only, ſaying, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Though he ſlay

'me,

'me, yet will I put my truſt in him:—then ſhall I 'be at reſt.'

They proceed next to David's experiences as what frequently happen, ſay they, or may happen to all ſaints. How they trumpet forth that famous ſaying of his which he ſaid in his heart, 'One day I ſhall 'periſh by the hand of Saul,' *&c.* If that of David had any relation to a believer's fears of falling into perdition, it is plain, that the reading of the ſentence to the end, would have given the concluſion a quite contrary turn, being a proof, that, like David, they thought they ſhould eſcape, and not fall. Why do you triſle with us in the name of the Lord! Have we need of this? or, if ſuch a doctrine is to be maintained, has it need to be maintained with ſuch weapons?

They are now come to the Pſalms; and there, ſee how they ſeize upon every ſtrong figure of ſpeech which the Holy Ghoſt hath uſed, expreſſive of the ſufferings of Chriſt, and of the following glory! Lo, how heartily, blindly, and boldly they apply them all as expreſſive of the frames of the ſpirits of David, Heman, and Aſaph, in the times of their ſoul-trouble and ſpiritual deſertion; till at length, through their prayers, ſupplications, faſtings, and tears, they find a glorious outgate (as they ſpeak) by a new and ſenſible manifeſtation! and theſe ſame riſings and fallings in their ſpirits or frames, through the vain ſuppoſition that they were the experiences of mere mortals, are conſidered, upheld, and aſcertained, as ſo many incontrovertible models or patterns of God's ſovereign way of dealing with his children, whom the New Teſtament ſays, he fills with peace and joy in believing, ſo that they even glory in God (which is not an accidental coming and going thing, but an eſſential permanent part of their character) through their Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by whom they have now received the atonement.

But those leaders, in diametrical opposition to the apostles, apply upon occasions to the saints and faithful in Christ Jesus, all such passages in the Psalms as the following: 'My soul is sore vexed—The sorrows 'of death compassed me—The pains of hell got hold 'upon me—Thine arrows stick fast in me—Deep 'calleth unto deep at the noise of thy water-spouts: 'all thy waves and thy billows are gone over 'me—Horror hath overwhelmed me: I sink in deep 'mire, where there is no standing—I am come into 'deep waters, where the floods overflow me—I am 'like a pelican of the wilderness—I have eaten ashes 'like bread, because thou hast lifted me up, and cast 'me down—The deep waters are come into my 'soul—My soul refused to be comforted—I remem-'bered the wormwood and the gall—I remembered 'God, and was troubled—While I suffer thy ter-'rors, I am distracted,' or torn asunder—'Will the 'Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable 'no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever? And 'doth his promise fail for evermore? Hath God for-'gotten to be gracious? hath he in anger shut up 'his tender mercies? Selah. And I said, this is 'mine infirmity: but I will remember the years of 'the right hand of the Most High,' &c. What ideas have those men of the power and operation of the Comforter upon the spirits of the saints, when they think that their state, even at any juncture, may be described in the very same language which describes the power and operation of God's wrath upon the spirit and body of their Redeemer, when standing in their room, and drinking up for them that cup of bitterness which the Father had put into his hand, that they, in place thereof, might have a cup of salvation, thanksgiving, and eternal consolation, put into theirs?

O vain men, how came ye to make sad the hearts of those whom the Lord by the sadness of his heart

hath made glad? how many diſtreſſed ones go with a back bowed down always through the influence and burden of your ſtrange doctrines? How came ye to rob them of their peculiar privileges and titles, calling them deſponding believers, whom their God and Father had filled with the Holy Ghoſt, and all his divine conſolations and fruits, love, peace, hope, joy, joy unſpeakable and full of glory?

How came ye to overlook, that the infirmity, or weakneſs, which ye attributed to them, was their ſtrength, their glory, their crown? What elſe mean ſuch paſſages as theſe? 'He was crucified through 'weakneſs; but raiſed again by the power of God '—Put to death in the fleſh; but quickened by the 'Spirit.' And the years of the right hand of the Moſt High, which he ſaid he would remember, are they not explained by ſuch paſſages as theſe? 'For 'the joy that was ſet before him, he endured the 'croſs, and deſpiſed the ſhame, and is now ſet down 'again on the right hand of the Majeſty on high.—I 'have glorified thee, upon earth: I have finiſhed the 'work which thou gaveſt me to do. And now, O Father, glorify thou me with the glory which I had 'with thee before the world was;' which glory is ſpoken of in the book of Proverbs, 'The Lord poſſeſſed 'me in the beginning of his way, before his works 'of old. I was ſet up from everlaſting. Then I was 'by him as one brought up with him: and I was 'daily his delight, rejoicing always before him: rejoicing in the habitable parts of his earth, and my 'delights were with the ſons of men.' Was it not for the joy of bringing many ſons and daughters to glory, that he came into the world, 'made of a woman, made under the law, made the curſe?' Yea verily; for their ſakes, 'in the days of his fleſh, he 'offered up prayers and ſupplications, with ſtrong 'crying and tears, to him that was able to ſave him 'from death;' which he was then undergoing, and

was

was heard according to all his desire, and exalted for his submission and obedience to his Father. It was he who sunk in the miry clay; and was raised, and set upon a rock. The waves of wrath went over him, the deep waters broke in upon his soul, and his soul was troubled; so that he cried, 'My soul is sorrowful, exceeding sorrowful,' sorrowful round about, 'sorrowful even to death.' His spirit was distracted, torn asunder by the terrors of Jehovah. The arrows of God stuck fast in him: the mercy of God went clean from him; and the judgments of God rested upon him, for a light to the nations of them who are saved; that they might have the boldness, and not the amazement, through the blood of their Lord, the atonement; who obtained for them the remission and kingdom, not in the way of favour or mercy to himself, but in the way of strict absolute justice, as the due wages of his own most absolute perfect obedience in their stead.

But alas! though all this true doctrine concerning the sufferings of the Lord and following glory be strenuously maintained by those men we speak of, yet they have not thought of it in such as the abovementioned passages of the Psalms; and therefore, according to the softest thing that can be said, they have inadvertently made all they maintain of the truth in so far of none effect, by pouring into the hearts of God's children the vinegar, wormwood, and gall of God's wrath, which their Surety drank wholly up to their immortal consolation. Wherefore, to ascribe to them any part of the expiatory sufferings of their Lord, as described in the words of the Holy Ghost; what is it, let candour say, but implicit blasphemy? designed, or undesigned, does not alter the case of those who are wounded, when they ought to be healed.

The question here is not, whether there be such a doctrine or no, as those men plead for; but whe-

ther it be to be found in thoſe advanced proofs of theirs from the Pſalms, which, it is alledged in oppoſition to their ſentiments, have a ſenſe of their own, quite ſeparate from, and abſolutely unconnected with, if not altogether everſive of theirs?

If they would allow any weight at all to their poſitions, and not expoſe themſelves with their tenets to ridicule, they ought to ſhew the world the ſealed authority of the Lord ſupreme, the only Judge of ſuch controverſies. Let them carry the cauſe to the only lawful court which binds the conſcience of the Chriſtian, and hear what the apoſtles of Chriſt ſay, whom he commiſſioned his ruling and judging Princes over all the Iſrael of God, to bind and looſe on earth all thoſe things which he himſelf hath bound and looſed in heaven. We behold them endowed for this purpoſe with power from on high, ſhortly after the aſcenſion of the Lord, and not before; upon their deciſions, therefore, from the beginning of their acts to the end of their teſtimony, let us reſt all our matters: neither does this make void Moſes and the Prophets, any more than the Lord made void his own parables by his interpretations of them; or the prophecies and the law, by fulfilling them.

The apoſtles, the apoſtles alone, are the voice of God to the Chriſtian churches; and not Moſes and the Prophets. Let nothing therefore be imprinted on our hearts, but the hand-writing of the apoſtles. The hand-writing of the apoſtles is God's *imprimatur*.

Do you believe, then, O friends, and freely allow us, that the Spirit of Chriſt in his apoſtles is his own, his only interpreter, excluſive of you and of all the univerſe? You muſt either give up your argument, take ſhame to yourſelves, and give God the glory, or advance ſome other guiſe kind of proofs than thoſe from the Pſalms, from Job, or even thoſe ſo much inſiſted upon by you all, ever and anon inſiſted

fisted upon, from Isaiah, chap. l. 'Who is among 'you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice 'of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath 'no light? let him trust,' &c. Is this a description of a believer in darkness, and without light (as your argument supposeth) concerning his spiritual state, or his interest in the love of God? According to the prophetic style, one would naturally think in this place of a person in some temporal calamity, who was assured of his eternal happiness, but uncertain as to the particular event of his earthly affairs, which his heavenly Father had kept in his own hand, for the daily exercise of faith, whereby such a one was assured all would be well upon the whole, though for the present he had in himself no assurance of his way, but only in his God, whom he could trust in all events; as if a son, destitute of all things, in the midst of a dreary wilderness, not knowing one inch of his way towards safety, should there, upon the spot, meet with his own father, friend, and guide, who had come forth to seek him, with power, and will, and great desire, to conduct him to his own abode. But you have other things in your head.

'Feareth! and obeyeth!' Are fear and obedience, then, marks with you of one that knoweth not whether the Lord loveth him or not? The apostles would have taught you, that there can be no such fear, or reverence and obedience, as here spoken of, without love for their principle; and no such love without the person's knowledge of God's love to him. 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that 'he loved us.—We love him, because he first loved 'us;' and manifested his love to us. Obedience is the expression of this love: thus the debtor and Mary loved much, because they knew their Lord, their creditor, had forgiven them much. But you join creeds with one who daringly said, 'God can read

'the truth of love in thy heart towards him, when 'thou canſt not read the truth of love in his 'heart towards thee.' But, ſays another, whoſe creed is rather more ſterling, as being one whom God hath confirmed, and upheld for a pattern to all them who ſhould afterwards believe, 'I know 'whom I have believed—Who loved me, and gave 'himſelf for me.'

Your allegation from Song ii. is anſwered by theſe remarks: for, whatever the ſpouſe ſought her Lord, her Beloved, for, it was not for clearneſs about her intereſt in his love; for ſhe loved him becauſe ſhe knew her intereſt in his love. But how abſurd is your application of this place? is it poſſible for you to aſcertain your ſenſe of it? might you not as well, as ſome of you have done, have alledged theſe words of the Lord in proof of your point, that the children of God are ſometimes forſaken, and know not his love to them; therefore they cleave to him by the faith of adherence, as you ſpeak, while they want what you call the faith of aſſurance; and ſo cry in their mournful moods, when they are without the ſun, with their Lord on the croſs, 'My God, my 'God, why haſt thou forſaken me?' Dare you ſtand by this interpretation? ſee where it will lead you; being, if it be any thing at all in your way, a concluſion againſt the Son of God, that he was for a time without the knowledge of his intereſt in his Father's love. But why was he forſaken? was it not that thoſe who believe on him might never be forſaken?

Again, Iſaiah xlii. 3. 'A bruiſed reed ſhall he 'not break; and the ſmoking flax ſhall he not 'quench,' makes nothing for your purpoſe, being deſcriptive of the character of the Meſſiah, going on in the ſteadineſs of his heart, fulfilling his Father's counſels, upholding his own elect, and all things for the elect's ſake, till he has called, prepared, and preſented

presented them all to his Father at the restoration of all things, when he shall deliver up the kingdom, and wipe tears from every eye in the new heavens and the new earth, where the inhabitants shall not say they are sick: where there shall be no more sighing, nor crying, nor groaning, nor curse. So that, as far as a bruised reed and the smoking flax may be true emblems representing the state of a gracious heart, they were as true of Enoch, Noah, Elijah, Daniel, and the Virgin Mary, in their days, and all their days, equally at one time as another, from the first dawning of faith in their hearts till they finished their course with joy, as of any other heart whatsoever, even of the weakest believer in whom the Holy Ghost dwells at this day. So little ground is there for building your doctrine on the words of the prophet.

But if you leave the prophets, and come to the apostles; alledging, that even Paul cries out sometimes so pitiably, Rom. vii. 24. 'O wretched man 'that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of 'this death?' Observe, he cries out also with the same breath in answer to his own exclamation, 'I thank 'God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Which same emphatic question and answer are not to be understood of some particular frames of his, at particular and different times; but of the one even and uninterrupted echo of the heart of every one of those who have the first fruits of the Spirit, groaning within themselves while in this tabernacle, being burdened, waiting for the adoption, namely, the redemption of the body, when they shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

If it be urged from Heb ii. 15. that there we read of some weak and doubting believers, 'who 'through fear of death were all their life-time sub-'ject to bondage,' whom Christ came to deliver.

Remark

Remark the answer to your last argument, and the connection of the present text, and then honestly say, if the persons there said to have been all their lifetime through fear of death subject to bondage, are not all those whom the Lord by his death delivered from sin, death, and the power of Satan, even all whom he sanctified in himself, who are all his brethren, of one father, with whom he partook in flesh and blood, Abraham, Samuel, and John the apostle, as much as any other person whatsoever of the blood of Adam, whom he loved and washed in his own blood; having found them all in the same condemnation, that he might bring them all to the same absolution and glory in himself. Now, how oddly does your account of certain saints fearing death and damnation, being in bondage, agree with the apostle's account of himself and all the called of God? 'Ye 'have not received the spirit of bondage again to 'fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, 'whereby we cry, Abba, Father.—We groan to 'have the earthly house of this tabernacle dissolved, 'that we may be clothed upon with our house from 'heaven; and in this we are always confident, know-'ing that while we are at home in the body, we are 'absent from the Lord. And we wait for the Lord 'from heaven.'

Lastly, if you insist upon 2 Pet. i. 10. where believers are called upon to give all diligence to make their calling and election sure, that therefore believers may be ignorant of their calling and election, and consequently in darkness as to their interest in Christ; it is asked of you, to whom is this calling and election to be made sure, according to your sense? To God? Absurd! can worms of the earth have any influence upon the purpose or knowledge of God? To themselves? No; the address to them came too late for that: for they were already designed as Elect, and called according to the foreknowledge

ledge of God, &c. 1 Pet. i. 2. as being made partakers of the divine nature through the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour, &c. Now, if they are supposed not to know their own character and designation, the exhortation proceeding upon their knowledge of that character and designation must go for nothing. To whom then are they called to shew their calling and election; even to all who may behold them; as the Lord said to his disciples, John xv. 'You have not chosen me, but I have chosen 'you, and ordained you, that ye should go and 'bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain. '—Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much 'fruit, so shall ye be,' that is, approve yourselves to be, 'my disciples.' And again, 'The foundation 'of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord 'knoweth them who are his. And, Let every 'one that nameth the name of Jesus depart from 'iniquity.—I know my sheep, and am known of 'them, and they know my voice, and they follow 'me.'—Shew your faith by your works: as your charity by your alms-giving. Make your calling and election sure. Prove them, manifest them sure. Let the Spirit of life within you have free scope in the direction of your life and motions, that it may appear you were not sealed to the day of redemption for nothing. Thus a man is declared just by his works, even as God himself is justified, or declared just in his works. Thus children, servants, wives, subjects, soldiers, make sure their loyalty and love by their obedience according to the relation, election, and calling, as we may express it, of their several respective states. Thus good fruit makes sure the goodness of the mother-tree. Thus Isaac made it sure that the Lord was true, and Sarah barren no more. Thus all witnesses of truth establish and make sure the facts which they only shew, and not do. So do ye make your sure calling and election

appear,

appear, as being God's workmanſhip, created in Chriſt Jeſus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that ye ſhould walk in them; as dear children, holy and beloved, walking worthy of God to all well-pleaſing, as knowing your election of God.

Thoſe ſpoken of 1 John ii. 13. are evidently the ſame perſons conſidered in different reſpects, and not believers of different ranks, or degrees in grace, as weaker and ſtronger: certain it is, the weakeſt of them, even in your view, are not deſcribed as doubting of their intereſt in Chriſt, but aſſured of that; in which point they are equal all of them. 'I write 'unto you, little children, becauſe your ſins are 'forgiven you for his name's ſake.—I have not 'written to you, becauſe you know not the truth, 'but becauſe you know it, and that no lie is of the 'truth: for ye have an unction from the Holy One, 'and ye know all things.' And again, 'Hereby 'know we that he abideth in us by the Spirit which 'he hath given us.—And we know that we are of 'God.—And we know that the Son of God is come, 'and hath given us an underſtanding that we may 'know him that is true: and we are in him that is 'true, even in his Son Jeſus Chriſt. This is the 'true God, and eternal life. Little children, keep 'yourſelves from idols. Amen.'

It is now entreated of you, in the name of the Lord Jeſus, that you excuſe this freedom, and conſider the anſwers which have been given to your arguments, whereby your principal weapons have been endeavoured to be wreſted out of your hands, that you might not for the future endeavour to abuſe yourſelves, and your hearers, by abuſing the book of Pſalms, or any other portion of the book of God; and that, at leaſt, one might be clear of the blood of all men. Beware, O beware of that judaizing ſpirit of yours, leſt thereby it come to paſs that Chriſt profit

fit you and your followers nothing; and you be found guilty of undoing, to all intents and purposes, before God and man, the doctrine of sanctification, which is by the Spirit of Christ; as the former set of men were found guilty of undoing by their doctrines (which you hated) the doctrine of justification, which is by the blood of Christ.

There is a third set of people whom it is not easy to describe at full length, as being a mixture of many things, but who seem to be strongly characterized by their leading features in the writings of the apostles, as deceiving, and being deceived, spoiled and spoiling with philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments or elements of the world, and not after Christ; being given up to profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called. One of these gentlemen will think nothing of reading you a text, for example, out of the iid, xvith, or lxxiid Psalm; and then, without any ceremony, apply it to some earthly constitution, or establishment of human wisdom's devising, which may have struck his fancy as a proper subject for him to display his talents upon, as much (if the Holy Ghost, Acts ii. and xiii. chap. may be allowed to know his own meaning) in the spirit of the Psalm, as if you had been entertained by the performer with a story or two out of the Fairy Tales, or with a parcel of Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters from Constantinople, instructing you concerning the seraglios, customs, and dresses, that obtain among the Turks.

This way of doing puts one in mind of that precious creature who courted his mistress in the words of the Song of Solomon, and called her the Fair Circassian; or that other, a minister too, who, in a letter I lately saw, congratulated his friend on his having married a wife with a portion, in the very language of the Lord Jesus, saying, 'The lines have 'fallen to me in pleasant places.' How terrible is this!

this! Were even thoſe rare divines of the laſt age farther gone in guilt and abſurdity, who, in all the long-robed gravity of their wiſdom, ſolemnly burleſqued the Pſalms, and that in the name of the Lord, after prayers read, and a bleſſing implored that they might be enabled ſuitably to apply and improve? And ſo with a vengeance they did apply and improve—how ſuitably, let the world judge! The King—the Lord's Anointed—his righteouſneſs—his righteous cauſe—his glory filling the whole land—his flouriſhing crown—righteous ſceptre—peace of his government, *&c.* To whom were all thoſe elogiums from the Pſalms applied? To the Lord, of whom they were meant? No. To David? Nor to him neither. To whom then? To whom but to the good King Charles of bleſſed memory! Let *Eikon Baſiliké* and Dr. Juxon ſpeak the reſt, and tell the world one manner in which the Pſalms have been abuſed to the vileſt of purpoſes—and let all others who chuſe contend in this point for the palm of impiety and downright jargon with Bonaventure the Monk, who applied in an abominable piece of his (rendered afterwards infallible by his Holineſs at Rome, ſo they call their pope) every word of the Pſalms, ſpeaking of the Lord Jeſus, to his virgin mother. But thoſe who have ears to hear, let them hear, and beware of wreſting the holy word, leſt they wreſt it to their own deſtruction; after the manner of a certain celebrated plunderer of hills and glens, who was wont to evade the edge of the eighth commandment, by alledging, that Moſes was no friend to honeſt gentlemen of his profeſſion, when he ſaid, 'Thou ſhalt not ſteal;' but that David, a far better fellow, had repealed that law of Moſes, when he ſaid, Pſalm l. 10. 'The cattle upon a thouſand 'hills are mine.'

You ſee now, it was not of yeſterday that the Pſalms began to be perverted; nor in one manner only. But to conjure, if it be poſſible, at leaſt to eſ-

ſay it, all thoſe dreams and deluſions, puns and forgeries, upon the book of Pſalms, let it be ſeriouſly weighed, if it be lawful for us to give an interpretation of any part thereof different from, that is, contrary to, what the Holy Ghoſt hath given. Would not you plainly ſay, that the man openly blaſphemed, who ſhould give another interpretation of the parables of the ſower and ſeeds, of the wheat and tares, than the Lord hath given? And why, pray, ſhould not we look with equal deteſtation and contempt upon the man who ſhould deal ſo by the Pſalms, or any other part of the Holy Scriptures? Here, perhaps, you will ſay, that ſome of the Pſalms may be ſafely explained in the manner you ſpeak of, there is no queſtion; but would you have us to explain the whole of them after the ſame faſhion? Yes indeed; the whole hundred and fifty; if ſo be the Spirit by whom they were inſpired hath given us a key ſo to do.—Make that appear, and the controverſy is at an end.—Amen. Here we reſt the iſſue. Take your Bible then with the parallel places, and finiſh the proof yourſelf. You will find your profit in the purſuit, and the proceſs of the argument ſimple and eaſy, if you afford but a moderate degree of candour and attention.

1ſt, Carefully mark all the Pſalms whereof you ſee any part applied to Chriſt in the New Teſtament, as ſpoken of him, or by him. Now, where any part of a Pſalm is explained as ſpoken of, or in the perſon of Chriſt, ſo muſt the whole of that Pſalm, whatever ſeeming objections lie againſt it; for this obvious reaſon, that (as will appear by occular demonſtration, if you read the places in queſtion) the whole of every ſuch Pſalm is ſpoken in one perſon, who is himſelf frequently the continued ſubject of the Pſalm from the beginning to the end thereof; and every thing beſides in the Pſalm is but a predicate, as they ſay, or declaration of the ſame ſubject, or (which does not alter the caſe) an imprecation, or a prayer, or a

bleſſing, or a deſcription, or a narrative, uttered by the ſame perſon.

There are indeed a few Pſalms which ſeem to be in the way of dialogue, or chorus; ſuch as Pſalm ii. xxiv. xlv. xci. cii. cxxi. cxxxii. and perhaps ſeveral others; yet thoſe are all evidently ſo full of Meſſiah the Lord, that, though there be a change of perſons ſpeaking in them, they make no infringement upon the general rule here advanced; founded, not on a metaphyſical ſubtlety, but on plain common ſenſe, level with every one's apprehenſion who in ſuch matters knows but the right hand from the left. For illuſtration, take the following examples: Pſal. xl. 6—9. is brought in, Heb. x. 5. as ſpoken by Chriſt: ſhew a change of perſon in the ſpeaker, and indeed the alledged interpretation of the reſt of the Pſalm falls to the ground; allow the ſpeaker the ſame, and it ſtands good, in ſpite of all the power of contradiction and wit.—Pſalm xviii. 49. is applied, Rom. xv. 9. as ſpoken by Chriſt concerning his bringing the Gentiles into the fellowſhip of the goſpel: therefore, as the ſpeaker is one, the whole Pſalm is deſcriptive of the warfare and victory of Meſſiah, the Prince, bringing judgment to victory.—Pſalm xxxv. 19. is quoted by the Lord, John xv. 25. as ſpoken of himſelf: his words are remarkable, (leſt we ſhould retain ſome ridiculous notion of a type and antitype); 'But this 'cometh to paſs, that it might be fulfilled which is 'written in their law, They hated Me without a 'cauſe.'—Pſalm lxix. 9. is alſo introduced in a very obſervable manner, Rom. xv. 3. 'Even Chriſt pleaſ-'ed not himſelf; but as it is written, the reproaches 'of them that reproached thee are fallen upon Me.' Not a word of David! This Pſalm is more frequently quoted of Chriſt in expreſs words, than any other in the book.—Pſalm lxviii. 18. is explained, Eph. iv. 8. of Chriſt's aſcenſion, receiving and giving of the Holy Ghoſt.—Pſalm xlix. 4. and lxxviii. 2. are ſaid

to

to be fulfilled, Matth. xiii. 35. when the Lord began to open his mouth in parables: this interpretation lets us into the meaning of the hiſtorical Pſalms, which are ſo many Old Teſtament parables, wherein the Lord himſelf is the hiſtorian.—Pſalm lvii. 7. and cviii. 3. quoted of Chriſt, Rom. xv. 9. where harp and pſaltery are called upon to awake and praiſe, will let us into the meaning of all thoſe Pſalms where all ſuch inſtruments of muſic, organs, and thoſe of ten ſtrings, are introduced, with cymbals and dances, into the worſhip of God; being deſigned, in the temple-ſervice, for figures to expreſs that ſpiritual worſhip, joy, and exultation, which are uttered in harmonious concert by the mouths of all the redeemed aſſembly and church of the firſt-born, in the power and communion of the one Spirit; which ſame dances, organs, and inſtruments of muſic of all kinds, were never more to be employed in ſuch ſervice, after that diſpenſation, and earthly economy, whereof they were a part, along with the temple and ſacrifices, were ſet aſide and aboliſhed for ever, when the true temple and ſacrifice, even the Lord Chriſt, was come: otherways, if ſuch things had been to continue in uſe among the churches of Chriſt, we ſhould certainly have had ſome precept or example left us by him, or his apoſtles, without which, the uſing of them in churches muſt be as ridiculous abſurdity, ſuperſtition, and will-worſhip, as if you were to blow trumpets at the new moon—to circumciſe yourſelf and your ſons after the example of Abraham—to preſent yourſelf with all your family three times a-year before the Lord at Jeruſalem—or, after the manner of Joſiah, and upon the ſame authority, to make a covenant with the Lord and all the people, according to all the words and manner found written in the book of the law of the Lord by the hand of his ſervant Moſes! and indeed, in this laſt particular piece of Jewiſh ſervice, you will find thouſands, and ten

thousands of your fellow-subjects, at their very hearts bloodily in earnest to join you. Such persons would do well to consider the spirit of the apostle's doctrine, Gal. v. 1——5. where we are plainly given to understand, that, if we acknowledge our obligation in part to bear that yoke and burden, we are bound to the whole; and that the nature of that same acknowledged part is like the poisonous fly in the apothecary's ointment; Christ shall profit us nothing; nay, Christ shall be our death, and not our life: for, if light had not come, there had been no condemnation for walking in darkness. But of this by the bye. —Psalm cxvi. 10. is applied, 2 Cor. iv. 13. as spoken by Christ.—So also Psalm cxvii. 1. in Rom. xv. 11. —Psalm cxviii. 22. in like manner, Matth. xxi. 42. —And, to mention no more under this head, Psalm cxix. upon the true application whereof so much depends, as for substance, in many other places, so in particular, ver. 139. parallel to Psalm lxix. 9. is brought by the Holy Ghost, who leads into all truth, unto the remembrance of the disciples, John ii. 17. as written before-hand of the Lord, the purger of his Father's house, 'My zeal, the zeal of thine house 'hath consumed me, hath eaten me up.' And the very sentence which the Lord passeth, Matth. vii. 23. upon those whom he there condemns, you read *verbatim*, ver. 115. of this Psalm, 'Depart from me, ye 'that work iniquity.' So you see this cxixth Psalm, and the Sermon upon the Mount, are spoken by the same person: and, alas! you are blind, if you do not see them both running in the same strain and spirit, explaining, vindicating, establishing the law in that very sense in which he alone, who is perfect as his Father is perfect, fulfilled it in his heart, in his life, in his death, according to the perfection of Jehovah's self. Rejoice, O believer!

These few examples, out of fifty others equally clear, which might have been brought, may suffice by

by way of a hint, which every one may purſue at pleaſure, for the illuſtration of the firſt rule: which brings us to what is equally plain and concluſive,

A 2*d* rule of interpretation, namely, That wherever you meet with a Pſalm that is not directly applied itſelf to Chriſt, yet, if there be any part of it evidently parallel to any part of another Pſalm which is ſo applied, you muſt apply them both alike, becauſe of the ſameneſs of the perſon and ſubject, as argued above; according to that mathematical axiom, If two things are equal to one third thing, they are equal to one another. Thus, for illuſtration of this remark, if you allow Pſalm xl. to be ſpoken in the perſon of Chriſt, you cannot deny but the lxxth (which is only a repetition with little variation of the five laſt verſes of the xlth) muſt of neceſſity be explained in the ſame way; not of David, but of his Lord. In this view, Pſalm cviii. where Chriſt's ſpiritual dominion over his church, gathered out of all nations, tongues, kindreds, and languages, is deſcribed in ſuch terms as ſeemed good to the Holy Ghoſt, will fix the meaning of Pſalm lx. where alſo Moab, Edom, and Philiſtia, are introduced with Judah and Iſrael, as ſubjected, owning, and triumphing in their ſubjection to their own eternal King. So alſo, Pſalms ii. xx. xxi. xxiv. lxi. lxxii. lxxxix. cxlix. aſcertain the meaning of many others, as of one another; where the King and his acts are praiſed, according to the quotation from Pſalm ii. by the apoſtles, Acts iv. 25. Pſalm xxiv. where the aſcenſion of the eternal King, having received the exaltation and dominion over all, for his obedience to the death, is celebrated under the character of a perfect man, according to the law, aſcending into the hill of God, from whence he ſhould never be moved; this Pſalm, I ſay, will vouch for Pſalm xv. where the ſame character and reward are deſcribed. To call any mere mortal the eternal King,

would be an iniquity to be punished by the judge. And what better is it to tear from him his character for which he received the glory, and give it to another? Will he give his glory to another? his praise to graven images? Consider this, ye who have ascribed the perfection of righteousness, described in those Psalms, to sinful worms. Psalm xxii. and cxvi. where the Lord says, 'I will pay my vows in the presence 'of the people, in the midst of the congregation,' &c. do evidently shew who is the speaker in all those Psalms, where such expressions are used. What light will this observation spread upon many Psalms, and upon many hearts? on Psalm lxv. 1. for one example, 'Praise waits for thee, O Lord, in Zion—O 'thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh 'come.'—Why? 'Unto thee shall the vow be per-'formed.' What vow? Even his vow, who said, 'I come to do thy will, O God.'—And 'Mine ini-'quities have taken hold upon me,' Psalm xl. 11. as here, 'iniquities prevail against me.' He charges himself alone with the iniquities and sufferings for them; but in the blessedness and glory he takes in his saints, saying, 'Our transgressions thou shalt 'purge away—we shall be satisfied,' &c. Ought not the minister to observe such things, especially upon sacramental occasions, when the people are shewing forth the death of the Lord, that is, his vow fulfilled in his own blood to the praise of his Father for ever, that they might eternally sing the song of the Lamb that was slain? How different would be the effect of this lively true persuasion upon the heart of the humble adorer, from that insipid unscriptural notion of some kind of covenant, vow, engagement, bargain, obligation, which people are said to be making, or renewing with their Lord, in the eating of his supper? How can they maintain this their doctrine, and deny the unbloody sacrifice of the mass? for if the commemorating, or keeping in remembrance of a

fulfilled

fulfilled covenant or vow, be a renewing or making of a covenant or vow, the Papists will rid their feet as well as they, when they come to give an account of their propitiatory sacrifice of the mass for the dead and for the living.

Has not your spirit burnt within you, Christian, with very indignation, vexation, and shame, when you have been told, with the symbols of your Lord's body and blood in your hands, that you were come to his table to renew or make your covenant with God, to make up your peace with God, to get an interest in Christ, and to get this interest cleared up, and so forth? May we not ask you, if your eating and drinking in such circumstances was not saying Amen?—Then, behold, as the conclusion of the whole matter and service for the day, uprears itself an admired creature, the most esteemed of the whole association, and with all possible solemnity of manner, reads you out, for the ground of the ensuing discourse, in the forecited cxvith Psalm, these words of the Lord Jesus, 'I will pay my vows now before 'the Lord, in the presence of all the people.' Then proceeds the worthy preacher, helping your devotion, and saying, 'Upon what particular occasion 'David penned this Psalm is not certain; but cer-'tain it is he had been in great distress and soul-'trouble; the sorrows of death compassed him; the 'pains of hell got hold upon him; but out of the 'deeps he cried to his God, he made supplication 'and was delivered.—What was his pious resolution 'upon this remarkable out-gate? what ought to be 'yours, my friends, especially on the back of this 'great solemnity? have you got any soul-good, you 'will be ready to say with David on his deliverance, "I will bless the Lord as long as I live,' and in the 'words of my text, 'I will now pay my vows'—Why 'pay thy vows, David? Let David say in his own 'words, 'Thou hast delivered my soul from death, my

"eyes

" eyes from tears, my feet from falling.—I am thy ser-
" vant, Lord, thy servant, the son of thy hand-maid;
" thou hast loosed my bands." By this time we are hurried all at once into the midst of things, and begin to hear the method; which is, in the first place, to shew us, who have been making our covenant, and renewing our vows to God, the obligations lying upon us, after the pious and devout example of holy David, to pay our vows, and keep our covenant; and—But lest you say I am going to preach, instead of prefacing—God forbid I should preach in such a strain! The words are good; but are they well applied? as Achish said of David when he feigned himself mad, and scrabbled on the door, and let his spittle fall upon his beard, &c. 'Have I need
' of madmen, that ye have brought this fellow to
' me?' Have we need to have our eyes drawn away from the atonement? to have David preached to us, instead of Christ, from such a text? Take away the cross of Christ, that alone pillar of confidence, from any place of the book of God, where the Holy Ghost has made it to stand forth in its glory, to attract the heart and eye of the true worshipper, and place what you will in the room thereof, though you should shew us all in heaven and earth besides, you do no more than if you should say, Behold the tower of Babel! or, the image of the great goddess Diana! worship them! and glory in your gods! Might not a Jew, should he happen to be present, hearing such an harangue from the cxvith Psalm, delivered by a man of elocution, cry out in raptures, An admirable sermon! you have no more to do but to substitute David, or such like, in the place of Christ, and you are the very man of his heart. Should it be so with Christians too? would not the congregation have been more edified if the minister had followed Philip's example, and begun at the same place and preached to them Jesus? putting them in remembrance, how

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he had paid his vows, made the covenant good, and the peace with God in his own blood, that they might rejoice in him, and not in themſelves; in his vows, and not in their own? Say not, the doctrine of thankſgiving is hereby denied: no; it is eſtabliſhed in the croſs of Chriſt, and in the power of his Spirit.—For an appendix to this ſecond rule, it may be added,

3*dly*, That whatever Pſalm has a part of it parallel to any paſſage in the Law or the Prophets, evidently pointing to the Meſſiah, or the ſpiritual things of his kingdom, muſt be allowed the ſame kind of ſenſe. Thus, Pſalm lxv. 9. to the end, and ſuch others, will be eaſily and ſafely underſtood by ſuch paſſages as compare the kingdom of heaven to ſeed ſown, and producing a plentiful harveſt, being bleſſed and watered from heaven, till at length the year is crowned with the goodneſs of the Lord. The whole prophecies of Iſaiah are full of ſpiritual things repreſented by earthly reſemblances of the ſame kind, where the context determines the ſenſe, and ſhews what we are to underſtand by fruitful fields, rivers of water, ſtreams in the deſert, ſhowers of rain, clean grain, pure provender, foreſts clapping their hands, hills ſinging, cattle rejoicing, &c. See Iſaiah vii. xxxi. xxxv. lv. and John vii. 38. Acts ii. 18. One might argue ſtrongly,

4*thly*, For the confirmation of this doctrine, from the manifeſt impiety and abſurdity (as would appear from the face of the whole Word of God) of applying numberleſs paſſages in the Pſalms to David, or any man whom God ever created, except to the man Chriſt Jeſus alone, though there had been no direct nor indirect application of them to him beſides the general tenor of the Scriptures, which is the only analogy of faith or form of ſound words which the church of Chriſt can allow. What mere creature that ever dwelt in fleſh and blood could lift up its mouth,

mouth, and say to Jehovah, glorying in itself and its own deserts, 'Judge me, and try me—Examine 'heart and reins, O God—Preserve me, because I 'am holy—Thou wilt prolong my life from genera-'tion to generation—Let them shout for joy who 'love my righteousness—The world is dissolved; 'but I hold up the pillars thereof?' How do these things agree to any but the holy One of God, of whose years there shall be no end? Who upholdeth all things by the word of his power; who obtained through his own righteousness power over all flesh, that he might give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given him. If with this key we open the i. and cxix. Psalms, we will be admitted into the secrets of a perfect heart; and behold our Lord made under the law, exercised, panting and wrestling under the curse, till at length, through his own obedience, he attain to the everlasting joy, his own due reward, which he gives to his people who rejoice and delight with him in all the perfection of the law only as fulfilled in his blood.

To pursue this important point through all the variety of examples which might be adduced, till they amounted to a full and particular proof with regard to every single Psalm, would make a considerable volume of itself: and good service it would be for any one who had time and ability equal to the task; that there might remain no shadow of hesitation, where the scriptures, were spiritual things compared with spiritual, would appear to speak so plain.

Those directing passages in the Psalms may be considered as so many erected poles in the corners of a highway, ascertaining, not only that those remarkable places where they stand are in the course thereof, but also all the intermediate spaces from one to another.—So that, it is apprehended, the whole number of the Psalms are comprised in this scheme of interpretation. For we have no other direction left

us whereby we may interpret them; seeing it is manifest, there is not a Psalm, or portion of a Psalm, applied in the whole New Testament as expressive of David's state, but all of Christ's, who is the way, the truth, and the life; so that, if we expound any thing in the Psalms as relating to David, we do it without his leave who hath the keys of the house of David. It would not, perhaps, be much beyond the fact, if it were affirmed, that there are more references to the Psalms as speaking of Christ, than to the whole writings of Moses and the prophets taken together.

How careful are the apostles to caution their hearers to beware of thinking of David at all as the person spoken of in the Psalms! See Acts ii. and Acts xiii. The manner of their quotations is also remarkable, having foreseen, through the Spirit, no doubt, the abuse that was to happen of that book. Thus they say, David being a prophet saith—David in Spirit saith—God saith in David—Christ saith in David—The Holy Ghost saith by the mouth of David; but more frequently, when any quotation is brought from the Psalms, David is not mentioned at all, but only Christ speaking in David; thus, 'Christ saith when he cometh into the world—It is 'written, I will confess to thee among the nations—'I believed, therefore have I spoken.'

It was owing to the mistakes the Jews entertained about the Psalms, and other lively oracles which were delivered to them, that they rejected and crucified the Lord, even because he interpreted them in another manner than they: and yet the guilt and danger of misinterpreting them now must be greater than theirs, according to our greater proportion of light: for as the light, so is the condemnation to them that walk in darkness.

Now it may be proper to consider a few of the most common objections which are brought against this method of interpreting the Psalms; some of them

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frivolous enough, it must be confessed, but not the less insisted upon because of that circumstance, and therefore not the less needing, however little deserving, to be answered.

Objection 1. If your scheme must hold, what shall become of all those books, devotional, practical, and trying, and of preachings innumerable; lectures, and lecture-books, which are full, and some of them full of nothing else but of David's own exercises and experiences? What a foolish figure, in particular, would the most of our celebrated treatises on regeneration, and cases of conscience make, if you were to deny them their own use of their own grand magazine of frames and soul-postures wherewith they tell us David, Heman, and Asaph, were exercised in their day? Moreover, what would you do with the contents at the top of the Psalm in every Bible which represent almost all of them as descriptive of the penman's own state?

Ans. We would have nothing to do with them at all. And would you have any more, if they be not for the truth, but against it? What shall become of them then? As the chief priests said to Judas when he came and told them, he had sinned in betraying innocent blood, 'See thou to that.' So let every man see to his own work. And whether it be better to give ear to the fond imaginations of men all brim-full of their own sense, or to the infallible dictates of the Holy Ghost concerning his own meaning, let the objector judge.—But who are you to oppose so many? *Ans.* And who are many enow to oppose the Holy Ghost? Do we maintain any thing about the Psalms on our own authority?

Obj. 2. Many of the Psalms have a title shewing the occasion of their being composed, which title being a part of the inspired text, plainly determines them to the very occasion there mentioned, from which occasion and its circumstances, as to the pro-

phet's ſtate, you muſt ſeek the meaning of thoſe Pſalms.

Anſ. If you allow the text to be inſpired, is it to be imagined the Holy Spirit would inſpire men to utter their own experiences, and never once give the leaſt hint of the matter in all the New-Teſtament revelation, where alone we are commanded to look for the interpretation of all the foregoing inſpirations? But waving this, and alſo that controverſy, whether the title be indeed a part of the text, and not rather, like the dates of ſome of the Epiſtles, only a note perhaps of ſome ancient commentator; it is alledged, that the title, however true and expreſs, can never more or leſs determine the ſenſe of the Pſalm to the occurrences therein mentioned, more than the date of a letter can determine the ſenſe of the contents. That the ſeeming, or even real occaſion of an ancient prophetic writing is no mark at all to direct the interpretation to that occurrence, but rather quite the reverſe, will appear from Iſaiah vii. If you ponder well the occaſion and circumſtances, never occaſion ſeemed to bid fairer for determining the whole of the prophet's meſſage to itſelf, and preſent things; yet then and there, on an occaſion looking quite the other way, (were human wiſdom the judge), and in the midſt of a very mingled unlikely-like aſſemblage of things, was uttered that ever-memorable prophecy ſaid to be fulfilled when Jeſus was born of Mary the virgin. Fix the meaning to a ſon of Iſaiah's, and you mock the Holy Spirit, who tells us (Matth. i. 21.) nothing of Iſaiah's ſon, but of Chriſt, when he explains the prophecy. If you ſay Iſaiah's child, in his conception, birth, and infancy, was a type of Chriſt, and that the prophecy was literally fulfilled in him, the type, being applicable only in a very remote and figurative way to the Meſſiah; it is enquired of you, How could Shear-Jaſhub, or any ſon afterwards born

to Iſaiah of the propheteſs, be a figure, in his conception, birth, infancy, of one who was to be born of a virgin, through the power of the Higheſt overſhadowing, &c.

The truth is, the carnal people were always blinded, but never enlightened by the times and occaſions wherein the prophecies were uttered: ſo that the time and occaſion (as might be made appear by a hundred inſtances) are ſo far from being a guide to find out the meaning of the Pſalm or prophecy, that, if we follow them, they will land us into the very midſt of falſehood; and we will find ourſelves in ſuch a ſituation, as the Aſſyrians, who, ſeeking the prophet, found themſelves in the midſt of the ſtreets of Samaria. Would to God we may all eſcape as well! It was not Iſaiah's prophecies alone that blinded, ſtopped, ſtupified the eyes, the ears, the hearts of the people; but thoſe alſo of Moſes, David, Jeremiah, and all as many as ſpake in the name of the Lord: therefore, if we have eyes to ſee, ears to hear, and hearts to underſtand, let us ſee, hear, and underſtand the Spirit of God ſhewing the conſolations, tenderneſs, and meaning of his own heart, by the apoſtles, that we may drink in the ſincere milk of the word, and grow thereby; inſtead of ſucking at the dead breaſts of titles, occaſions, and carnal things of carnal times: what can we receive in this way, but wind, putrefaction, and death? Truly it is the one thing needful for us, to ſit with Mary at our Lord's feet, and hear his word! Obſerve, on every occurrence, how the Lord takes occaſion from thence immediately to draw away the attention of his hearers from preſent things and occaſions, to ſomething quite different from thoſe in hand, even as different as heavenly from earthly. The man would appear crazy, who ſhould affirm, that the Lord came down from heaven to inſtruct the world in thoſe things which they knew as well before as ſince; ſuch as the nature of bread, water,

water, sowing, building, making of war, &c. though he applies, as the prophets had done before, all those terms in the manifestation of his witness-bearing to the truth. But why seek farther for a proof and illustration of this point, than those very Psalms in dispute? Take Psalm xviii. for an example of the weakness of your objection; the title is allowed good, 2 Sam. xxii. 1. yet you have seen the interpretation the apostle hath established, without any relation at all to the title or occasion of its being written; which should have fixed the sense to David's own circumstances, as you alledge. Indeed the title itself, wherein David is called the servant of the Lord, might have led us to think of some other one than David; for the servants or prophets of the Lord used not to be inspired to make declarations of their own sufferings and glory. What they themselves at the time understood of the meaning, is of no importance for us to know, were it in our power to search it out. Perhaps they knew little more of it than of an affecting dream or parable, whose meaning, in the time of God's good pleasure, was afterwards to be discovered by the interpretation. Peradventure, the apostles were the first who knew it. Certainly they were, in any thing of a full sense. The Holy Ghost was given in vain, if the least one in the kingdom of heaven were not to know the meaning of their prophecies better than the greatest prophet of them all, whose faith and patience with their fellow-saints were sustained by the prospect of something afar off, carrying their eyes beyond the things which were then present, to the futurities which are now come, which they saw in the dark, like a light at a distance, pointing out their own habitation, that they might not, like bewildered, despairing, over-fatigued travellers, fall down and rest on the spot where they were, before they came to their appointed place. When David was pursued by Saul, by Doeg, by

Abſalom, by Shimei, when ſkulking in the wilderneſs like a partridge on the mountains of Iſrael, beſet by the Ziphites, inſulted by Nabal, hunted on every ſide like a wild beaſt, ready to fall into every ſnare, trembling for his father's family, and all Iſrael whom he loved, in jeopardy every moment of his life, entangled in the thickeſt thorns of perplexity, not knowing to-day how to eſcape to-morrow—— Was it unlike God to ſhew him, and by him all the twelve tribes, in the glaſs of a new revelation, on each of thoſe occaſions, ſome part of the ſufferings of the Meſſiah and of his glory, for his and their comfort, till the deſire of their hearts ſhould come? In like manner, in the time of proſperity, leſt temporal victories and deliverances ſhould be taken for the fulneſs of their joy, and embraced as the accompliſhment of the promiſes made to the fathers, they were ſhewed, as a proper antidote to ſuch earthly infections, the glories of the Meſſiah's reign, ſucceeding to his ſufferings. Has it not always been the way of our heavenly Father to liſp, as it were, and act the child with his children, ſpeaking to men, in the language of men, the things of God; and to every nation and people, according to the natural confuſion of their own language and apprehenſions; that light, and ſpirit, and heaven, might ariſe upon them, like the ſun out of darkneſs, by the juſt degrees of his own decree, till the fulneſs of glory ſhould blaze out in meridian ſplendour? Hence, in the days of David, Saul, Doeg, Shimei, Abſalom, Goliah,—dogs, bulls, lions, wolves, bears, ſerpents, vipers, unicorns, aſps, were proper language for deſcribing traitors, and falſe brethren, chief prieſts and rulers of the people, ſcribes and phariſees, Herod, Pontius Pilate, ſoldiers, thieves, murderers, ſlanderers, falſe witneſſes, devils; who all ſwarmed about the bleſſed Lord to deſtroy him, and in him his church.

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If this way of interpretation is not allowed, you must say, the Father of our spirits has been but trifling with us; and that he only meant to shew us earthly things, because he only used, in all his revelations to us, our own earthly language, the only one he has given us to understand. Would not this way of yours make the history of the fall an old wife's tale, or something sillier? as if the serpent had been merely and literally that animal so called, without any evil spirit informing and actuating him; though the devil is called, in plain allusion to this matter, the old crooked serpent.

Lastly, upon this point; We may say of every thing that was present to David, the fathers, and all the prophets, though the revelations to them run in terms corresponding, indeed, to the language, and manners, and things present with them, as God said to Abraham concerning Ishmael, who was born after the flesh, and not by promise, 'This is not thy 'son; but in Isaac shall thy seed be called:'—which seed was Christ.

Obj. 3. David was a type of Christ; and therefore, though we do not deny there may be something of a spiritual meaning in some of the Psalms relating to Christ, yet there is always a true literal sense which we must keep by; 'for our spiritual edifica-'tion in Christ, no doubt!' And if at any time they are applied to Christ, it is only by way of accommodation, in a secondary kind of sense; while the genuine, original, primary sense is only true of the type, and not of the antitype.

Ans. That David, being an anointed king and prophet, had appointed him by the Lord an official part to act, in which sense the priests and all the other kings and prophets of that nation, as well as he, might be called the visible representatives, messengers or officers of Christ, is freely allowed; but that David (or any of them) in any other

ſenſe was a type of Chriſt, ſo as to have ſtates, frames, and experiences, ſimilar to Chriſt's, which were typical of Chriſt's ſtates, frames, experiences, remains to be proved. Shew wherein David is, and wherein not, a type of Chriſt; for that he cannot be ſo always, is evident from Pſalm xl. where it is ſaid, 'I come to do thy will, O God—A body haſt thou 'prepared me'—to wit, for a ſcrifice or ſin-offering. How did David typically offer up himſelf a ſacrifice or ſin-offering? or what greater likeneſs had David to the ſufferings of Chriſt and following glory, than thouſands of other believers before or ſince his coming in the fleſh? They were all ordained to ſuffer with Chriſt in this world, and to reign with him in the next; nay, not only to be as he was, in tribulation while in the body, but alſo to glory, triumph, and reign, even in that tribulation itſelf: ſo that when they glory, they glory not alone in the joy to come, but in thoſe things alſo which concern their infirmities. Are the ſaints, therefore, becauſe they have all their adverſity and proſperity given them of God for their joy, and his own glory—are they therefore all types of Chriſt? But leſt you ſay we mock, were all the Old-Teſtament ſaints types of Chriſt? How abſurd the ſuppoſition! Why then ſingle out David for a type, except you tell us where it is written? It is not ſuppoſed you would make him a type alſo in his murder and adultery, though you would do well to conſider how far your argument would lead you. As to that ſcheme of applying quotations from the Old Teſtament to Chriſt only by way of accommodation, though all the doctors of the world were at it, as, alas! ſome of them are, it is ſuch an outrageous inſult and burleſque put upon the Holy Ghoſt, that it ought not even to be once named among ſaints as a thing poſſible with God! It unhinges at one blow the whole Old Teſtament and the New! It reſts the veracity of all the prophets and apoſtles, that is, of God,

God, upon a mere moveable flip-board of diſſimulation and deceit! So that, according to it, the goſpel may be yet but a cunningly deviſed fable, and not the accompliſhment of the promiſes made to the fathers! By the help of that ſame accommodation of yours, a ſharp wit might have taught the apoſtles to have eſtabliſhed their doctrine as the fulfilment of ancient prophecies, from the tradition of the elders, Æſop's fables, or even Mahomet's Alcoran, had it then exiſted, by taking ſuitable paſſages in thoſe books, tearing them away from their original ſenſe and connection, and framing them ſo as to expreſs another quite different meaning in the ſame words; which is your famous accommodation! a buſineſs ſuited only to the genius and abilities of that father of lies, who is ſaid to have ſolaced a congregation of witches, on the night before they were to be burnt, by preaching to them, from John xiv. 1. 'Let not 'your hearts be troubled; ye believe in GOD, be-'lieve alſo in ME;' meaning himſelf. But be that as it will, in his temptation of the Lord, and in all his temptations wherewith he tempts people by miſrepreſenting the Scriptures, he diſcovers, to thoſe who are not ignorant of his devices, his abundant ſkill and addreſs at accommodating!

Obj. 4. But many parts of the Pſalms are ſuch, that it is impoſſible to conceive how they can be interpreted, as ſpoken of, or in the perſon of Chriſt. *Anſ.* This is ſuch an objection as concludes with equal ſtrength againſt what yourſelf muſt allow to be the apoſtolic application; all thoſe things which you ignorantly boggle at, confeſſions of ſin, heavy complaints, prayers and ſupplications for pardon and deliverance, thankſgivings and exultations for theſe, vehement expoſtulations with God, with men, weighty imprecations upon enemies, Jewiſh language and manners, (and do you ſcruple at them in the Pſalms!), and the like, being all to be found in thoſe very

Pſalms

Pſalms inconteſtibly interpreted by the apoſtles of Chriſt: ſo that the objection lies not againſt man, but the Holy Ghoſt himſelf: take Pſalms xl. lxix. xvi. xxii. lxxxix. xxxv. for inſtances. This is ſuch an obſervation as the whole weight of the cauſe might be made to reſt upon it. But to be more particular: it can be no objection againſt our interpretation of the Pſalms, though there may be ſome ſtrong metaphorical expreſſions, ſpirited exclamations, and, to our apprehenſion, ſeveral other very ſtrange things in them, which we cannot exactly ſhew the meaning of, being certain we have all the ſenſe or ſpirit of them ſomewhere in the New Teſtament. For the illuſtration of this point, you may conſider our true country-proverb, Every hair caſts its own ſhadow: which remains ſtill true, though it be no eaſy affair to untwiſt the rope, and ſay, which is the particular ſhadow of every individual hair. And we are the eaſier on this head when we hear the apoſtle, Heb. ix. in general diſcourſing of the holy of holies, the ark of the covenant, the golden pot that had manna, Aaron's rod that budded, the mercy-ſeat, &c. as ſhadows, the bodily ſubſtance whereof was Chriſt, and then ſaying, 'Of which things we cannot now ſpeak particularly.' Thus, when the houſe was built, there was the leſs need of the pattern or model; unleſs you will ſay that, becauſe a houſe is built after ſome plan, therefore we dwell in the houſe and in the plan together. Neither need we have inſiſted ſo much upon this point, if it had not been for the miſchievous conſequences following upon a miſinterpretation of the Pſalms; many things wherein, no doubt, as well as in all the other writings of ancient inſpiration, may be like the ſnuffers, pans, ſhovels, baſons, pins, loops, taches, knops, flowers, chapiters, and certain additions of thin-work over upon the altar of incenſe; which things, being part of the tabernacle and temple, were typical; yet who but a madman will offer

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to ſhew you their correſpondent antitypes? you may take alſo into this account the almoſt univerſal prejudice ariſing from the falſe teaching of near three thouſand years ſince the Pſalms were delivered to the Jewiſh church: from whence our tranſlators, though perhaps the moſt unexceptionable in the world, having had David always running in their head, have given their whole tranſlation of the Pſalms a ſtrong caſt towards him. See, for example, how they have called Chriſt's righteouſneſs, as in the margin, Pſalm xxxv. 27. 'A righteous cauſe,' not knowing ſo well how to think of David's righteouſneſs in ſuch a connection; as it is not eaſy to ſee how they could, without ſoftening the matter, and bringing it down the beſt way they could to fit David's caſe. But the moſt egregious blunder of this kind, perhaps, in their whole work, you meet with, Pſalm xxiv. 6. where they make the Spirit to deſcribe a generation of people under that one ſingular peculiarly-appropriated character of the only Holy One and Juſt, who alone aſcended by his own righteouſneſs into the higheſt heavens, and received the bleſſing from the Eternal, even power over all fleſh, that he might give eternal life to as many as the Father hath given him: 'This,' ſay they, 'is the generation of them,' &c. inſtead of 'This!' or 'This He! O generation of them that 'ſeek him,' &c.; *This* being evidently meant of the Meſſiah's ſelf deſcribed in the remaining, as in the former part of the Pſalm; while the generation of them that ſeek him is not ſpoken of at all, but only ſpoken to, and called upon, as it were, to behold *This perfect One, this King of glory.* To juſtify this obſervation to the merely Engliſh reader, let him obſerve, that the word *is*, between *this* and *the generation*, is a ſupplement of the tranſlators, as will appear by its being printed in a different letter from the reſt; which is the mark whereby to know when they add any word, for which there is none in the original,

original, to fill up what they take to be the meaning, that the ſentence may run ſmooth without a break.

But to return: though the meaning of many things in the Pſalms may be difficult through ſo many cauſes, that it is not eaſy to ſay preciſely what it is; nevertheleſs, where the Holy Ghoſt hath vouchſafed us a clear revelation of what was hid in the myſteries of old, let us not ſhut our eyes againſt the true light where it ſhineth, but wiſely conſider that intimate union, inſeparable connection, and eternal fellowſhip, ſubſiſting between Chriſt and his church; inſomuch that they are called One, One Perſon, Head and Members, Spirit and Body; ſo that their names are one. He is the Lord our Righteouſneſs; 'And 'this the name wherewith ſhe ſhall be called, the 'Lord our Righteouſneſs:' he is called the Anointed; they are the anointed: he is the Son of God; they are the children of God in him: he is Heir of God; they are heirs of God, joint-heirs with Chriſt: he is the Seed of the woman; they are the ſeed of the woman: they are called Jacob, Iſrael, and David; ſo is he, Jer. xxx. 9. Ezek. xxxiv. 23. Hoſ. iii. 5. and elſewhere. Thus, the ſpouſe's name, intereſt, and eſtate, are ſwallowed up in thoſe of her huſband; her debts are his debts; her friends his friends, her enemies his enemies, and ſo in every inſtance; they are one in law, married to the Lord, one ſpirit, one body, no more twain but one fleſh, he in them, and they in him: 'This is a great myſtery,' ſaith the apoſtle; 'but I ſpeak concerning Chriſt and his 'church.' What God hath joined together let no man put aſunder.

This indiſſoluble bond of union between Chriſt and his church, whereby he cannot be conſidered without her, nor ſhe without him, will account for all thoſe confeſſions of ſin, prayers for pardon, and deliverances from grievous diſtreſſes, thankſgivings, and pleadings of righteouſneſs, appeals to holineſs, juſtice,

justice, mercy, faithfulness, truth, earnest expostulations with God, bitter lamentations, floods of tears, animated exclamations, heavy denunciations, vows of obedience, &c. and all these uttered, sometimes as by one, sometimes as by many, in the singular or plural number, all to the same meaning, according to the good pleasure of the Holy Ghost, who hath fully ascertained his own sense throughout the whole series of revelations taken together in their own coherence, which to the children of God are but one context, whoever were his clerks or penmen.—Suppose David not merely an amanuensis or penman, (like all the other prophets), but himself the chief speaker, and speaker of himself indeed, in the Psalms, and it is all a riddle, paradox, and contradiction! a jumbled mass of confusion! impiety! nonsense!—Suppose it Christ the Lord who speaks himself, of himself, (David being only his prophet, secretary, or writer), and of his church in himself, for could they be separated but for a moment, he from them, or they from him, then they, nay the Godhead, were no more; for he has pledged his faithfulness for it, that they cannot be separated: suppose it Christ, I say, in this connection with his church, and all is plain, easy, direct truth, light, glory, and eternal joy. How could sinners call his righteousness theirs, if he had not called their sin his? Read Isa. liii. and such passages as these: It pleased God to 'make him sin for 'us who knew no sin, that we might be made the 'righteousness of God in him—He bare our sins in 'his own body—He was made a curse for us—In all 'things made like to his brethren, except sin.' For though he had no personal sin, or sin which he himself in his own person committed, yet you see how he had the sins of his elect charged upon him. Do you marvel then when you see him, the holy Lamb of God, standing and bearing the sin of the world, agonizing in every pore, and his soul full of that hell

er wrath of God for sin, which would have swallowed up the whole universe of God besides, and him too, in eternal ruin, if he had not been sustained by his own eternal power and Godhead—Do you consider him suffering in such circumstances, I say, and marvel that he should cry, 'Mine iniquities have 'taken hold upon me; I am not able to look up—'The iniquities of my heels' (or, at my heels, the iniquities of those who follow me, who am their leader) 'do compass me about—My bowels are full 'of a loathsome disease—and this I have because of 'my folly and my committed sins—O God, thou 'knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid 'from thee,' Psalm lxix. 5. Thus he could say as the Kinsman-Redeemer, the friendly Surety, acknowledging for his own, standing good for, paying and discharging by himself alone, all the debts of his beloved friends; and yet at the same time maintaining his innocence, and saying, Psalm xviii. 23. 'I 'kept myself from mine iniquity:' his darling and predominant sin, which he loved and obeyed, say you, meaning it of David. Who is in the right, let the Lord of David judge, and us consider.

After all, perhaps, you will still cry out, as if no key were already given, How shall we explain Psalm li.? I do confess, nothing but a true knowledge and love (which are the peculiar gifts of God, and always go together) of that vicarious righteousness of Christ, to which the law beareth witness, and the Father beareth witness, by raising him again from the dead, and by declaring his own faithfulness and justice in justifying the ungodly for the sake thereof, when he gives them the belief or knowledge of it, will be likely to satisfy you, if you are yet unsatisfied. Therefore, before you proceed any farther in quest of argument, consult your own heart, if you are really in love with that exchange of sin and righteousness, commonly called imputed, which the whole testimony

of God is full of; if you believe, that Jesus Christ was as really clothed with the sins of them that shall be saved, or that they became as really his own, so that it behoved him to own them, and die for them, washing them away in his blood, before he could be free of them, as that they who shall be saved, are by his Spirit clothed with his righteousness, which is made really theirs; so that, upon account thereof, they are justified, accepted, sanctified, and glorified of God. If this be your faith, and love, and joy, and you are not of those traitors who mean, like Judas, to discard the Lord Christ and his righteousness out of the world, by glossing away the spirit of his mediatorial work and character, it is to be hoped, you will ponder what follows; namely, that the objection from the title of the Psalm has been already solved, and that this Psalm, ver. 16. as being parallel to Psalm xl. 6. has been already shewed as an express quotation of the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. If David was the speaker in the former part of the Psalm, by what argument do you shew that he ceases to speak in the 16th verse? If you say, it is not the Lord but David who speaks there, you are guilty of Ananias' and Sapphira's crime; nay worse, you do not merely lie to, but actually do give the lie to, the Holy Ghost. Do you conceive the Holy Ghost removes, in the xlth Psalm, that which God hath no desire to, delight or pleasure in, (even as the creditor hath no desire to, delight or pleasure in, the debtor's bond, or renewal of his bond, but only in the payment thereof), and brings in that which he hath a desire to, delight or pleasure in, even the doing of the will of God by Christ; by which will, done and fulfilled by Christ, those who are Christ's are sanctified, completed, and perfected for ever? do you conceive this, I say, in Psalm xl. and in Psalm li. where the same thing is removed, that the Holy Ghost doth bring in another thing which is not de-

ſpiſed; that is, deſired, delighted, and acquieſced in; even the contrite heart, and broken ſpirit of David? Can the Spirit of God indeed amuſe us, amaze us, deceive us, by ſpeaking the ſame words in the ſame connection, and yet meaning different things? Were not this to juggle us out of all certainty whatſoever? What could a ſly Socinian ſophiſter do more? Compare Iſa. lvii. 15. and lxvi. 2. with Matth. iii. 17. which three paſſages, with others parallel to, and explanative of, Pſalm li. 16, 17. if you do not ſee ſpoken of the Meſſiah, you may read your character, 2 Cor. iv. 3. as blind and loſt; yea verily, except you repent and believe the goſpel—What! did it not belong to him who waſhed away all ſin, original and actual, (Rom. v. 9. to the end), in his own blood, to ſay, that he was conceived in, or under that ſin? Was not he made under the law, the broken law, convincing of ſin and wrath? If God deſired truth in the inward part, could not he ſhew it, and righteouſneſs pure as Jehovah is pure? Might not he, the true paſſover, and ſacrifice of every kind, for ſin, ſay, 'Purge me with hyſſop,' the emblematic ſign in ſprinkling the blood of the atonement? Might not he ſay ſo, who was baptized with the baptiſm of Jehovah's wrath in his own blood, that his people might have that peace-ſpeaking blood ſprinkled upon their conſcience? Might not he ſay, 'Deliver me from 'blood-guiltineſs,' or, as the margin reads, 'bloods,' who gave blood for blood, even his own blood, the blood of God for the guilt of Adam as it relates to them, and all the other guilt of thoſe who are ſaved, who through guiltineſs had forfeited their bloods, even their lives, bodies, and ſouls, to the pains of hell for ever? Might not he ſay to his Father, 'Cre-'ate in me a clean heart, and renew within me a 'right ſpirit?' He in whom all things were firſt reſtored; who gives the clean heart, and creates the right ſpirit; might not he, who, becauſe of the loſt glory, endured

endured the wrath, and reſtoreth all things, having obtained the Spirit and power, ſay, 'Reſtore to me 'the joy of thy ſalvation; and take not thy good 'Spirit from me; and cauſe the bones which thou 'haſt broken to rejoice?' Might not he who received the Holy Ghoſt, that he might give the gifts of God to men, ſay, 'Then will I teach tranſgreſſors 'thy way; and ſinners ſhall be converted to thee?' Might not he plead for Zion, who gave himſelf for the price of her redemption? Might not he plead God's good pleaſure for Jeruſalem, his church, the city of the living God, who offered for her ranſom that which was better than bullock, or ox, or any thing that hath horns and hoofs, (Pſalm lxix. 31.), even the broken heart, the contrite ſpirit, when through the eternal Spirit he offered himſelf a ſweet-ſmelling ſacrifice of peace to God? Was it unlike the Holy Ghoſt, the advocate, who takes of the Father's and of the Son's, and ſhews to the ſaints, leading them into all truth, helping their infirmities, making interceſſion for them, according to the will of God, with groanings that cannot be uttered; was it unlike the Holy Ghoſt, I ſay, upon ſuch an occaſion as is ſpoken of in the title of that Pſalm, to repreſent to David, whoſe ſin was forgiven him, the Lord Jeſus the true ſacrifice, propitiation, and high-prieſt, making the atonement and interceſſion in his own blood, for all his elect, and for all their ſins? Is not this the way in which the Holy Ghoſt gives his conſolations now to every particular believer, through the blood of the Lamb, through faith in his blood? as it is written, 'If any man ſin, we have an advocate with 'the Father, even Jeſus Chriſt the Righteous, whoſe 'blood cleanſeth from all ſin. And he is the Pro-'pitiation for our ſins, and not for ours only, but 'alſo for the whole world,' namely, of them who believe on his name. Did the one Spirit uſe a different way in the days of David? Moreover, how

could David's sacrifices of a broken and contrite heart or spirit make the sacrifices of the people accepted? or his repentance for a private sin be the cause why they should be spared, built up, and blessed? for the people never suffered for the private sins of their kings, but only for those committed, in their public character as kings, in their government; such as the numbering of the people, the breaking of the princes covenant with the Gibeonites by Saul. As for this private and personal sin of David, the bloody sword was entailed as a temporal punishment upon his own house only, and not upon the kingdom in general, which had nothing to fear from the sin, nor to hope from the repentance of it, so as to be thrown down and rejected, or built up and accepted with their offerings, either for the one or the other. Now, judge for yourself, whether this Psalm be a private prayer of David, which we deny, or the public intercession of the Messiah himself for his whole church, ministered by the Holy Ghost in Old Testament style, and only written by David, and wherein David had only his own portion equally with Mary Magdalene and Noah the preacher of righteousness; the Psalm being a prayer of the same nature, spirit, and extent, with that other intercessory prayer of the Lord, John xvii. not for the consolation of one only, but for the whole election of God, for whom the Lord, having made the atonement by his blood, makes the prayer by his spirit; which we affirm. Who is in the right, that day will shew, when the fire will consume all but the true foundation, and that which is built thereupon by the Holy Ghost.

As to the curses, imprecations, and denunciations of wrath, wherewith the Psalms abound, they can only be uttered by him who has also power and authority to bless: so that the blessings and the cursings in the Psalms are by no means the feeble wishings and wouldings of a thing crushed before the moth, like

like David, who is both dead and buried, and his ſepulchre alſo with himſelf turned to duſt in its place to this day; but they are the utterances of him who hath all judgment committed into his hand; of the exceeding great and eternal weight of glory to them who love him and his righteouſneſs, being the called according to his purpoſe; and of the exceeding great and eternal weight of wrath to them who hate him and his righteouſneſs, being abominable, and diſobedient, and to every good work reprobate. To ſtrengthen this remark, it is obſervable, that thoſe bleſſings and curſes are always laid in the balance, one over againſt the other, as the ſanctions of Jehovah round the blood and righteouſneſs of the Lamb, in whom his ſoul acquieſceth: and they are all to be found where the ſufferings and glory of Chriſt are unqueſtionably meant, as in Pſalms xl. lxix. cix. &c. ſhewing, that the whole love of God, or wrath of God, are centered upon every one, as their hearts are centered, or not centered, upon the alone object of his delight, the Lamb that was ſlain, but now in the midſt of the throne, who is the only bond and centre of union between God and his creatures, whether in heaven or in earth; to whom be glory for ever. Amen. He, he alone bleſſeth, and they are bleſſed; he curſeth, and they are curſed: if he ſay it, who can diſannul it? Behold, he hath ſpoken to the children of his love, and ſaid, 'Come to me, ye bleſſed,' &c.—But to the children of his wrath he ſaith, 'Depart from me, ye curſed,' &c.—'As for thoſe mine 'enemies, who would not that I ſhould reign over 'them, bring them hither, and ſlay them before my 'face;' as it is written, Luke xix. 27. A true commentary upon ſuch paſſages as theſe in the Pſalms; 'Let them be confounded and aſhamed that ſet 'themſelves againſt me—Pour out thine anger upon 'them, and let thy wrathful indignation take hold upon them—Let them go down alive into hell—Let

'shame cover them—Let the pit close her mouth 'upon them—Let them be blotted out for ever.'—These things are further explained in the New Testament: 'The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of 'man—And some shall arise to shame and everlast-'ing contempt—And these shall go away into ever-'lasting punishment, but the righteous into life eter-'nal.'—'Kiss ye the Son' Behold the King who hath the government of his Father's house upon his shoulders. Turn away your eyes from David, and behold the Branch of the root of Jesse, who hath the keys of death and hell; who openeth, and no man shutteth; who shutteth, and no man openeth. Behold, he hath said, said to every creature under heaven, 'Bless, and curse not.' Would you jump into Jehovah's judgment-seat? or plead for David's being there, usurping the word out of his mouth? wrenching the sword out of his hand? scattering the bolts of the Almighty's wrath? and dealing with his arm damnation or salvation round the world, according to his good pleasure? certainly! as people were favourers or opposers of him and his righteous cause? Behold what you have done, when you contended for David against the Lord speaking in the Psalms!—Verily! in the sight of God! those curses, uttered in the Psalms, are so far from being an argument against, that they are an irrefragable testimony of God, bearing his own peculiar seal and character, proving that it is his own Son in person that speaks in those Psalms. Therefore, if thou wouldst not be found fighting even against God here also, you must allow that David, in all the curses uttered in the Psalms, is only the mouth of God, to whom vengeance belongeth, who saith, 'I will recompense, saith the Lord' —And again, 'Let them shout for joy who love thy 'salvation, and say, Let thy name be magnified— 'But let them be destroyed together who wish me

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'evil—who perſecute the ſoul of thy turtle—adding 'iniquity unto their iniquity, and bow down their 'back alway—Let them be deſolate, for a reward of 'their ſhame, who ſay unto me, Aha! aha!'—To ſpeak thus, was it not his prerogative alone, who was hated without a cauſe, inſulted, ſcoffed, reproached as an aſſociate with publicans and people of bad fame, a glutton, a wine-biber, a raiſer of ſedition, and Sabbath-breaker, a profaner of the temple, a madman, a devil in communion with Beelzebub; blindfolded, buffeted, ſpitted upon, ſcourged, crowned with thorns, clothed with a robe of mockery; crucified, and blaſphemed every where, evermore, by the ſerpent and all the ſerpent's ſeed, in his own perſon, and in the perſons of all his members—was it not his prerogative, I ſay, to utter his Father's wrath, and execute the judgment due upon the devil and all the devil's children? Was he not exalted? Sent he not the Holy Ghoſt of purpoſe to convince the world of ſin, of righteouſneſs, and of judgment, becauſe the prince of this world is judged, and caſt out with his children for ever, for their rebellion againſt the Son? Thus hath the Son declared, 'If I 'had not come and ſpoken to you, you had had no 'ſin,' (no ſin in rejecting me); 'but now I have 'come and ſpoken to you, and done the works 'which none other man did, you have no cloak for 'your ſin—I am come the light into the world—He 'that believeth on me ſhall not walk in darkneſs—'But this is the condemnation, that the light is 'come into the world, and men loved darkneſs rather than the light, becauſe their deeds are evil;' and therefore, Pſalm lxix. 22. &c. is ſaid to be fulfilled, Rom. xi. 9. in the deſtruction of thoſe who believed not the apoſtles teſtifying of Chriſt and his righteouſneſs—So that, if thou believe not thoſe ſame his apoſtles, all the curſes of Jehovah's power, by Chriſt, and for Chriſt's ſake, ſhall be even poured into

into thy ſpirit; and eternity ſhall ſhew, that it was not a fellow-worm you had to do with, talking or praying about the deſtiny of his enemies, or thoſe of the church; but Chriſt himſelf, the Lord in perſon, God over all bleſſed for ever, appearing with his own blood, which you trample under foot, and wherewith he ſanctified himſelf, and with his own Spirit, to which you do deſpite, againſt you, and as many as ſhall continue to the death, calling God a liar, by diſcrediting his teſtimony which he hath given concerning his Son.—The very appearance of a curſe, therefore, in any Pſalm, were there no other evidence of the Pſalm's being ſpoken by the Lord, is an infallible mark of interpretation to go by; that we may learn not to blaſpheme, but aſcribe to him his own prerogative, who hath power to caſt both ſoul and body into hell-fire.

What a piteous thing is it to ſee Dr. Watt and others making palliations and apologies for the harſh Jewiſh ſpirit, as they call it, and unkindly genius or nature of that diſpenſation appearing in the curſes and imprecations uttered in the Pſalms! And then you are roundly adviſed by them, after their own method, to leap over ſuch paſſages in your devotions, as if you had ſtumbled on a deadly ſnake; for this reaſon, add they, becauſe they are unſuitable to be uſed by us now-a-days, under our milder diſpenſation, which breathes nothing but love and gentleneſs—True! to all who rejoice in the croſs of Chriſt. But does the goſpel curſe the fearful and unbelieving leſs bitterly than the law? or, had we ever heard a word of the law, but for the ſake of the goſpel? or of the goſpel but for the ſake of the law? Are theſe two contrary the one to the other? or is there any curſe in Moſes, the Pſalms, the prophets, but in as far as there is goſpel in them unbelieved? Was there ever any condemnation, but becauſe light was come, and the darkneſs comprehended it not? Where is

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the ground, then, for any perſon acknowledging the New Teſtament, in ſinging the Pſalms in churches, families, or by themſelves, to paſs by any paſſage, becauſe of the curſe therein? ſeeing the curſes and bleſſings are both by the ſame Spirit, and equally eſſential eternal parts of the ſame plan, wherein is manifeſted the character of God and glory of his love, guarded and defended by the ſanction of all his infinite power and wrath, whoſe name, even our God in Chriſt, (for no where elſe was he ever ſeen, either in creation, preſervation, or redemption, but in Chriſt), is 'a conſuming fire.'—He that would ſhew his zeal for the love and bleſſings of God, by being againſt the wrath and the curſes, is like a man who ſhould pull up the hedges for the beauty and defence of the garden. It is the univerſal voice of the New Teſtament, ſpeaking as expreſsly as ever the old did, That 'he who believeth ſhall be ſaved'—that 'he hath life, and ſhall not come into condemnation;' but that 'he who believeth not ſhall be 'damned,'—nay, 'is condemned already;' and (while this is his character, that he believeth not) 'he ſhall not ſee life; but the wrath of God abideth upon him:' and, 'if any man love not the Lord 'Jeſus Chriſt, let him be Anathema Maranatha.' So ſaith the Lord, the Spirit, to the churches: who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

5*thly*, and laſtly, If it be objected, that the other prophets introduce their prophecies by 'Thus ſaith 'the Lord;' but David in the Pſalms never uſeth that form: therefore, he ſpeaks not of the Lord, but of himſelf.

Anſ. The apoſtles have obviated this objection, by aſſuring us, that the Lord ſpeaks, and not David, where no ſuch form is uſed, as in Pſalm xl. 16. But if there were any thing in your objection, it would deſtroy not only the inſpiration of the Pſalms, but of the whole New Teſtament, wherein no ſuch form

form is used, in the manner of Moses and the prophets, by the Lord or his apostles; God being in them all in all, issuing out his own mandates as a King, immediately of himself. And this is a proof in comparing the Lord with his prophets, who were faithful in all things as servants, that in himself, as in the Son over his own house, dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily: and that the apostles were not, like the prophets, moved only at times by the Spirit of Christ, but always, and without intermission; so that they needed not say, 'Thus saith the Lord;' the Lord himself being always personally, or, as it were personally, present by his Spirit, without intermission, giving his own testimony with his own mouth through them: and so, after the same manner, in the Psalms; even as a person of authority, personally acting and present, speaking immediately with his own mouth, or writing with his own hand, shews himself by his speech or writing; and the manner thereof.

After all, *6thly*, if it be asked, Why are we so zealous for the right interpretation of the Psalms? and where is the great harm of mistaking the meaning of any part of the Old Testament, seeing the New is so full and clear about Christ?

Ans. This zeal is shown for the sake of the truth, even that full and clear truth in the New Testament about Christ. And the harm of mistaking the meaning of the Psalms, as has been already made appear, lies in a great measure in this, that of however little importance those mistakes are supposed to be in themselves, yet they have been employed to hide the light, and eat out the spirit of the New Testament: so that, taken along with those errors, it turns out to be not only a dead, but a killing and destroying letter, instead of a ministration of life; every member thereof being, as it were, disjointed and broken; as, if you let an error escape you in the first figures of a calculation,

calculation, it will cauſe the whole ſum to turn out a falſehood, however painfully the operations are carried on afterwards; or, as the phyſicians ſay, an error in the firſt concoction cannot be rectified in any after proceſs of digeſtion. But when the Pſalms are conſidered as ſpoken of Chriſt, or as Chriſt ſpeaking in them, we behold the love of God, ſurrounded and guarded with all the terrors of his wrath, blazing forth in the face of Jeſus; in whom we ſee God all light, and no darkneſs at all, even perfectly well pleaſed through the blood of the atonement; ſo that we may come boldly forward, and worſhip with enlarged hearts.

Had our critics and commentators laboured with equal diligence, to find out and ſhew the relation the Pſalms have to the New Teſtament, as they have done to edify us with the penmen, and particular occaſions and times when they were written, and the ſenſe which either ancient or modern Jews, and thoſe called primitive fathers, have put upon them, the church might have rejoiced in their labours; but, as they now ſtand forth ſo many maſkers (alas! there are few exceptions) of the face of Jeſus, if you have got a glimpſe of that face, how can you look upon thoſe who have been endeavouring to hide the glory thereof from your view, by caſting on the ancient vails—but with the greateſt thankfulneſs to him, who, commanding the light to ſhine out of darkneſs, hath enlightened your own mind with his glory! while, at the ſame time, you cannot but look upon them with the ſame kind of emotion, as if you had ſtood in the days of Solomon in the court of the temple, at the dedication thereof, beholding the offerings accepted, and the glory of the Lord filling the whole houſe; and then beheld a band of drunken prieſts, running, raking and ſcavenging together, with might and main, all the aſhes about the place, with the filth and dung of the ſlain beaſts, and then throwing them

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all in a heap upon the altar, ſmothering the heavenly fire, and polluting the ſacrifices! Their deſign perhaps was to feed the fire with fuel, and lay on more ſacrifices according to the law; but what of that, if in their madneſs and wine they caſt on dung? Let God be true, and every man a liar. If this method of interpretation hold, which allows only the apoſtles to give their ſenſe of the Pſalms, holding every other ſenſe whatſoever foreign and ſpurious, as many as hold it, not to ſpeak of many obvious advantages they may enjoy, will be delivered from two great evils; *1ſt*, That countenance and authority alledged from the Pſalms to eſtabliſh the righteouſneſs of a ſinful creature, where the Holy Ghoſt had eſtabliſhed the everlaſting righteouſneſs of God. *2dly*, They will be delivered from that manifold kind of confuſion which has been eſtabliſhed on a falſe view of the Pſalms, where the Holy Ghoſt had eſtabliſhed that faith which is of his own gift and operation, which he defines and manifeſts where it is, the evidence or aſſurance of things not ſeen, the ſubſtance of things hoped for. Where is this evidence, where is this ſubſtance to be found? Even in the hearts where they are, and no where elſe. What a general abſurdity, then, is that which they call a general faith? Is not the truth of God, or object of faith, one particular individual truth or object? Is not all faith particular? fixed and determined to the particular individual ſubject wherein it is, however extenſive the truth or object of belief be? Certainly. You believe, and ſee, and hear, and love, and live, in yourſelf alone, and not in another: neither indeed can it be otherways. If this be ſo, is it not truly an affecting thing to ſee thoſe, whom in many reſpects you would incline to ſay 'God ſpeed' to—ranking themſelves under different heads and denominations; maintaining on the one ſide, That juſtifying and ſaving faith is a perſuaſion, that Chriſt died for you in particu-

lar, and that you through his blood shall be saved—and this same is their appropriating act, whereby, they say, Christ becomes theirs! as if the Scripture had any where said so—as if you could be saved through the belief of any thing but what the Scripture hath said; which is true, whether you believe it or not—as if a blind person could receive his sight, a deaf person his hearing, a dead person his life, (the cases are quite parallel), by a persuasion that they saw, heard, and lived—while, in opposition to this false doctrine, it is as falsely as zealously maintained on the other side, That a person may be very well assured or persuaded of the truth of the testimony concerning Jesus, (which persuasion or assurance they compare to one end of an arch founded upon a rock), and yet at the same time remain in great doubt concerning his own particular interest in Jesus; which latter thing they compare to the other end of the foresaid arch founded upon the sand—Well, how shall this end also be established? By your self denied obedience, say they; by your continued subjection to the gospel. How shall I know this same self-denied obedience, this continued subjection to the gospel, except I know the principle from whence they proceed? for if I do not bring forth my fruits to the glory of my own Father and God, in the name of the Lord Jesus, as sanctified, washed, justified, and by the Spirit of adoption crying, 'Abba, Father,' I can never conclude they are proofs of my obedience and subjection to the gospel. These fruits do not flow merely from the relation subsisting between God and me, but from that relation known; and the fruits are not the means whereby the relation is known, but acknowledged; as it is written, 'Hereby acknowledge we,' (as it may be rendered), 'that 'we have passed from death to life, because we love 'the brethren.' Take away the knowledge, the certain knowledge of my own personal relation, union,

intereſt, communion with God; and you dry up, at the ſame time, all the ſprings of my ſelf-denial and obedience, or painful labour of love. Can I obey, unleſs I love? Can I love, unleſs I am loved, and know that I am loved? Says one, Would to God, I were as certain of my own particular intereſt in Chriſt, as I am of the truth of the goſpel in general! Did that man know what he was ſaying, he would have preciſely the ſame aſſurance and certainty of his own particular intereſt in Chriſt, as of the general truth of the goſpel: for is it not written, 'Chriſt is 'the end of the law for righteouſneſs to every one 'that believeth.' Believeth! what? even what is there ſaid, that 'Chriſt is the end of the law.' Do you know you believe or underſtand, according to the teſtimony, what you call the general truth? the concluſion is as direct upon you for your own particular intereſt therein: for they who believe, believe not in general, but in particular; even as no perſon ever ſaw the light in general for others, and was blind himſelf: ſo no perſon has any ground to believe there is ſalvation for others, but he has the ſame evidence it is to himſelf. And thoſe people, who ſay they believe there is ſalvation for others, according to the goſpel, and ſay they doubt of their own intereſt therein, do evidently lie; they do not underſtand what they pretend to believe: for no perſon can believe, without being conſcious or certain, that he himſelf in particular believes. They aſk you, Is aſſurance of the eſſence of faith? They might as well aſk you, if the ſun be of the eſſence of the ſun? for what is faith but the aſſurance God gives one through his word by the Spirit? and this being particular in a perſon's own ſelf, and not in another, he has as much aſſurance that he believes, when he believes, as that he ſees, hears, lives, loves, hates, deſires, rejoices, &c. when he is in very deed ſo affected; which affections he hath no manner of evidence for, but that he is conſcious

scious of his being so affected: and yet it is not by persuading himself that he is so affected, that he really is so; but, being so affected, it is impossible but he must have a consciousness or persuasion of his being so. Says another, in one of his dissertations lately published, All faith must indeed include something particular in the nature of it. He gives you an instance in the believer of the law and its threatenings, which, says he, strike the person in particular, as if he himself were the very one pointed at; even so with regard to the gospel he believes—not that his sins are actually forgiven him, and that he shall be saved—but that there is mercy and forgiveness with God for sinners in general, and that he may be saved, or something to that purpose. Who taught him to say so of a believer of the gospel? Not the Holy Ghost: for he says, 1 John ii. 12. 'I write unto you, little 'children, because your sins are forgiven you for his 'name's sake'—and verse 21. 'I have not written 'to you, because ye know not the truth, but because 'ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth.'—Says another, the patron of his own story, about an official Saviour to all mankind who shall be saved and damned; These words, 1 Cor. i. 30. 'Christ made 'to you of God wisdom, righteousness,' &c. are not absolutely to be understood of the saints and faithful at Corinth and other places, but in a qualified sense: thus, he is made so by office; if you apply to him, he will be made so; not that he is already actually made so; but he is so officially to all mankind sinners indefinitely, their Goel, their Kinsman-Redeemer. God deliver whom he will deliver from such abominations! which are the more dangerous, the liker they are to the truth; even as forged money or bills receive all their currency from their being the more exactly counterfeited.—These forgeries and counterfeits of faith had not been mentioned in this place, but for the sake of the truth, which, by their currency, is

greatly ſunk and debaſed. If it had been poſſible, the falſehoods they maintain about faith and the Pſalms, &c. had been mentioned without the perſons or parties who maintain them at all—and if ſome find themſelves more exactly deſcribed than they would wiſh—if the cap fit them, they are welcome to wear it—if it do not, there is no harm done, they are not the perſons meant.—But as men, and ſects of men, have given the ſtamp and authority of their reſpective names and ſects to their notions and noſtrums, theſe behoved to be deſcribed by ſuch ſtamps and marks as they were not aſhamed to give them. And he ought to be aſhamed, who would be aſhamed or afraid to expoſe, as far as in him lies, whatever is found in oppoſition to the truth of God.

Here obſerve, notwithſtanding the paragraph may appear ſomewhat diſjointed, that though the aſſurance of faith and the aſſurance of hope be indeed moſt juſtly diſtinguiſhed, as differing in nature one from another, yet the diſtinction and foundation of it, which ſome men make between them, is evidently weak and ridiculous, being the moſt foreign thing in the world from the meaning of the Holy Ghoſt, who does not even inſinuate, (as thoſe men ſay he declares), that the aſſurance of hope is leſs certain than the aſſurance of faith, but only that the aſſurance of hope regards the good thing as *certainly to come*, which the aſſurance of faith regardeth as *certainly true*: ſo that the aſſurance of faith, or the good hope through grace is not oppoſed to, or diſtinguiſhed from, the *certainty*, but the *futurity* only, of the good thing to come, which is equally the object of the hope and faith, and of the hope, becauſe firſt of the faith: ſo that the aſſurance of hope, were there any degrees in the caſe, is rather an advance upon the aſſurance of faith, than a leſs or more uncertain thing; ſeeing, by the grace of faith, whatever good thing one looks upon to be true, by the grace

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of hope, with equal assurance, he looks for (if absent) to come: so that, whatever assurance there was in the faith, there is precisely as much in the hope built upon that faith. Both the assurance of faith and the assurance of hope are found in the Lord Jesus, in whom surely they included equal certainty; and, from the application of them both to him, take the meaning of them both, as existing by his Spirit in his followers, who have the same spirit of faith and hope with him, their head and pattern, concerning whom it is written that he said, 'I believed, and 'therefore have I spoken,' 2 Cor. iv. 13. Behold the assurance of faith in him—Was the assurance of his hope less certain? 'Moreover also, my flesh shall 'rest in hope,' Acts ii. 26. Behold the assurance of hope, which is founded, as certainly as God is true, in the assurance of faith.

To conclude: if these loose hints, thrown together in the order in which they occurred, do not make their own apology, it will be in vain to attempt a vindication of them, or of the following paraphrase: those who are convinced, and love the cause, will need none; those who are otherways will receive none.

The Scripture of itself is our only possible rule, both for faith and good manners, and not any human book, or pretended standard whatsoever; for so it is written, 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. 'All Scripture is 'given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for 'doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruc-'tion in righteousness; that the man of God may 'be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good 'works.'

PRAY tell me, friend, what will you be
The wiser, if you do not see
The meaning of that page, or book,
In which you for instruction look?

And

And though you ſhould the meaning find,
Unleſs according to the mind
And meſſage of the Holy Ghoſt,
You'll find your pains and labour loſt.

Yea, though according to the mind
And meſſage by the Lord deſign'd,
You are not yet a jot the better,
Except yourſelf perceive the matter.

Now, how can you perceive it ſo,
Except you firſt the Scriptures know?
But if you have the Scriptures known,
The truth of God is all your own:

Whence I moſt firmly do conclude,
The word of God alone is good,
To teach, inſtruct, correct, reprove,
To perfect men in faith and love.

THE

THE

PSALMS,

PARAPHRASED ACCORDING TO THE

New-Teſtament Interpretation.

PSALM I.

THAT the Perſon who is deſcribed and praiſed in this Pſalm, can be none other but the very SON of GOD, 'made of the woman, made under the 'law, become in all things like unto his brethren, 'except ſin,' may be confidently collected from the abſolute pureneſs and perfection of that character, which is here delineated, and attributed to him: for, as the Lamb of God behoved to be without ſpot and without blemiſh, ſo this perſon is repreſented, on the one hand, as free of tranſgreſſion, and, on the other, as conformed to the law of the Lord; which is his perpetual delight and meditation.—Upon which account he is pronounced BLESSED, and, by a reſemblance abundantly familiar to the inſpired writers, likened to a *tree* planted by ſtreams of water, bearing fruit round all the ſeaſon, proſpering every way, and flouriſhing, with undecayed leaf, in full, undiminiſhed, everlaſting glory. Now, all this exactly correſponds with the glorious things, every where ſpoken of that Holy One of God, EMMANUEL, under theſe ſacred appellations, 'The *Stem* 'of the *Root* of Jeſſe; the *Root* and *Offspring* 'of David; the *Branch*; the *Good Olive*; the 'TREE of LIFE in the midſt of the paradiſe of 'God, and on *either ſide* of the *river*, which

'beareth twelve manner of fruits, and *yieldeth* 'fruit every month;' and whose *leaves* are for the 'healing of the nations,' &c. We find the Lord himself also, in the same parabolical style, addressing his disciples to the following purpose, 'Now 'are ye clean through the word which I have 'spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. 'As *the branch* cannot bear fruit of itself, except 'it abide in *the vine;* no more can ye, except ye 'abide in me. I am *the* VINE, ye are the 'branches; he that abideth in me, and I in him, 'the same bringeth forth much fruit: for with-'out me ye can do nothing.'—And, on other occasions, dropping the figure, 'My meat is to 'do the will of him that sent me, and to finish 'his work—Lo, I come to do thy will, O my 'God; yea, thy law is within my heart—Fa-'ther, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that 'thy Son also may glorify thee—I have glorified 'thee on the earth; I have finished the work 'which thou gavest me to do And now, O Fa-'ther, glorify thou me with thine own self, with 'the glory which I had with thee before the world 'was.'—For this, in answer to his prayer, 'he 'was raised from the dead, crowned with glory 'and honour, and highly exalted, and a name 'given him, which is above every name; that at 'the name of JESUS every knee should bow, of 'things in heaven, and things in earth, and 'things under the earth; and that every tongue 'should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to 'the glory of God the Father.'——Thus the Son, who became the servant of the Father to bring many sons and daughters to glory, was recompensed, made most blessed for ever, and exceeding glad with his Father's countenance.—Now, surely, such a character, and such a blessedness, as the legal due *reward* of that character, must originally, and in the first instance, belong to the Son of God, considered personally, or by himself; and to others only by way of imputation, commu-

communication, and derivation from him: for to whom, beſides him alone, of all the ſons of Adam, will ſuch a character and *bleſſedneſs* otherways apply? For, ſeparate from him, and as they are in themſelves, the verdict of JEHOVAH ſtands thus declared and confirmed againſt them all; 'There 'is *none righteous, no not one.*' Neither can they be juſtified in his ſight by the deeds of the law: 'for by the law is the knowledge of ſin.' They are all under the curſe, ſhut up by the law under ſin, under wrath, *&c.* But, though this be the ſituation of all who believe not the goſpel, yet 'by him 'all who do believe it are juſtified from all things 'from which they could not be juſtified by the 'law of Moſes.' Thus his people all become righteous, as the prophet ſpeaks, not indeed through works of righteouſneſs done by themſelves, but 'through the righteouſneſs of God, which is 'by the faith of Jeſus Chriſt to all, and upon all 'them that believe,' who are 'juſtified freely by 'his grace through the redemption that is in Je-'ſus Chriſt'—who is made of God the end of the 'law for righteouſneſs' (or perſonal juſtification) 'to every one that believeth'—as it is written, 'If 'thou ſhalt confeſs with thy mouth the Lord Je-'ſus, and ſhalt believe in thine heart that God 'hath raiſed him from the dead, thou ſhalt be 'ſaved. For with the heart man believeth unto 'righteouſneſs, and with the mouth confeſſion is 'made unto ſalvation.'—In ſinging this Pſalm, therefore, the true worſhippers are directed to rejoice in CHRIST JESUS, their Mediator, Advocate, and Forerunner, who for them magnified the law, and made it honourable, by redeeming them from the curſe thereof with his own blood; and, being now through the knowledge of the truth ſet everlaſtingly beyond the reach and fear of condemnation by the law, they are taught to conſider it in the hand of the Mediator, as 'the royal law of 'liberty;' to reverence it, to love it, and to obey it; not with terror, as ſlaves trembling for fear of

damnation, nor with mercenary conſiderations, as hirelings working for the wages of eternal life, but with the pure, generous affections of love, gratitude, and joy, before the Lord their Saviour, who hath redeemed them not only from the curſe of the law, but alſo from all ſuch unhallowed and diſpiriting meditations concerning it; conſtrained by his love to hate evil, and to give thanks at the remembrance of his holineſs; while, with holy heart-ſubduing awe, aſtoniſhed and amazed at ſuch ſovereign, diſtinguiſhing mercy, manifeſted towards themſelves, they behold the terrors of the Lord falling dreadful upon all the fearful and unbelieving, and overwhelming them with eternal perdition.—So ſhall it fare with all thoſe whom death, in an evil hour, ſhall ſurpriſe without faith, and ſo without Chriſt, 'without God, without 'hope in the world.'—*Like chaff*, they ſhall be *driven away* in the judgment, and burnt with everlaſting fire; whereas thoſe, who are in union with Chriſt by the faith of his reſurrection, ſhall, *like the palm-tree*, flouriſh evermore: becauſe he liveth, who is the Lord their Righteouſneſs, from whom their fruit is found, they ſhall live alſo, and live with God.—Upon the whole, it may be obſerved, that the ſame diſtinct line of interpretation runs viſibly, like a beam of light, through the otherwiſe utterly impenetrable darkneſs and obſcurity of all the prophetic writings, but moſt eminently through the whole book of Pſalms; diſpelling the clouds of erroneous repreſentation, and clearly diſcovering the glory of God, as it ſhines, and ever ſhone, in the face of Jeſus; and darting, into every wiſe and underſtanding heart, the inſtructions and conſolations of the Holy Ghoſt. See particularly, among many others, theſe following Pſalms, *viz.* iii. iv. v. xv. xvi. xvii. xviii. xxiv. xxv. xxvi. xxxv. xl. *&c.* but eſpecially the cxix. throughout—All of which, as ſhall be ſhown in the proper place, belong to the ſame claſs, and muſt, of conſequence, be opened by the ſame key.

Th' eter-

Th' eternal perfect bleſſedneſs
Of David's LORD *and* SON,
Whoſe everlaſting righteouſneſs
For us the bleſſing won,
Let all the churches ſweetly ſing!
And chant aloud their joy!
The LORD, EMMANUEL, *is our King;*
He'll death and hell deſtroy.

1 THAT Man! how great's his bleſſedneſs!
And JESUS is the Man,
Who comes with perfect righteouſneſs,
The Holy peerleſs ONE!
His Father's law muſt be fulfill'd,
So holy, juſt, and good!
Or elſe, devoted to be ſpill'd,
Muſt flow, the ſinner's blood—

2 He ruſh'd into the fiery flame,
He lov'd the law ſo well,
For ſinners bearing all the blame,
And bearing pains of hell.
For ſons of Adam, all aſtray,
Have wander'd to and fro;
But He's the Shepherd, and the way
Whereby the flock ſhall go.

3 His ſheep ſhall hear their Shepherd's voice,
(He calls to paſtures green),
And, hearing, they ſhall all rejoice,
And with him ſtill be ſeen.
No fox, nor prowling woif, ſhall dare
Among them to appear;
For pow'r, and love, and wiſdom, are
Their guardians round the year.

4 Their Lord, exalted, they ſhall ſee,
The BRANCH of JESSE's *ſtem*,
To royal glory, like the *tree*
Of life by EDEN's *ſtream*;

While they around, like all the trees
Of paradiſe, ſhall grow;
And on them, an immortal breeze,
The BREATH of GOD, ſhall blow.

5 Immortal as their SIRE, the King,
Immortal are the ſons:
Immortal praiſes they ſhall ſing,
And wear immortal crowns.
But, ah! the fooliſh are not ſo;
The ſons of unbelief;
On them a fiery *blaſt* ſhall blow,
And change their joy to grief.

6 Their glory ſhall to vapour turn,
Their bloſſom fly like ſmoke—
Thus ſin-enchanted ſouls ſhall mourn,
How ſoon the ſpell is broke!
To judgment!—judgment!—See the King
Amid ſurrounding fire!
All heav'n before him on the wing,
The worlds below retire.

The thrones are ſet, the heav'ns are fled,
The worlds are now no more!—
In glory gay the ſaints are clad;
In hell the ſinners roar.
Then, now to-day—while yet, 'To-day,'
The HOLY GHOST proclaims,
Hear what the SON OF GOD doth ſay;
Whoſe word—or ſaves—or damns.

PSALM II.

THIS Pſalm ſtands in the front of a large catalogue of parallel ones, all evidently ſuppoſing, or expreſsly, as here, declaring and aſcertaining, according to Rom. i. 4. the divine, eternal Sonſhip, character, and office of Jeſus Chriſt, the King of glory,

glory, in his mediatorial kingdom of grace and truth; the bleſſedneſs of his faithful ſubjects; and the utter deſtruction of all his enemies, the unbelievers, who will not have him to reign over them. Luke xix 14. Acts iv. 25. and xiii. 33. Heb. i. 5. and v. 5.

Among many others, wherein the expreſſion is various, but the ſenſe undeniably the ſame, the following Pſalms are parallel with this, and ſet beyond all poſſibility of controverſy with regard to their ſubject; as any one, who will be determined by the Holy Ghoſt's public and infallible interpretation in the New Teſtament, may clearly perceive by reading them over, and conſulting the marginal references as he goes along; *viz.* the two next, xvi. xviii. xx. xxi. xxii. xxiv. xxix. xlv. xlvi xlvii. xlviii. l. lx. lxi. lxiii. lxvii. lxxii. lxxxix. xci. xciii. xcvi. xcvii. xcviii. xcix. cviii. cx. cxlv. and cxlix.

Meſſiah rais'd again from death,
Declar'd the SON OF GOD—
Kiſs ye the SON—*prevent his wrath—*
Or feel his iron rod:
For thoſe the Saviour who deſpiſe,
And his ſalvation ſcorn,
Exil'd for ever from the ſkies,
Muſt mourn in hell forlorn.

1 WHY rage and roar, like rolling ſeas
Againſt the ſolid ſhore,
Thoſe mad tumultuous enemies,
With ſuch a fierce uproar?
They riſe, and ſwell, and foam their ſhame,
And fret themſelves in vain;
But ſhall return, from whence they came,
Into the deeps again:

Like gath'ring clouds the people low'r,
And plot conſpiracies;
But ſooner ſhall the flying ſhow'r
Diſſolve th' empyreal ſkies,

Than

Than they accompliſh their deſign,
And meditation vain,
Againſt Jehovah, who combine,
And his Meſſiah's reign.

2 The kings of earth, ah, grov'lling worms!
Low ſov'reigns of the duſt!
Have vainly ſtrove to raiſe high ſtorms—
And vainly flies the guſt:
3 'Come, come,' ſay they, 'let us ariſe,
'And boldly burſt their cords:
'We'll bravely break their feeble ties,
'And laugh at all their words.'

4 But he who fills the heav'nly throne
Serenely ſees, and ſmiles,
Till, with a fierce indignant frown,
He all their boaſting ſpoils:
5 In rage, he ſhall ſuſpend their threats,
And toſs them in his ire
To hell, with their infernal feats,
Due to eternal fire!

6 'But, high-exalted, reigns my King,
'For I have ſet him high;
'And all my hoſts ſhall homage bring,
'And low before him lie.—
7 'The firm decree I will declare:
'Jehovah ſaid to me,
'Thou art my only Son, my heir;
'I have begotten thee:

'This day, by raiſing from the dead,
'I have declar'd my Son;
'And, of my kingdom, thee have made
'Head and foundation-ſtone:
8 'Demand of me thine heritage:
'The kingdom all is mine;
'But, lo, my faithfulneſs I pledge,
'My kingdom ſhall be thine:

'The

‘ The nations ſhall together flow,
‘ All round the earthly ball,
‘ And lowly at thy footſtool bow,
‘ Obedient to thy call.
9 ‘ But proud rebellion, ſoon ſubdu’d,
‘ Falls by thine iron rod
‘ Of ſovereign pow’r, to pieces hew’d,
‘ By thee, O mighty God.’

10 Now, therefore, underſtand, ye kings;
Ye judges, ſtand chaſtis’d;
While all your glory homage brings,
Your hearts be well adviſ’d;
11 Jehovah ſerve in trembling fear;
In trembling fear exult;
Advancing, to the Son draw near;
Nor dare your God inſult.

12 Greet ye the Son, and hail him GOD—
Behold! he comes along—
Submit yourſelves, and kiſs the rod,
Or periſh in the throng.
For, ere his wrath begin to burn,
And flame a quenchleſs fire,
Bleſt, bleſt are they to him who turn,
And ſo prevent his ire!

PSALM III.

THE laſt Pſalm, as was already obſerved in the illuſtration thereof, perfectly aſcertains the meaning of this and the following one—Both whereof are remarkably ſimilar, in ſpirit and expreſſion, to Pſalm xxvii.—The attentive reader, who enters into theſe views, will find abundance of pleaſure and profit, by tracing out and diſcovering the innumerable and ſurpriſing parallels, that run through the whole divine effuſions of the one Spirit breathing in the Pſalms, and propheſying of all the

the then future things, now paſt, and accompliſhed in Meſſiah our King.—Bleſſed are they who are honoured to look within the veil, and to behold his glory.

Clap, clap your hands, exult, and ſing,
Ye ſaints, for evermore!
For death's bereaved of his ſting,
And hell's dominion's o'er:
Meſſiah, coping with his foes,
O'ercame by pray'r and pow'r:
He laid him down, he ſlept, he roſe;
But death did them devour.

1 HOW ſore, O Lord, oppreſs'd I am!
What hoſts around me riſe!
They rage like wolves againſt thy Lamb:
Lord, hear my piercing cries.
For, breathing forth their deadly ſpite,
They teaſe me night and day,
My ſoul deſigning to affright,
And ſcare my hope away.

2 'In God, ev'n God, no help,' they ſay,
'Remains for him at all;'
But God, ev'n God, ſupports my way,
And I ſhall never fall.

3 For thou my ſhield and glory art,
Th' exalter of my head,
Strength of my ſtrength, heart of my heart,
The raiſer of the dead.

4 Avaunt, my foes!—I cry'd to God;
My God reply'd to me,
From his celeſtial high abode,
And ſet my ſpirit free.

5 I laid me down, I quietly ſlept,
Jehovah huſh'd my pain,
And all the while my ſoul he kept;
Then wak'd me up again.

6 I will not fear though thouſands ten
Of fierce ſurrounding foes
Should ruſh upon me all amain—
The Lord will ward their blows.
7 Ariſe, O Lord, preſerve THY WORD;
Behold, my foes are here!
But brandiſh thou thy flaming ſword,
And, lo, they diſappear!

The dragon thou haſt bruis'd, O Lord,
And ſav'd THE WOMAN'S SEED;
The dragon's teeth, cruſh'd by THE WORD,
Have caus'd his heel to bleed.
8 Thus thou, my Father, haſt fulfill'd
Thy purpoſes of grace;
And thus Meſſiah's blood is ſpill'd,
O Iſrael, for thy peace.

PSALM IV.

BESIDES what has been already obſerved in the reſpective illuſtrations of the three foregoing Pſalms, it ought, for the honour and further aſcertainment of the meaning of this Pſalm, with its parallels, to be remarked, that it contains in its own boſom one peculiar, deciſive characteriſtic evidence of its divine Author, as the only ſpeaker therein: for who beſides the King of glory alone, 'who 'is God over all, bleſſed for ever,' can, with any propriety, be ſuppoſed to uſe ſuch an expoſtulation as this, 'O ye ſons of men, how long 'will ye turn my glory into ſhame? How long 'will ye love vanity, and ſeek after leaſing? Se-'lah.'—So expoſtulates the eternal Wiſdom, the uncreated Word, Prov. i. 22. 'How long, ye 'ſimple ones, will ye love ſimplicity? and the 'ſcorners delight in their ſcorning, and fools hate 'knowledge? Turn you at my reproof. Behold, 'I will pour out my ſpirit unto you; I will make

'known

'known my words unto you.'—Thus alſo, the enemies of this King are directly charged with 'changing their glory into the ſimilitude of an 'ox that eateth graſs,' Pſalm cvi. 20.—In the ſame deriſive ſtrain, they are upbraided by the Lord God, Jer. ii. 11. 'Hath a nation changed 'their gods, which yet are no gods? but my peo-'ple have changed their glory for that which doth 'not profit.'—And, Rom. i. 22. it is ſaid, 'They 'became vain in their imaginations, and their 'fooliſh heart was darkened. Profeſſing them-'ſelves to be wiſe, they became fools; and chan-'ged the glory of the incorruptible God into an 'image made like to corruptible man, and to 'birds, and to four-footed beaſts, and to creep-'ing things.'—And, laſt of all, though theſe were the figures, or outward ſigns the ſpirit of the worſhip thereby ſignified was the devil; for ſo it is expreſsly aſſerted by the apoſtle, 1 Cor. x. 20. 'I 'ſay, that the things which the Gentiles ſacrifice, 'they ſacrifice to devils, and not to God.'—Oppoſed to this falſe object of worſhip, become almoſt univerſal among the nations, we behold the one, living, and true God, declaring himſelf 'the Juſt 'God, the Saviour, the Lord, beſides whom 'there is none—in whom all the ſeed of Iſrael 'ſhall be juſtified, and ſhall glory.' Iſ. xlv. 20, &c. compared with John xvii. 3. Rom. iii. 26. 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6. and 1 John v. 12.

Chriſt glories in his grand employ;
Fools glory all in vain—
The higheſt pleaſures they enjoy
Decay—but his remain:
He boldly to his Father cries;
The Father hears his Son,
And gives him from the grave to riſe—
The prize his valour won.

1 O Righteous Father, ſee thy Son!
My Father, and my God,

Lo, I thy righteous will have done,
Thy righteous paths have trod:
God of my righteouſneſs, I call,
I claim my merits due;
For gladly I a victim fall,
And gladly pay my vow.

Thou haſt releas'd my troubled ſoul,
Impriſon'd in the duſt;
And now thou wilt perfect the whole
Concernments of the Juſt.

2 How long will ye, O ſons of men,
My glory turn to ſhame?
How long, purſuing fictions vain,
Profane Meſſiah's name?

3 But know, ye fooliſh ſons of ſtrife,
The Lord hath choſen me,
His Holy One, the Prince of Life,
The Lord of all to be:
When to Jehovah I appeal,
And plead my righteouſneſs,
Then he his juſtice will reveal
In truth and holineſs.

4 With trembling fear before him fall,
Ye ſinners, and repent,
Yielding to him, the Judge of all,
Ere he his anger vent:
Like children, chaſten'd by the rod,
Lie ſtill, be quiet, and muſe,
Deep-trembling at the word of God,
Nor more his grace abuſe.

5 Off'rings preſent of righteouſneſs,
And in the Lord confide:
His love the humble heart will bleſs;
His pow'r will puniſh pride.

6 'O, who will ſhew us any good?'
Exclaim the grov'lling throng,

Whose sensual souls lurk in their blood;
They sing no other song.

But, panting-high for joys divine,
Lo, my soul melts away—
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine,
And change our night to day.

7 More joy into my heart is pour'd,
O Lord, by sight of thee,
Than they, in corn and vintage stor'd,
Enjoy with mirth and glee.

8 I will both lay me down in peace,
My God embracing me,
And sleep, embosom'd in his grace,
Till morning shadows flee:
For thou, O Lord, possessest me,
And mak'st me safely dwell;
And thou alone shalt set me free
From reach of death and hell.

PSALM V.

To ascertain the speaker, and consequently the meaning of this Psalm also, it is only necessary to consider, if it can be any other than the very Christ of God, who boldly builds his plea for acceptance upon justice, which hath no pleasure in sin, but hateth all the workers of iniquity.—These, under the notion of his enemies, from whom he prays to be separated and delivered, he describes, as explained, Rom. iii. 13. imprecating and denouncing vengeance against them for their rebellion against God; and concludes with encouraging, and announcing the blessedness of, those who put their trust in the Lord, according to his own peculiar prerogative, being the Judge of all, and having all power in heaven and earth in his hand, that those whom he blesseth may be blessed, and those whom he curseth be cursed.

Meſſiah pleads, and gains his plea
In perfect righteouſneſs;
But, lo, from him, confounded flee
The foes of holineſs:
For unbelief in Tophet ends,
And everlaſting wo;
Whereas Meſſiah's faithful friends
With him to heav'n ſhall go.

1 LORD, let thine ear drink in my tale,
And weigh my honeſt ſpeech
In thine own even-poized ſcale,
Where envy cannot reach:
For envy hunts my ſoul to thee,
My Lord, my God, my King!
The fierce purſuer makes me flee
And cloſely to thee cling.

2 To thee my pray'r I will diſplay;
My groans ſhall plead for me:
3 From th' ev'ning to the morning ray,
I'll ſpread my hands to thee.
Mine eye ſhall hang upon thy nod,
Mine ear upon thy lip;
My ſoul ſhall hold thee faſt, O God;
No fiend ſhall looſe my gripe.

Both fiends and men with ſubtile guile
Againſt my ſoul conſpire:
Untry'd they leave no wicked wile
To vex me in their ire.
4 But thou, my God, aſſert my right,
Aſſert thy holineſs;
For thou doſt not in fraud delight,
Nor love unfaithfulneſs.

The man of God in God ſhall dwell,
And God ſhall dwell in him;
But evil men inhabit hell,
And hell inhabits them.

5 All things consist by God the Lord:
The Lord upholds them all;
But raging fools, who scorn his word,
By his decree shall fall:

His eyes shall fright and scatter them,
And drive them far away,
Like darkness scatter'd by the beam
That cheers the face of day.
6 For men of blood and perfidy,
Are curs'd in all their ways:
The workers of iniquity,
The Lord detests and slays—

7 But I into thine house will come,
And feast upon thy love;
Thine holy mount shall be my home:
No term shall me remove.
My ways shall all supported be,
My heart comforted too,
8 In perfect rectitude, by thee,
Who seest and seal'st me TRUE.

But as for those mine enemies,
Against whom I implore,
With their unjust confed'racies,
Who me oppress so sore;
Within their mouth there is no truth,
Their very breath is hell;
Their throat's an open grave, and doth
Breathe pestilential smell;

Whilst yet their words, like dropping oil,
Distilling from their tongue,
With sly insinuating guile,
Sound as a lovely song:
10 Destroy them, God, and cause them fall
By thine avenging sword;
O'erwhelm and foil their counsels all
By thy decisive word.

Through

Through multitude of ſtratagems,
Devis'd by them and hell,
Lord, let them, with their very names,
Be raz'd, who dare rebel—
11 But they who, fill'd with faith and hope,
Depend on thee, O God,
Rejoicing in a perfect ſcope,
Shall ſing in thine abode:

Exulting in thy love divine,
And ſhouting o'er their toil,
They laugh to ſee the vict'ry thine,
And triumph o'er the ſpoil.
12 And laugh they may, exult and ſing,
And ſhout for evermore;
For I, their Shepherd, Lord, and King,
Their ſorrows all have bore.

Jehovah, therefore, with his love
Hath circled all around,
And, King o'er all the heav'ns above,
His own Meſſiah crown'd:
In God's Meſſiah let them joy,
Who God's Meſſiah love,
For they the kingdom ſhall enjoy,
And reign with him above.

PSALM VI.

IN this Pſalm alſo, there is only one ſpeaker; and he, as being himſelf altogether free from unrighteouſneſs, has authority to ſay, 'Depart from 'me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord 'hath heard the voice of my weeping.'—Theſe words, cited from this and other Pſalms, are ſpoken by the Lord, Matth. vii. 23. If any dubiety ſtill remain in your mind concerning the perſon who ſaith theſe things, conſult Heb. v. 7. Phil. ii. 6. John v. 22. Matth. vii. 23. and xxv. 41.

When smitten by his Father's rod,
In his deep agony,
Oppress'd, and lab'ring with the load
Of our iniquity,
Behold, the Lamb of God implores
Deliv'rance not in vain:
Both death and hell he overpow'rs,
And loads his foes with pain.

1 LORD, in thine ire chastise me not:
Thy chastisement I'll bear;
But cannot bear thine anger hot:
'Tis that would give me fear.
For, lo, behold, thy servant, Lord,
Before thee trembling stands,
With bosom bare, to meet thy sword,
Thrust home by thy own hands.

Ordain'd by thee a sacrifice,
For all thine elect race,
'Tis life and joy,' thy servant cries,
'For me to be their peace:'
'Tis life and joy for me and them;
Our persons are most dear
To thee, our God, as thy own name;
But sin must vengeance bear:

My blood shall, therefore, well atone
For all their deadly crimes;
And, when the shades of death are flown,
We'll shine in heav'nly climes.

2 But, now, my bones are all on fire;
'Tis death and hell within;
For wrath and indignation dire
Are pour'd on me for sin.

3 Lord, heal me when thy time is come:
How long, how long, O Lord,
Ere I shall taste of comfort some,
Some respite from thy sword!

My

My ſoul, affrighted, trembling flies,
And throws herſelf on thee,
And, when the pangs of death ſurpriſe,
She'll in thy boſom be.

4 Then, O Jehovah, for the love
Thou beareſt thy own name,
Thou'lt not deſtroy thy Turtle-dove,
Who comes thy love to claim.

5 For in the grave if I ſhould lie,
And never riſe again,
To view the glories of the ſky,
But with the dead remain:

Who ſhould aloft thy praiſes raiſe?
Who ſing thy faithfulneſs?
Who triumph in thy righteous ways?
And who thy name confeſs?
But well I know, thy word is paſt,
(Thy word ſhall be fulfill'd),
When thy Meſſiah breathes his laſt,
When love thy Lamb has kill'd,

(For love has ſlain thy Lamb, O God,
The love of thee alone),
Then I ſhall ſing beyond thy flood,
Death, when thy worſt is done!

6 I travail all my days in birth,
I fill the world with groans;
But, lo, my groans ſhall turn to mirth,
And fill the world with ſons.

Ten thouſand thouſand joyful heirs,
O God, to thee and me,
Solace my ſoul for all my cares:
Mine offspring, Father, ſee!

7 Mine eye grew dim, my heart grew ſad,
For this, full many a day;
But, now, thy face hath made me glad:
My grief is fled away.

8 Away

8 ‘ Away from me, ye workers all
‘ Of foul iniquity!’
9 The Lord hath heard my fervent call,
And doom’d your souls to die.
10 Thus, Lord, let all mine enemies,
Whelm’d with eternal shame,
Lie sunk in hell, who scorn to prize
Thy dear Messiah’s name.

PSALM VII.

If the following paraphrase of this Psalm, as spoken in the person of Messiah the Lord, shall not seem to carry its own evidence in its bosom, the considerate reader will be pleased to consult, among others, these few parallels, with their respective evidences, *viz.* Psal. ix. x. xviii. xxxv. xliv. and xciv.

Messiah pleads his innocence,
And prays his cause may fail,
If e’er he gave a just offence,
Or harm’d the public weal;
But, lo, the Lord attests his cause,
And magnifies the same;
While sin on sinners vengeance draws,
And clothes them o’er with shame.

1 MY God, Jehovah, see my state!
My soul resorts to thee:
She claims thy wings for her retreat
From those who cause her flee.
O how they flow, like vultures keen,
In clouds, against thy Son,
And all, with deadly havock, ween
To tear me bone from bone!

Preserve me from their cruel claws,
And save me in thy love;
2 Lest they should triumph o’er thy laws,
And o’er thy Turtle-dove.

3 O

3 O Lord, my God, if I have done
A wicked thing at all;
Then, charge it home on me thy Son,
Let me before thee fall.

If ere a ſinful deed, my hand,
A ſinful word, my tongue,
Or ſinful thought, my heart has ſtain'd,
Let me, then, bear the wrong;
Let me before the hunters go,
Like chaff before the wind;
And let my blood like water flow;
No mercy let me find.

4 If ere I recompenſed ought
But kindneſs to my foe,
For all the evil he hath wrought
Towards my overthrow;
5 Then, let him tear mine honour down,
And lay it in the duſt,
And tread upon mine ancient crown,
His prize and conqueſt juſt!

6 But riſe, O Lord, in burning wrath,
Mine innocence atteſt,
And give mine ambuſh'd foes to death,
Who give my ſoul no reſt.
Thy faithfulneſs I claim, O Lord;
I claim no more than due;
That I be judged by thy word:
Thy word atteſts me TRUE.

7 Thy people, therefore, all around,
Redeemed by my blood,
Aſſembled, ſhall thy praiſes ſound,
Through heav'n and earth, aloud.
Advance thy glory, and thy Son,
O'er all thy worlds abroad:
The glory of thy kingdom won,
Returns to thee, O God.

8 Jehovah shall the people judge,
And judge them by the SON;
Nor shall the just his judgment grudge;
But, ah, how sinners moan!
Jehovah, judge me by thy word;
Jehovah judge thy Son:
I'll stand before thy brandish'd sword;
Nor dread what I have done.

I'll plead the perfect righteousness
I've finish'd in my blood;
And, now, thy pledged faithfulness
Shall make thy promise good.
9 Let mischief fall on sinners all,
For so is thy decree;
For thou behold'st, and quite unfold'st
The secrets thou dost see.

The just shall rise, and reach the skies;
But sinners sink to hell:
So let them die, eternally,
Against me who rebel.
10 But God, my shield, will keep the field,
And ward off all their blows:
11 The just he loves, and them he proves,
And quite destroys their foes.

For the defence of innocence
Is aye my Judge's part;
But he detests those hellish pests,
The men of double heart.
12 Unless they turn, they soon shall mourn,
And feel the glitt'ring sword:
I see it high, in act to fly,
And smite them, at his word.

13 For, war declar'd, and bow prepar'd,
With all the shafts of death,
He but suspends, for holy ends,
To aggravate the wrath.

14 Behold,

14 Behold, their prince, who fell long ſince
From truth and glory down,
By falſehood he, through God's decree,
Soon loſt his high renown:

He travails ſtill with only ill,
And falſehood does conceive;
Lo, falſehood's birth is all his mirth;
For falſehood he ſhall grieve.
15 He made a pit, and digged it,
And he is fall'n therein:
16 Thus miſchief ſhall, returning, fall
On all the men of ſin.

17 But I will praiſe, in loftieſt lays,
Confeſſing to the Lord,
His righteouſneſs, and faithfulneſs,
According to his word.
Meſſiah's ſong ſhall ſpread along,
And fill the heav'ns and earth,
Diffuſing all around the ball,
His glory, joy, and mirth.

PSALM VIII.

THIS Pſalm, ſimilar in ſpirit and ſubject to the iid with its parallels, as explained, Matth. xi. 25. and xxi. 16. 1 Cor. i. 27. Heb. ii. 6, 7. and 1 Cor. xv. 27. clearly aſcertains and demonſtrates the Lord Jeſus Chriſt alſo to be the ſubject of Pſalms cxiii. and cxlviii. with others referred to the reader — As to the meaning or ſpirit of theſe univerſal expreſſions, 'All ſheep and oxen,' &c. being made ſubject to Chriſt, conſult Iſa. lx. with its parallels, as interpreted in New-Teſtament language, without figure or parallel, according to the words of the Lord, 'All that the Father hath given me, 'ſhall come unto me'—and 'All power in heaven 'and earth is given unto me.'—And, ſpeaking to the Father, John xvii. 4. 'Thou haſt given him '(the

'(the Son) power over all flesh that he might 'give eternal life to as many as thou hast given 'him.'

N. B. As some inconsiderate persons have not been wanting, who have thought proper to controvert the view here given of this Psalm, and most absurdly to apply it to Adam; I shall here quote the words of the prophet, above referred to, at length—'The abundance of the sea shall be 'converted unto thee; the forces of the Gentiles 'shall come unto thee. The multitude of camels 'shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and 'Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they 'shall bring gold and incense, and they shall shew 'forth the praise of the Lord. All the flocks of 'Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee; the 'rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they 'shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, 'and I will glorify the house of my glory;' Isa. lx. 5, 6, 7. To the same purpose in other places, 'The 'lion and the lamb shall lie down together; and the 'child shall *play on the hole* of the asp,' &c.—Meaning, that people 'of all tongues, kindreds, nations, 'and languages, barbarians, Scythians, bond and 'free,' represented by these figures, shall, by the everlasting gospel, be subdued and converted to the kingdom of the Messiah; who, in point of authority, commission, and power, is the Lord and Heir of all things, reigning at the Father's right hand, till his enemies be made his footstool; but all things are not yet *actually* subdued by their Lord, nor shall they all in fact be put under him, until the time of the restoration of all things, when the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed, and death and hell shall be cast into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; when the kingdom shall be delivered up to the Father, and God shall be all in all.

Messiah, bless'd for evermore,
Ye sons of God, exalt, adore;

Aſcribe to him the glory due;
For he the kingdom won for you:
Behold, his Godhead ſtands confeſt,
Of all his Father's pow'r poſſeſt:
Let heav'n, and earth, and ſeas, and all,
Under his feet ſubjected fall.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how glorioufly
Haſt thou advanc'd thy name on high,
Above the earth, above the heav'n!
To thee alone be glory giv'n!
2 From mouths of babes and ſucklings, lo,
Thou makeſt, Lord, thy praiſes flow:
With ſpirits fervent how they ſing
Hoſannas to the Lord their King!

Ye rulers, ſtand reproved here,
And lend the babes your liſt'ning ear:
If theſe were now to hold their peace,
The ſtones would cry out in their place—
3 When I behold the ſpacious ſky,
With all thy glorious works on high,
The moon with all her ſtarry hoſt,
Who ſuch a great Creater boaſt;

4 I'm loſt in wonder and ſurprize,
My heart within me melts, and cries,
Lord, what is man! how great is he,
When all theſe but his ſervants be,
Who nightly round him ſhine and run!—
But what are they to thee, O ſun!
Eclips'd by thee, their glory dies,
And vaniſhes from all the ſkies.—

So fades the ſun, and waxes wan,
Compar'd to thee, O Son of Man!
The Sun, and all whereon he ſhines,
Like ſhades of night when day declines,
Hide their diminiſh'd face, and fly
To nothing—when Meſſiah's nigh;

For thou, Jehovah, filleſt him
With light that never ſhall grow dim.

5 Yet Him, eclips'd a little while,
Inveil'd in fleſh, like mortals vile,
Below the angels thou haſt made,
And in the mould'ring tomb haſt laid.—
But ſhall the Son corruption ſee,
Triumphed o'er, O Death, by thee?
Nay; Death, by death, he ſhall deſtroy,
And life, eternal life, enjoy.—

Jehovah, thou haſt rais'd him high,
And made him to thy face draw nigh,
With all thy glory overſpread,
With all thine honours crown'd his head.
6 Thy kingdom he ſhall well maintain,
And o'er thy works for ever reign:
The earth, the air, the fire, the ſea,
Themſelves beneath his feet ſhall lay.

7 Thy ſubjects all ſhall come, and greet,
And lick the duſt before his feet:
The angels and archangels high,
In low ſubmiſſion keen ſhall vie;
Themſelves their tribute, earthly things,
Shall humbly bring the King of Kings;
The ſheep, from ev'ry paſt'ring hill,
Shall all around the circle fill:

The oxen, from the flow'ry field,
Shall, ev'ry hoof, their homage yield;
The wild beaſts, tam'd, in thouſand droves,
Shall run to him from all their groves;
8 The fowls of air ſhall fill the ſky,
And, hov'ring, round their Sov'reign fly;
The whales, with all their following train,
Shall roll the tribute of the main.

Thus, all who breathe the breath of life,
Shall nobly vie in loyal ſtrife,

Thro'

(Thro' nature's univerſal form,
From th' angel to the creeping worm),
Who ſhall the choiceſt preſent bring,
And loudeſt acclamations ſing,
Who loweſt in ſubmiſſion fall
Before Meſſiah, Lord of all.—

9 In name of our eternal God,
We'll ſound the joyful news abroad,
'Meſſiah reigns for evermore!'
Let God's redeem'd the Lord adore!
O Lord, our Lord, how glorioufly
Haſt thou advanc'd thy name on high,
Above the earth, above the heav'n!
To thee alone be glory giv'n!

PSALM IX.

To juſtify the interpretation of this Pſalm, as ſpoken in the perſon of the Meſſiah, according to the paraphraſe, the reader will do well to conſider the text; and ſo let him judge, if it would not be abſurd to interpret it otherwiſe. But, if that does not ſatisfy him, let him conſult the parallels, particularly Pſalms xxxv. and lvii.

Exalted to his Father's throne,
And reigning by his pow'r,
Meſſiah, who the kingdom won,
Shall Antichriſt devour:
Nor man, nor ſpirit, ſhall eſcape,
Againſt him who rebel;
For Antichriſt, in ev'ry ſhape,
Muſt be conſign'd to hell.

1 I'LL praiſe thee, Lord, with my whole heart,
And all the world ſhall know;
I'll raiſe thy fame with all mine art,
And make my ſong to glow.

Thy glorious deeds I will unfold,
Thy saints shall feel my joy:
My joy is more than can be told;
To feel is to enjoy.

2 I'll sing the glory of thy name,
Triumphing in my song,
While heav'n and earth adopt my theme,
And sing with me along.
3 My foes shall bear, and stand aghast;
My voice shall them confound:
Their pride and insolence are past,
And sunk beneath the ground.

4 For thou, Jehovah, hast my cause
And righteousness sustain'd;
As I've maintain'd thy holy laws,
And in thy love remain'd.
Thou sit'st on thy eternal throne,
Dispensing equity;
5 Thou hast the nations all undone
Who wrought iniquity.

O'erthrown by thee, th' ungodly one
Shall perish utterly,
His very name t' oblivion gone,
Destroy'd eternally.
6 Thy counsels always have prevail'd,
Supported by thy pow'r;
Full many a city, therefore, wail'd
Her last destructive hour;

Because, while war was on the way,
Like fifter Sodom late,
She scorn'd, she knew not, in her day
The ways of peace and praise.—
In desolation let them lie,
Who thus forsake the Lord,
And perish, name and memory,
Who spurn thy precious word!

7 For

7 For thou, Jehovah, hast prepar'd
Thy throne for judgment pure;
Thy judgment soon shall be declar'd,
Which shall, like thee, endure.
8 The Lord shall judge the people all
According to his word;
The perverse ones shall early fall
By that two-edged sword.

9 But they who, poor and sore distress'd,
Present their humble pray'r,
Shall see their proud oppressors press'd
With heavy dark despair.
10 Who know thee, O Jehovah, they
Shall place their hope in thee;
In humble confidence they pray,
Nor shall ashamed be.

Because thou hast thy promise pledg'd,
They build upon thy name;
They hold thy faithfulness engag'd,
And thou wilt hold the same.
11 Let hallelujahs round thee rise,
And round mount Zion ring;
Thy glory fills the earth and skies:
Let all the people sing.

12 For when the Lord required blood
For blood of guilty men,
I boldly for the sinners stood,
And was remember'd then:
I lifted up my voice, and cry'd,
My Lord, remember me;
Behold thy justice satisfy'd,
My blood doth cry to thee.

13 Deliver me from those hell-hounds,
Who riot on my pain;
And from the dark and direful bounds
Of death redeem again;

14 That I may all thy praiſes ſing,
My tongue thy glory tell,
While Zion's daughters round the ring
Support the chorus well.

I'll dance before the Lord of Hoſts,
In his ſalvation high:
My ſoul in thy ſalvation boaſts;
And ſo ſhall earth and ſky.

15 The nations, joining all in one,
Conſpir'd againſt my life;
But they conſpir'd againſt their own,
And periſh'd in the ſtrife:

They digg'd a pit, they digg'd it deep,
A trap they did prepare;
In their own pit themſelves now weep,
And mourn in their own ſnare.

16 Through Me, Jehovah ſhall be known
To all the ſons of men,
When death and hell are overthrown,
And I'm return'd again.

Jehovah's judgment ſhall take place,
The juſt ſhall welcome me;
But, for their ſin, the guilty race
Shall from my preſence flee.

17 I'll turn the ſinners into hell,
Ev'n thoſe who know not God:
Againſt me all who dare rebel
Shall thus be under-trod.—

18 Becauſe this preſent mean diſguiſe,
Which hides my glory now,
Shall ſoon evaniſh from their eyes,
My glory brought to view:
Though, poor and needy for a while,
I wait before the Lord,
My ſaints with me ſhall quickly ſmile,
When I ſhall be reſtor'd.—

19 Ariſe,

19 Ariſe, ariſe, O Lord, prevail
Againſt my bitter foes;
Nor let thy ſervant longer wail
Beneath their cruel blows.
20 Exert thy pow'r, exalt thy Son,
Affright the nations all;
That they may know themſelves undone,
Unleſs they humbly fall,

And breathe ſubmiſſion in the duſt,
Acknowledging their Lord,
Meſſiah, holy, high, and juſt,
Who reſts upon thy word:
And on thy word, along with me,
Thy ſaints ſhall reſt them all,
'That Antichriſt o'erthrown ſhall be;
'But Chriſtians never fhall.'

PSALM X.

CONCERNING this Pſalm, nothing more needs be ſaid, but that it is evidently a continuation of the laſt; with this further evidence of its meaning, that it begins in terms preciſely parallel with the xxiid Pſalm, and iſſues, like it, in the perfect victory, and eternal reign, of the Meſſiah with his ſaints, contraſted with the final and fearful overthrow of all the powers of antichriſtian darkneſs; which ſhall be completely accompliſhed only at the reſurrection of the juſt, and the reſtoration of all things, when death and hell ſhall be caſt into the lake which burneth with fire and brimſtone, and the mediatorial kingdom delivered up to the Father, that God may be all in all.

Meſſiah, ſuff'ring for a while,
And ſore beſet with woes,
Repels the pow'r, the pride, the guile,
Of all his ſpiteful foes;

But,

But, raiſed, by the Lord, on high,
His King for evermore,
Gives all his friends, eternally,
Aloft with him to ſoar.

1 HOW long, Jehovah, wilt thou ſtay
Away from helping me?
In this my fated troublous day,
How long I cry to thee?
How long, abſconding from my wo,
And deaf unto my groans,
Wilt thou permit my tears to flow;
My ſoul to waſte in moans?

If thou to ſave my ſoul art ſlow,
They who my ſoul purſue,
Are not ſo ſlow to make me know
The worſt their rage can do.
2 Their ſwelling pride is hard to bear,
Who thus againſt me ſwell,
And fill my trembling heart with fear:
Their pride, my God, repel.

Let them who would my ſoul ſurpriſe
Be caught in their own toil;
The plots which they for me deviſe,
Upon themſelves recoil.
3 The impious ſon of fraud and guile
Applauds himſelf and ſmiles,
While, brooding o'er his projects vile
And hatching ſlier wiles,

He glories in his heart's deſire,
Deteſting God the Lord;
But God the Lord's avenging ire
Hath doom'd him to the ſword.
4 Through pride of heart there is no room
For God in him at all;
Nor will he pray to change his doom,
Till vengeance on him fall.

He

He knows not God, and therefore he
Abhorreth all his ways;
So proud, he ſcorns to bow a knee;
So thankleſs, ſcorns to praiſe.
5 His ways directly lead to hell;
And thine are far above;
Thy ways with him can never dwell,
Thy truth can never move.

Oppoſing him, at thee and thine,
He madly ſtorms and ſneers,
And puffs at all thy ways divine,
And oppoſitely ſteers.
6 His vaunting heart hath vainly ſaid,
I never ſhall be mov'd,
Nor in the dungeon low be laid,
Nor ever diſapprov'd.

7 His mouth is full of foul deceit,
Obſcene and bitter words,
Which modeſty forbids repeat:
He ſpeaketh darts and ſwords.
8 In ambuſh, by the city gates,
He lurketh in the dark,
A rav'ning wolf, that eager waits
His paſſing prey to mark;

Then, when he ſees the innocent,
He ſprings upon the prey;
And, when his helliſh rage is ſpent,
He takes the life away.
9 His evil eye 's upon the good;
He turn's to ev'ry ſhape;
That he may riot in their blood,
And nothing may eſcape:

Now, roaring like a lion ſtrong,
He tries the open courſe;
That he may ſeize the flying throng,
And overpow'r by force:

10 Now,

10 Now, couching private in his den,
And crouching as in fear,
He ſends his eyes along the plain,
To watch, ſurpriſe, and tear.

11 His heart's his only counſellor;
And there he hath decreed,
That God will ne'er obſerve him more,
Nor cauſe his heart to bleed:
For God is far above, ſays he,
And I am far below;
How can he ſuch a diſtance ſee,
To ſpy a friend or foe?

12 Jehovah, riſe, ariſe, my God,
And vindicate my cauſe;
Lift up thy hand, ſmite with thy rod
The man who mocks thy laws.
Let not the humble be forgot,
The meek afflicted one:
How they contrive, and fight, and plot,
That he may be undone!

13 But wherefore do they God contemn?
And his Belov'd deride?
They think, he never will condemn,
Nor check their daring pride.
14 But thou, Jehovah, haſt beheld,
And ſeen their deſp'rate ſpite,
Againſt thy Chriſt who have rebell'd:
Their fury, Lord, requite.

Lo, I to thee commit my cauſe,
And with thee leave my plea;
Jehovah, judge me by thy laws,
By them avenge thou me.
15 Beat back, and break the ſword and arm
Of my inſulting foe;
And let himſelf firſt bear th' alarm
Down to the ſhades below.

16 Meſſiah,

16 Meſſiah now, exalted, reigns
Th' eternal, ſov'reign King:
The worlds to come, in pious ſtrains,
Their own Meſſiah ſing.—
The faithleſs, God-deſpiſing race,
Are fled before his name;
And painted hypocrites, ſo baſe!
Lie buried in their ſhame.

17 For God hath heard the humble cries
Of his obedient Son,
And rais'd him to the heav'nly ſkies,
Becauſe his will was done.
18 Thus God hath ſav'd the fatherleſs,
And judg'd the widow's cauſe;
And pluck'd the heirs of righteouſneſs
From hell's devouring jaws.

PSALM XI.

SEE the illuſtration of Pſalm lxxv.

Meſſiah's foes againſt him riſe;
But he defies them all,
And fearleſs to his mountain flies,
From whence he ſees them fall:
For his foundation ſtands ſecure,
The righteouſneſs of God;
While they the fierceſt ſtrokes endure
Of God's avenging rod.

1 JEHOVAH's wings around me ſpread;
His wiſdom, pow'r, and love,
Shall guard and well defend the head
Of me his Turtle-dove:
Why ſay ye then, 'Poor trembler, fly
'Unto thy mountain ſtrong?'
For I have built my neſt on high
The cherubim among.

2 I see the fowlers bend their bow,
Their arrows on the string;
But laugh at all their fool'ries, now,
Below my Saviour's wing.
They thought to smite me in the dark,
And stain their shafts with blood;
But, lo, they miss'd the fairest mark!
They aim'd their shafts at God.

3 If God's foundations be destroy'd,
What hath Messiah done?
Himself in vain he hath employ'd,
His kingdom still unwon!
4 But thou hast pledg'd thine holiness,
Jehovah, unto me,
When I fulfil thy righteousness,
I shall thy kingdom see.

In balance of thy holy will,
To weigh both great and small,
Thou reignest on thy holy hill,
The sov'reign Judge of all.
5 For thou art just, and justice thou
Wilt give to ev'ry one;
Behold, thy pledged justice, now,
Is claim'd by me, thy Son.

Thy Son hath done thine holy will,
And magnify'd thy law;
Thy loyal subjects all to fill
With godly fear and awe.
But those who spurn thy precious grace,
And trample on my blood,
Shall sink to hell before my face,
O'erwhelm'd as with a flood.

6 For thou, my God, wilt not forbear
To judge the impious train,
To fill their trembling heart with fear,
And, on their heads, to rain

Fire, ſtorms, and tempeſts, burning coals,
With fierce ſulphureous flames,
Thy terrors breathing through their ſouls—
Thus periſh let their names!

7 Jehovah loveth uprightneſs,
And it alone regards;
Meſſiah pleads his righteouſneſs,
And claims his due rewards:
Behold, eternal life for us,
He purchas'd by his blood:
Let Chriſtians glory in the croſs,
By which they're juſt with God!

PSALM XII.

THIS Pſalm, like the laſt, abundantly plain of itſelf, needs no particular illuſtration; only the judicious reader will conſult the marginal references.

The Prince Meſſiah intercedes
For his own elect faithful race;
But prays to quaſh the impious deeds
Of all the ſcorners of his grace:
Though hypocrites may reign a while,
Advanc'd to fame by this world's god;
The Lord at length ſhall judge the vile,
And ſmite them with his iron rod.

1 JEHOVAH, help me, help me ſoon;
My ſtrength begins to waſte away,
My life is like the waning moon,
My body ſoon will turn to clay:
Jehovah, ſave thine elect race;
In ſaving me thou ſaveſt them;
The godly men do fail apace,
And few remain to praiſe thy name.

2 The vile falacious hypocrites
Poſſeſs the hearts of wolves and bears;
And yet their countenance invites,
As if the hearts of lambs were theirs:
They ſoftly ſpeak, and ſoftly ſmile,
And ſoftly ev'ry thing they do,
Yet meditating all the while
The deadly plots they have in view.

Their words and ways are all reverſe;
The very ſaints of God they ſeem;
And yet their tongues like daggers pierce,
Their hearts with adders poiſon teem.

3 But will not God confound their tongues,
With bold, audacious, boaſting pride,
Who turn his threats to mirthful ſongs,
And ſcoffingly his name deride?

4 We'll glory in our lips, ſay they,
We'll triumph in our tongues deceit,
And hold them all a lawful prey
We catch in our entangling net:
We are our own, and all is ours
We ſeize upon by any means;
And what we ſeize our mouth devours:
God will not blame, our fancy weens—

5 But for the poor oppreſs'd, who groan,
Haraſſed by the lawleſs ſword,
T' avenge their injuries anon,
Lo! God hath pledg'd his faithful word.

6 The word of God may well compoſe
The moſt afflicted anxious mind;
His word alone no alloy knows,
Like ſilver perfectly reſin'd.

7 Jehovah will his children ſave
By his pure everlaſting word;
With which their foes they well may brave,
As with a ſharp two-edged ſword.

8 The

3 The wicked walk on ev'ry ſide,
And flatt'ry fills the circle round,
The vileſt men triumphant ride,
And occupy uſurped ground;

When, lo, Meſſiah, in his ſtrength,
Shall break upon them like the ſun,
And ſhine away thoſe clouds at length,
Which ſwiftly from his preſence run—
Thou Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Ariſe with healing in thy wings,
And chaſe away thine enemies,
And reign for ever, King of Kings!

PSALM XIII.

CONSULT the text and the parallels.

Meſſiah, mourning heavily,
Compreſſed with the grievous load
Of our transferr'd iniquity,
Pours out his heart before his God;
He pleads the glory of his name,
How ſullied would the ſame appear,
If th' enemy ſhould work his ſhame——
Then ſings of God's ſalvation dear.

1 HOW long, Jehovah, wilt thou leave
My ſoul before thee thus to grieve?
How long ſhall ſorrow me bereave?
And wilt not thou my ſoul relieve?
2 How long ſhall I conſult my ſoul,
And look upon my running ſore,
And wiſh in vain to be made whole,
And only on mine anguiſh pore?

O wilt thou ſtill forget me, Lord,
And only hide thy face from me?
Is this according to thy word?
According to thy own decree?

How long ſhall my exalted foe,
Triumphing, revel in my blood?
And ſhall the Lord, my God, not know,
Till I am ſwallow'd in this flood?

3 Conſider, Lord, and hear my groans;
O Lord, my God, enlighten me,
Leſt thou in death ſhall hear my moans;
For ev'n in death I'll moan to thee.
4 Let not mine enemy prevail;
For ſee how proudly, Lord, he boaſts,
That all my tears ſhall nought avail,
Though ſhed before the Lord of hoſts!

If he prevail againſt my ſoul;
And in the tumult o'er me ſwell,
Who ſhall the troubles then conſole
Of him whom thou doſt love ſo well?
5 But I have truſted in thy love:
Thy love ſhall never make me 'ſham'd:
Nor ſhall thy ſweet ſalvation move,
Salvation which my ſoul has claim'd.

6 To thee, Jehovah, I will ſing;
And all thy ſaints ſhall ſing with me;
For thou haſt made Meſſiah king;
And he makes all his ſubjects free:
Meſſiah's ſubjects ſhall rejoice,
And lift aloud the voice of praiſe;
For God hath fill'd him with his joys,
And he ſhall 'ſtabliſh all their ways.

PSALM XIV.

CONSULT the text and parallels.

The ſons of men, gone all aſtray
From God the Lord, have loſt the way
That leads to peace and happineſs,
And turn'd to thoſe of fooliſhneſs:

Except

Except they ſhall repent, they die
In ſin, and periſh utterly;
But thoſe who in Meſſiah truſt,
Shall ſhine for ever with the juſt.

1 THE fool hath made a fooliſh boaſt,
And fooliſhly his ſoul hath loſt;
He ſaid in's heart, There is no God;
Till, chaſtis'd by his iron-rod,
He found there was a God indeed;
But, ah! too late his heart did bleed,
When fierce avenging wrath took place,
In terror to the faithleſs race.

2 They are corrupt, their works are vile,
And all their doings breathe of guile:
This was the verdict from on high,
When God the Lord did well eſpy,
And ſearched ev'ry ſon of man,
To ſee if there was e'er a one
That had a title to be wiſe,
To claim of God the heav'nly prize.

3 They, ev'ry one, have diſappear'd,
No bold ambitious head is rear'd;
There is not one, on all the field,
That boaſts to handle ſpear or ſhield,
To ſtand in cauſe of God the Lord,
And move according to his word:
All, ſhamefully to rebels turn'd!
Away from him are ſternly ſpurn'd.—

4 Have they no knowledge, none at all,
Who ſcorn before the Lord to fall;
But fiercely eat my people up,
And glory on their blood to ſup?
Away with them!—their blood ſhall flow,
Who know not mercy how to ſhow;
But they ſhall know that I am God,
When in my fury they are trod.

5 Then they ſhall fear a grievous fear,
And ſhed in hell a fruitleſs tear;
But then my ſaints for ever ſhine,
In their own ſphere, their ſphere divine:
For I in them, and they in me,
Shall all my royal glory ſee;
My royal glory all is theirs:
They are my joyful ſons and heirs.

6 O wherefore then would you aſhame
Thoſe who my patronage do claim?
What father will deny his ſons?
Or will the Lord his choſen ones?
Have I beſtow'd my Chriſt indeed,
Mine only Son, for them to bleed;
And ſhall I now withhold the grace
He purchas'd for mine elect race?

7 Now ſhall the Saviour quickly come,
To bring mine elect Iſrael home:
Let Zion's daughter now rejoice,
And Judah ſing aloud her joys;
Jehovah brings his people back,
Jehovah's word is never ſlack;
Let my redeemed captives ſing,
Their own Meſſiah is their King.

PSALM XV.

In this Pſalm, under the notion of a ſojourner in Jehovah's tabernacle, and a dweller in his holy hill, who ſhall never be moved, is deſcribed, poſitively and negatively, the perfect character and righteouſneſs of the Meſſiah, the Shepherd of Iſrael, who entered into heaven with his own blood, the Forerunner of all his flock, having thereby, according to the condition of the law, obtained for them eternal redemption: for only the man who *doth theſe things ſhall inherit eternal life*, as the reward

reward of his own work.—That this is the Meſſiah alone, and none of all his followers, is evident; for it is written, 'As many as are of the 'works of the law,' (that is, who have no works but what themſelves perform according to the law),' are under the curſe;' but 'Chriſt is the 'end of the law for righteouſneſs to every one 'that believeth' and hath redeemed them from the curſe of the law, being made a curſe for them. —Moreover, the very perſon, deſcribed by his character in this Pſalm, is declared juſt, and entitled to eternal life, as the equal reward of his own righteouſneſs according to the law; as Jehovah ſweareth by his own life, Ezek. xviii. and xxxiii. as Moſes alſo, in Jehovah's words, 'deſcribeth the 'righteouſneſs which is of the law, That the man 'who doth theſe things ſhall live in them.' Rom. x. 5.—Iſaiah alſo deſcribes the ſame character, and ſhews the iſſue thereof in the exaltation of the perſon to whom it belongeth, chap. xxxiii. 15, 16. 'He that walketh uprightly,' *&c.* 'he ſhall 'dwell on high' *&c.* Who is this that walketh uprightly, who is exalted, and dwelleth on high? See the ſolution in the 5th verſe of the ſame chapter: 'The Lord is exalted; for he dwelleth on 'high: he hath filled Zion with judgment and 'righteouſneſs.'—If any doubt ſtill remain concerning the interpretation of this Pſalm, conſult Pſalm xxiv. and you will find it is the King of glory, who receives the bleſſing; who ſhall not be moved; the Lord of glory, whom the rulers murdered, becauſe they knew him not, nor yet the voice of their prophets which were read every day in their ſynagogues.—Thus the builders rejected the ſtone which was made the head of the corner. —'This is the doing of the Lord, and marvel-'lous in our eyes!'—See the firſt Pſalm.

The grand important queſtion's ſolv'd,
Which all the Rabbies ſought in vain,

And

And Pharisees in vain revolv'd,
'Who shall the heav'nly kingdom gain?'—
Messiah gains the heav'nly prize,
The Son of God, for sinners giv'n:
For them he lives, for them he dies,
That they by him might win to heav'n.

1 WHAT holy pilgrim shall he be,
Who shall possess thy holy hill,
Jehovah, and sojourn with thee,
And with thee tabernacle still?
2 He must be one who perfect walks,
Whate'er temptations may assail;
He must be one who purely talks,
Nor ever varies in his tale:

3 True-sworn unto his heart, his tongue
Must never toss about a lie;
Nor on his neighbour lay the wrong,
Nor heed the vile reports that fly:
He must be one who keeps the law;
Who finishes a righteousness,
That God sustains without a flaw;
God will in him admit no less.

No fellow-mortal must have cause
To charge him with an evil deed;
Nay, God himself must yield applause,
Else for his sin his heart must bleed:
4 He must in contempt hold the vile,
Who vilify the law of God;
And by his truth confound their guile
Who have upon his precepts trod:

But he shall glorify the Just,
As one who swore a solemn oath,
That he would lay himself in dust,
Because he saw Jehovah wroth.
He comes to wipe away the stains
That sin hath brought upon the law;

To

To ſuffer in himſelf the pains
Of hell, that men may ſtand in awe.

5 He lends without a ſaving clauſe;
No Jew nor Gentile will oppreſs;
But vindicates the holy laws
Of love, without injuriouſneſs:
His pure diſintereſted love
Surpaſſeth all the ſons of men:
His death for foes ſhall clearly prove,
'They cannot recompenſe again:'

He gives himſelf, he gives his all,
Though he poſſeſſeth earth and heav'n;
Yet they, with all their hoſts, are ſmall,
To what by him is freely giv'n:
Now, who is he? ſay, if ye can,
Who *ſo* ſhall gain the firm abode?
Pilate ſhall ſay, 'BEHOLD THE MAN!'
And John, 'BEHOLD THE LAMB OF
'GOD!'

PSALM XVI.

THAT the ſpeaker in this Pſalm is the Son of God, and there is no other ſpeaker in it, is as evident, as that the Holy Ghoſt is a true witneſs; Acts ii. 25. and xiii. 35.—How groſsly then have they been impoſed upon themſelves, and would have impoſed upon us, who talk to us in their commentaries, and in their contents of this Pſalm, of David flying to God for preſervation, &c.

Meſſiah truſteth in the Lord,
By whom tranſgreſſors are abhorr'd;
He glories in his pleaſant taſk,
And pleaſant portion he did aſk:
The Lord's his portion evermore,
And his redeem'd the Lord before;

For

For, lo, the Lord will set him free,
O Death, from ev'ry form of thee.

1 MY God, sustain me in my day,
When all my woes upon me prey:
Because I place my hope in thee,
I never shall ashamed be:
2 For I have said to thee, O Lord,
(And thou wilt not reject my word),
Thou art my God for evermore,
And in my blood I'll thee adore.

3 But yet the kindness I devise,
In this my bloody sacrifice,
Extendeth not, O God, to thee,
(Nor wilt thou e'er the happier be),
But to thy dear elected ones,
For whom I heave my deepest groans:
Lo, they by me shall joyful sing,
To thee, my Father, God, and King:

They are thy holy ones on earth,
Who fill thy worlds with joy and mirth;
They are thy noble glorious sons,
For whom I glory in my groans;
In them is all my sweet delight;
With them I travail day and night;
My spirit labours in their cause,
And claims of thee thy just applause.

4 Their sorrows shall be multiply'd
Who from Jehovah turn aside;
Who turn into destruction's road,
And hasten to another god:
I will not taste their bloody cup,
Nor on their sacrifices sup;
My mouth abhors their very names,
My mouth which thy sweet praise proclaims.

5 How good's the portion I have got!
The Lord's my everlasting lot;

Thou

Thou art my heritage divine!
I'll drink thy praiſe in heav'nly wine:
Jehovah well ſupporteth me;
To him all praiſe and glory be.
6 My lines in pleaſant places fell,
For with Jehovah I ſhall dwell.

7 In ſtrains ſo high, I'll raiſe thy praiſe,
As ſhall diſgrace ſeraphic lays;
Mount Zion, fam'd for praiſing well,
Shall have no praiſe where I excel:
Jehovah's pow'r preſerveth me;
His wiſdom well ſuſtains my plea;
His love, diffus'd through all my heart,
Is balm to mitigate my ſmart.

8 Jehovah is mine only prize,
Whom I have ſet before mine eyes;
Becauſe he is at my right hand,
By him ſecurely I ſhall ſtand:
9 For this, my heart is fill'd with joy;
My tongue, with thouſands more, employ
Themſelves in ſhewing forth his praiſe
Who ſhall my body quickly raiſe.

10 For lo, my fleſh in hope ſhall dwell;
Thou wilt not leave my ſoul in hell,
Nor wilt thou let thy darling one,
By vile corruption, be undone:
11 The path of lives thou'lt make me ſee,
From death and hell for ever free:
Around thee, which ſhall never cloy,
There flow ten thouſand ſtreams of joy.

Thus ſhall Meſſiah ever ſing,
And ev'ry ſaint ſhall praiſe our King;
To God, we'll lift our voice aloud,
Till all the heav'ns re-echo, GOD;
Thy univerſe, O God, ſhall ſhew,
What praiſes to thy name are due;

For

For I thy Son, the heir of all,
Before thee, Father, lowly fall.

PSALM XVII.

THE illuſtration the ſame as the laſt. Conſult the parallels, eſpecially thoſe referred to in the laſt verſe of this Pſalm.

According to the perfect laws
That guard the heav'nly road,
The perfect juſtice of his cauſe,
Meſſiah pleads with God:
If he ſhall ſtand, his foes muſt fall—
And fall they muſt to hell;
For he, deliver'd from them all,
With God in heav'n ſhall dwell.

1 JEHOVAH, hear my juſt requeſt,
Attend unto my cries;
And, to relieve me, come in haſte:
My ſpirit to thee flies.
My plea is not a feigned one;
My heart abhors deceit:
2 Give judgment for me, Lord, anon,
I earneſtly entreat.

Thine eyes have ſeen my perfect way;
Mine heart thou muſt approve;
For thou haſt ſearch'd me night and day,
And nothing found but love:
Nor ſhalt thou ever find in me
The ways of guile and fraud;
Nor in thy Darling ever ſee
But what thou ſhalt applaud.

4 When I behold the ways of men,
I ſee them all awry;
But all my paths are ſtraight and plain,
Jehovah, in thine eye:

For I determin'd in mine heart,
I never ſhould recede;
Nor from thy law a hair-breadth part,
In thought, or word, or deed.

5 Uphold me, Lord, uphold my way;
For I uphold thy cauſe:
I hate their paths who go aſtray,
Who trample on thy laws.
6 I have unboſom'd all my heart,
And pour'd it into thine;
Thy tender mercy, Lord, impart:
Thy tender mercy 's mine!

7 Thy loving-kindneſs, marvellous,
O how my heart admires!
So high! ſo free! ſo glorious!
What raptures IT inſpires!
8 In ſhadow of thy wings, ſo bland!
While I ſecurely lie,
Mine enemies aloof ſhall ſtand,
And pine away, and die:

9 Thus, too, my wiſe adherents ſhall
Their boldeſt foe defie,
By thee, my God, preſerved all,
As th' apple of thine eye;
10 But thoſe who have oppreſſed us,
Whoſe god is only food,
Shall under-lie thy heavy curſe,
Full-gorg'd with their own blood.

Their horns how proudly have they puſh'd!
How bellow'd with their tongues!—
How they, with ſanguine wiſhes fluſh'd,
Are darted through the lungs!
11 How madly compaſs'd they our way,
And ſet their eyes for blood,
12 Like rav'ning lions, for their prey,
Cloſe-lurking through the wood!

13 But God arose, and rescu'd me,
With all my faithful train;
From his own sword he set me free:
His sword is bloody men.
14 From men, thy hand, O Lord, from men
For ever keep me free,
Men of this world, who fill their den
With all they get from thee;

Whose only portion is their lives,
Whose pleasure is their race;
But they must leave their widow'd wives,
And to their babes give place.
15 But as for me, when I awake,
And from the grave arise,
With all thine elect, for my sake,
I'll soar beyond the skies:

I'll wing my way unto thy throne,
And by thee take my place:
Thy justice, Lord, shall set thy Son
In brightness of thy face:
And all thine elect, for my sake,
Shall reign along with me,
And on my throne their places take,
Triumphing, Lord, in thee.

PSALM XVIII.

This remarkable Psalm, which is, every syllable, spoken by one person, stands forth in a memorable manner, and in the first line of a multitude of others, rescued from the mercy of all the commentators, (who, like the unbelieving Jews of old, seldom allow free speech, even to the Holy Ghost, concerning the patriarch David); as the honest and free-hearted reader will be convinced by consulting the apostolic intepretation thereof, (and surely that is genuine), which applies it absolutely

ſolutely as ſpoken by the Rock of Iſrael, even by David's Lord himſelf; in whom every article of it is fulfilled; as the promiſe of Abraham's being the heir of the world was fulfilled no more in the perſon even of Iſaac, than it was in that of Iſhmael, but only in Chriſt, the one ſeed, in whom all the nations are bleſſed, and all the promiſes yea and amen: 'For this cauſe I will confeſs to 'thee among the nations,' &c. Pſalm xviii. 49. Rom. xv. 8—13.

Behold the ſong that David ſung,
From Saul, and all his foes, made free—
Meſſiah's praiſes fill'd his tongue,
When he Meſſiah's day did ſee:
For David's wars, and battles won,
Were only preſent ſigns, from God,
Of David's Lord, and David's Son,
Upon the ſaints of old beſtow'd.

1 I'LL ſound the vict'ry now at length,
The vict'ry of eternal love;
2 I'll ſing Jehovah: he's my Strength,
My Rock that never ſhall remove:
The ſea may rage, the waves may roar;
But he's my Bulwark in the ſea:
They may inſult, and flow me o'er;
But they can do no more to me.

The pow'rs combin'd, of earth and hell,
Aroſe againſt me like a flood;
My Saviour's ſtrength did theirs excel;
Jehovah then my fortreſs ſtood:
He is my God, my Mountain high,
More firm than th' everlaſting hills:
In him I hope, to him I fly,
And he my whole deſire fulfils.

I was beſet upon the field
By thouſands of ſurrounding foes;

I cry'd, 'My God, be thou my ſhield;
'Defend me from their deadly blows.'
He bore upon them in his ire,
And made them from his horns to fly;
He ſpurn'd and trod them in the mire,
And left them in their blood to lie.

3 I'll ſing, in elevated ſtrains,
The Lord who elevated me:
I'll invocate my God, who deigns
From all my foes to ſet me free:
I'll praiſe the Lord with all my pow'r;
I love the Lord with all my heart:
The Lord's my Buckler, my High-tow'r;
The Lord is always on my part.

4 The cords of death begirt me round,
The floods of Belial round me roar'd;
5 The bands of death my ſoul had bound,
The horns of hell my ſides had gor'd;
6 I lifted up my voice to God,
My anguiſh made my heart to roar;
He heard me from his high abode;
He ſtamp'd—and bade me mourn no more.

7 Then, lo, the earth in pangs was found;
The ſolid hills began to ſhake;
The mountains from their baſes bound;
All Nature's frame was made to quake;
Becauſe the Lord, in flaming wrath,
Had iſſu'd forth an awful oath,
That he would give their ſouls to death,
Againſt my ſoul who had been wroth.

8 Columns of ſmoke his noſtrils threw,
Which roll'd before him as he came;
And, iſſuing from his mouth, there flew
Great floods of melted fire and flame;
9 The heav'ns he bended as he flew,
In light and thunder, from on high,

While,

While, underneath his feet, he threw
The clouds and darkneſs of the ſky.

10 Upon the lofty cherubim,
Full royally Jehovah rode,
Born on the wings of winds, ſublime,
His glory light'ning all abroad.
11 He made the darkneſs round him go;
In circles fire and lightnings play:
Deep waters his pavilion flow,
Thick clouds their curtains round him lay.

12 The brightneſs of his eye diſpell'd,
As he advanced nearer me,
The darkneſs, which his face had veil'd,
And made the day like night to be;
The clouds evaniſh'd faſt away;
The waters roll'd themſelves aſide;
Hailſtones and coals of fire did play
Along, as onwards he did ride.

13 Jehovah caus'd them hear a noiſe,
He thunder'd in the heav'ns aloud;
The Higheſt gave his higheſt voice,
Hailſtones and coals of fire from God.
14 He ſent his arrows from the bow,
And wing'd them with his fierceſt fire;
His lightnings ſhot them thro' and thro',
And ſcatter'd them, in dreadful ire.

15 The channels of the deep were ſeen;
The world's foundations then were bar'd;
At thy rebuke, O Lord, I ween,
The boiſt'rous floods and waves were ſcar'd:
Thy noſtrils breath'd on them a blaſt,
They quickly fled away for fear—
16 He drew me from the wat'ry waſte,
When he himſelf to me drew near.

17 To God, my Saviour, now I ſing,
And laugh at ev'ry ſpiteful foe;

They can't approach Jehovah's wing,
And there their nets upon me throw.
18 They circumven'd me in the day
Of my calamity; but then
Jehovah was my Rock and ſtay,
Who ſav'd me from thoſe cruel men.

19 He brought me forth from ev'ry ſnare,
And ſet me in this ſpacious place,
That I might laugh at fear and care,
In brightneſs of his gracious face:
He had compaſſion on my ſoul,
Becauſe I was his ſole delight;
Jehovah did my heart conſole,
Becauſe my ways were always right.

20 According to my righteouſneſs,
I was rewarded, Lord, by thee:
My perfect work and faithfulneſs
Did anſwer to the Lord for me.
21 For I his precepts all had kept,
I magnify'd his holy laws;
Nor from his paths aſide had ſtept,
Nor ever had forſook his cauſe.

22 His judgments were before mine eye,
And from his acts I never ſwerv'd.
23 He laid on me iniquity;
But I from *it* myſelf preſerv'd:
24 Therefore, I claim'd my due reward,
According to my righteouſneſs:
I cry'd for juſtice, and was heard;
Jehovah did my right confeſs.

25 Jehovah will his mercy ſhew
Unto the man who mercy gives;
And upright things will ſurely do
Unto the man who upright lives:
26 Pure with the pure, juſt with the juſt,
Thou always wilt thyſelf preſent;

But

But if vain man, ſprung from the duſt,
Shall ſtrive with God, he ſhall repent.

27 But thou wilt ſave th' afflicted ones,
And terrify, with ſtern rebukes,
Thoſe who have bruis'd the broken bones,
And *cow'd* the *meek* with haughty looks:
28 For thou wilt light my candle ſo,
I'll never more in darkneſs mourn;
Jehovah's glories round me glow;
My day to night ſhall ne'er return.

29 By thee, I've broke through troops of foes;
By thee, my God, leapt over walls:
The more the battle round me glows,
The more my God to glory calls.
30 O God, how perfect is thy way!
Thy word's a crown of glory pure;
A Buckler, too, to all who ſtay
And truſt in thee; who truſt ſecure.

31 O! ſave Jehovah, who is God?
Who is our Rock ſave God Moſt High?
32 My feet with ſtrength Jehovah ſhod;
Jehovah made my foes to fly:
33 More ſwiftly than the bounding hind,
Or roe that ſkips along the hill,
He made my feet purſue, like wind,
And gave my foes up to my will.

He ſet me on his royal mount;
34 He taught mine arms to weild the war;
That bows of ſteel, of ſmall account,
By me, like ſtubble, broken are.
35 The ſhield of his ſalvation he,
In kindneſs to my ſoul, did yield:
36 His right hand hath upholden me;
His love hath made me win the field.

37 If

37 If any time a narrow pafs
Had hemm'd me in on bo'n my hands,
How fhameful to retreat it was,
Fronted by thoufand hoftile bands!
38 Jehovah bore me fiercely on,
Againft them, like a roaring flood;
Till all the vallies, overflown,
Were made to fwim with feas of blood.

39 Thy pow'r, Jehovah, was my fword;
It fell, like fire, upon my foes,
And fuddenly them all devour'd;
40 They fell—and never more arofe.
41 They cry'd for pity, even to God;
But ah! their time was pafs'd away:
No pity could to them be fhow'd,
Who had tranfgrefs'd th' appointed day.—

42 Thus perifh all mine enemies,
And thofe who hatred bear to me;
Let God himfelf forget their cries,
And make them from his prefence flee:
For they 're deliver'd to my bow,
Like driven ftubble to the wind;
Like water, to the earth they flow,
And leave no trace of them behind.

43 Thus diffipated, now, the ring
Of thofe who round me fought in vain;
Jehovah, thou haft made me King,
To rule o'er all thy wide domain:
No other Head the nations know;
The nations fhall obedient come,
And to my fceptre bow them low,
And worfhip all around my dome.

44 The people whom I never knew,
Who never heard of me at all,
On hearing, they fhall homage do,
And at my feet fubmiffive fall:

The

The ſons of ſtrangers fill the throng,
And they ſubmiſſion too ſhall feign;
But they ſhall fear, and paſs along,
A baſe, diſſembling, godleſs train!

45 The ſons of ſtrangers fade away,
And periſh in their unbelief;
Like ſnow diſſolv'd by heat of day,
They melt away, and die in grief—
46 Jehovah lives: bleſs'd be my Rock!
The God of my ſalvation high—
Exalteth me above the ſhock
Of all the ſtorms abroad that fly.

47 Jehovah gives me full revenge
On all the nations who rebel;
But he will all my people range
Around my throne, who love me well.
48 I'll ſing my Saviour evermore,
From death and hell who ſet me free;
And all my ſubjects ſhall adore
My God, who makes them ſing with me.

49 I will confeſs Jehovah's name
Among the nations all abroad;
From Zion I will ſound thy fame,
Till all the world ſhall ſing to God.
Aloft to God your voices raiſe,
The praiſe of his ſalvation ſing;
Jehovah magnifies his ways;
Jehovah magnifies his King!

50 Jehovah magnified ſhall be;
His tender mercies fill my ſoul;
His joys have made my ſorrows flee;
His love, my wounded ſpirit whole:
To him we'll keep a jubilee,
When time and all its things are o'er:
Jehovah ſets Meſſiah free—
Chriſt—and his ſeed for evermore!

PSALM

PSALM XIX.

To a person entering into the New-Testament view of the Psalms, this one will appear perfectly plain, according to what is attempted in the paraphrase, as exactly parallel to Psalm xcvii. with all those of the same spirit and expression, wherein the Godhead and glory of the Son of God, the universal Lord and King over all, are described by the Holy Ghost as declared from heaven, and filling the whole earth, not with regard to creation and providence; (which operations of his also are abundantly described elsewhere); but, with regard to the manifestation of the everlasting gospel, and of the character and glory of God, shining in the face of Jesus, as held forth in the light of the apostolic testimony.—As the apostle Paul has actually interpreted this Psalm, Rom. x. 18.—So that the matter is for ever decided with those, who will be determined by the account given by the Holy Spirit of inspiration himself. As to the strong poetical colourings used in this Psalm, drawn from the grandest objects in the world, the heavens, the sun, and the glory of warriors, *&c.* according to those times and places, they are the very mother-tongue, so to speak, of all the prophets.—From the 11th verse, and downward to the end, the form of the discourse begins naturally to slide into the first person.—And that Messiah is the person, will appear manifest to him who considers the meaning of the parallels quoted in the margin; as the same shall be demonstrated in the proper places.

Like fire descending down from heav'n,
And rushing like a mighty wind,
The Holy Ghost, the Saviour giv'n,
Announc'd his glory to mankind:
From day to day, from night to night,
Th' apostles all his glory tell;
His glory shines o'er all, like light,
And all his saints in glory dwell.

1 THE

1 THE brightneſs of his Godhead ſhines
In ſtreaming glory from the ſkies!
The God of pow'r the heav'ns inclines;
The darkneſs from his preſence flies:
The Holy Ghoſt, in flaming fire
Deſcending, ſhews the Son of God—
Let all the idol-gods retire,
Let all the nations clear the road.

The pride of glory ſtained all,
Meſſiah reigns the King alone!
Let all the heav'nly armies fall,
And worſhip David's Lord and Son!
His day of pow'r proclaims him nigh,
His glory ſhews him to the crowd;
Let all his foes before him fly:
Proclaim the goſpel far and loud.

2 Day unto day, and night to night,
The wonders of his kingdom tell;
His wiſdom is the high delight
Of all in whom the ſame does dwell;
His knowledge breathes more precious ſweets,
In ev'ry ſoul where-e'er it flows,
More kindly than Arabia greets
With ev'ry ſcent Arabia blows.

His bleſs'd Apoſtles! ſee, they come,
Conducted by th' inſpiring God,
To bring his elect veſſels home
Unto their Father's dear abode:
3 There is no ſpeech nor language known,
From Zion to the fartheſt iſles,
Wherein his glory is not ſhown;
No land unbleſſed with his ſmiles.

4 Their line is gone through all the earth;
Their high commiſſion he extends,
To fill the world with joy and mirth,
Unto the world's remoteſt ends:

Their

Their preaching, like the ſpacious ſky,
Embraceth ev'ry living thing—
Behold the angels!—See them fly,
Who th' everlaſting Goſpel bring!

The Goſpel everlaſting ſhines,
Of men the light, the life, the breath;
It gives a day that ne'er declines,
A life that never ends in death:
In it the Sun of glory dwells,
And ſhines with healing in his wings;
There is no light (for he excels)
But his, from whence all glory ſprings.

5 In nuptial ſplendour, all array'd
With garments wrought in heav'nly loom,
See th' orient majeſty diſplay'd
Of Chriſt, the dear divine Bridegroom!
Rejoicing, from his roſy bow'r,
The ſoul and glory of the day!
He comes, his morning-beams to pour,
And o'er the mountains make them play:

6 Ariſing in the eaſtern ſkies,
And gradually advancing on
In courſe, thro' all the heav'ns he flies,
Nor ceaſes till his race be done:
The ſhades of death before him fly,
And joys celeſtial fill their room;
The barren heath, when he draws nigh,
Like Paradiſe begins to bloom.

7 His ways are all eternal love;
How perfect is his holy law!
It turns the heart to joys above,
And keeps the paſſions all in awe.
Jehovah's teſtimony wiſe,
Is faithful to tranſport the heart,
To ſave the ſoul in ſin that lies,
To make the fool become alert.

8 Jehovah's precepts all are right,
All his commands divinely pure,
Unto the eyes imparting light,
Unto the heart a comfort ſure.
9 The reverential juſt regard
Of all the *character divine*,
As God himſelf hath *it* declar'd,
Endures, and makes the face to ſhine.

The judgments of the Lord are true,
And in an even balance weigh'd:
He gives to ev'ry one his due;
Nor is by any bias ſway'd:
10 His ways are more deſir'd by me,
And more to be deſir'd by you,
Than all the gold that e'er ſhall be,
Or has been, digg'd in rich Peru:

His word more ſweet than honey-combs,
Than honey dropping from the comb,
Into my heart with rapture comes,
And brings his heav'n unto me home.
11 Moreover, I the truth will tell,
Meſſiah comes to do thy will;
Thy word directs thy ſervant well:
Jehovah, I thy word fulfil.

T' obey thy word is to enjoy
More revenues than earth can yield;
But O the evils that annoy
Who treſpaſs on thy will reveal'd!
12 Their errors who can underſtand?
13 But thou wilt me preſerve ſecure
From ev'ry cauſe of reprimand:
So I ſhall ſtand before thee pure.

14 Thy ſervant, I, Jehovah, come,
To plead my perfect innocence,
That I may dwell within thy dome,
And never know departure thence:

To save himself, and save his seed,
A righteousness that never fades,
In perfect thought, and word, and deed,
Thy own Messiah boldly pleads.

PSALM XX.

THIS Psalm, it is allowed on all hands, is spoken in the person of the church, glorying in, and sympathising with, her King in the day of his calamity; while she breathes forth, at the same time, her fervent hope-inspired desires for his deliverance from all his troubles.—That not David, but his Lord, is the King, is certain from the last words of the Psalm, 'Save, Lord: let the King 'hear us when we call.'

To clothe his saints around with praise,
And raise them glorious by his fall,
In mercy, to support their ways,
Lo, Jesus fights their battles all—
They, glorying in the Lord their King,
And sympathising with him too,
The travail of his spirit sing,
And plead for him the vict'ry due.

1 I'LL sing a song to my Belov'd,
And in my song I'll breathe my joy;
Jehovah shall himself be mov'd:
Jehovah shall my harp employ.
Jehovah hear thee in the day
Of thy distress, and send thee ease;
The name of Jacob's God thee stay,
And speedily thy soul release.

2 Ten thousand legions from on high,
Commission'd by the Father, come
To lead thy soul above the sky,
Escorting to thy Father's home.

3 Then

3 Then ſhall thy ſacrifice receiv'd,
A ſacrifice of pleaſing ſmell,
Compenſate what thy ſoul has griev'd:
Thy ſoul ſhall be rewarded well.

4 Let all thy gifts ſtand up for thee;
The Lord fulfil thy counſels all:
According to thy wiſhes, he
Shall make thy foes before thee fall.

5 Thy ſubjects, we ſhall dance and ſing,
In thy ſalvation being ſav'd:
We'll fly to heav'n upon thy wing,
And tell how well our Prince behav'd.

We'll lift our ſtandard in thy name,
And elevate our Saviour's praiſe;
Th' achievements of our God proclaim,
And trumpet loud Meſſiah's ways.
Jehovah ſhall the kingdoms bring
Of all the heathen ſcatter'd round,
And cauſe them round Meſſiah ſing,
Meſſiah with his glory crown'd!

6 Known to the univerſe of God,
As God hath made him known to me,
Meſſiah ſhall be ſung aloud,
And all the world ſhall bow the knee:
Anointed with the Holy Ghoſt,
Th' Anointed of the Lord moſt high,
Of all Jehovah's pow'r ſhall boaſt:
His arm ſhall bring ſalvation nigh.

7 In chariots ſome put confidence,
And others fly with horſes ſpeed;
The name of Chriſt is our defence,
Who for his ſubjects came to bleed:
He bow'd the head, and cried aloud,
'TIS FINISH'D NOW!—*My Father ſee!*
Receive my Spirit, O my God!
His death from death his ſubjects frees.

8 But, lo, o'erwhelm'd in endleſs wrath,
Their own damnation on their head,
They bow'd, they fell, they ſunk in death,
The Prince of life who murdered;
But we aroſe, and ſpread our wings,
And flew with him to God on high:
The church of God exults and ſings,
KING JESUS *ſaves us when we cry!*

PSALM XXI.

SEE the laſt Pſalm, whereof this is evidently a continuation; with this difference only, that here the prayers of the church are wholly turned into triumph and praiſe.—Conſult all the parallels, and eſpecially from the 2d to the 8th verſe of the Pſalm itſelf; which no conſiderate perſon, either Jew or Gentile, ever yet thought of applying to any but the Meſſiah alone.—For how could they, without falling directly under the charge of blaſphemy, and high treaſon againſt the King of heaven?

The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
The church, rejoicing in the ſpoil,
Gives glory to her Lord alone,
And hails him home from all his toil:
He bought her life with his own death,
And gave her foes to death and hell;
But his fair kingdom did bequeath
Unto his ſpouſe he lov'd ſo well.

1 I'LL ſing Meſſiah, conqu'ring King!
He glories in Jehovah's ſtrength:
Jehovah will the kingdom bring
Subjected to the Son at length.
The Son ſhall in Jehovah joy,
In his ſalvation high exult;
He'll laugh at all that would annoy;
Each proud inſulter he'll inſult.

2 His

2 His heart's deſire thou gaveſt him,
The op'ning of his lips prevail'd;
His eyes with longing grew not dim,
Till with ſucceſs his hopes were ſeal'd.
3 Thou haſt prevented from above,
And pour'd thy choiceſt bleſſings all;
Upon his head a crown of love,
His portion, thou haſt made to fall.

4 He aſked life; and life was giv'n,
Ev'n ſuch a length of days that he
Should live, and reign thy king in heav'n,
Nor of his reign a period ſee.
Beſtow'd on him by God above,
Of pureſt gold a glorious crown:
5 How great's his triumph in thy love,
His honour, and his high renown!

6 Thou haſt him for a bleſſing ſet,
A bleſſing to the nations all,
A bleſſing brings them all in debt,
Adoring evermore to fall.
With gladneſs thou wilt fill his heart,
With glory make his face to ſhine;
The glory from thy face ſhall dart,
Which fills thy King with light divine.

7 Becauſe in thee the King hath hop'd,
Jehovah, by thy favour he
Hath all his rivals over-topp'd,
And ſtill Lord paramount ſhall be.
8 Thine hand ſhall find his enemies;
Thine enemies, O God, are his;
Thine hand ſhall hurl them from the ſkies,
Downwards into their own abyſs.

9 Exiled from thy face, they roar,
Sore toſſed in the fiery lake;
And there they roll for evermore,
Becauſe they did thy face forſake:

Thus, ſwallow'd in Jehovah's wrath,
The fire devours them up like graſs;
10 Their names ſhall periſh in their death,
Their works and children with them paſs.

11 Becauſe they turn'd aſide, and choſe
Th' abominations of his ſoul,
12 Jehovah, turning on his foes,
Againſt them bade the battle roll.
Now, ſtrangled in their own device,
With their own rage and choler choak'd,
Fire-beacons, to deter from vice,
They ſtand, who have Jehovah mock'd.

13 Thy ſtrength to all the nations ſhow,
Exalt and glorify thy King:
When we thy pow'r and glory know,
We ſhall thy pow'r and glory ſing—
And thou, O King, our God and ſtrength,
In thine own glory quickly come,
And to thy Father's houſe, at length,
Conduct thy younger brethren home.

PSALM XXII.

If the Lord and his apoſtles knew how to interpret this Pſalm, what better than blaſphemy, let the honeſt reader ſay, is the talking of the commentators, and thoſe who have deviſed what they call *the contents*, concerning *David* complaining, praying, or praiſing in this place?—Thoſe who deſire to know the mind of Chriſt, will diligently compare with the New Teſtament not only this, but alſo all the parallel Pſalms, as referred to in the margin, which, on account of their number, for brevity's ſake are here omitted.

The ſong of Chriſt, the Well-belov'd,
The Morning-hind let looſe,
Whoſe ſoul, like flowing water, mov'd,
Of words like theſe made uſe,

Deſerted

Deſerted by the Lord his God,
And caught by death and hell,
When, underneath the heavy load
Of human guilt, he fell.

1 MY God, my God, why haſt thou me
Forſaken, thus to mourn?
How long at diſtance wilt thou be;
Nor to my ſoul return?
For thy ſalvation, O my God,
How pants my heart and prays!
In vain I call on thee aloud:
My grief conſumes my days.

2 By night, by day, I find no eaſe;
'Tis all the ſame to me,
Unleſs thy love my ſoul releaſe,
Thy mercy ſet me free.
3 For, ſure, thy love abſolved ſtands,
Thy mercy free from blame;
My ſpirit, in thy holy hands,
Shall never ſuffer ſhame.

For thou inhabiteſt the praiſe
Of Iſra'l thy belov'd;
They hop'd in thee, and found thy ways
Were peace and truth unmov'd.
4 Our fathers all advanc'd their claim,
And pled thy promis'd grace;
5 They were deliver'd by thy name,
And ſang the ſongs of peace.

No ſon of Adam e'er believ'd,
And hoped in thy word,
Who came away aſham'd and griev'd,
Unſav'd by thee, O Lord.
6 But I'm a worm, and not a man,
And as a worm am priz'd;
Oppreſs'd and trod by ev'ry one
Who ſees me thus diſguis'd!

7 Amid

7 Amid the throng when I appear,
They mimic with their lips;
They shake their heads, and at me sneer,
While each his neighbour tips.
8 'He roll'd himself,' say they, 'on God,
'And God may rescue too,
'And bless him in his own abode,
'If blessing be his due.'

9 But thou hast brought me from the womb,
And usher'd in my birth;
And thou wilt lay me in my tomb,
And raise again with mirth.
10 By thee I hung upon the breast,
And press'd my mother's knee;
By thee my mother's heart was bless'd,
And so the Son's shall be.

11 On thee, my God, on thee alone,
My clasping arms shall cling.
My Father, cast not off thy Son,
When serpents hiss and sting:
They wreathe me round, they suck my blood,
Envenoming my soul:
O be not far away, my God!
See how they round me roll!

12 Full many a fell tremendous bull
Of Bashan round me roar,
Who fill my soul with anguish full,
And fiercely at me gore:
13 Like lions, how they round me rage,
And, furious, lash their sides!
Ten thousand deaths my soul besiege,
And worse my soul abides.

14 My moisture, like a heavy dew
Of blood, around me flows,
While all my bones disjointed shew,
To feast my cruel foes.

My

My heart, like wax amidſt the fire,
Diſſolved in me, dies;
15 My lungs can now no more reſpire;
My ſtrength like vapour flies.

My tongue adhereth to my jaws,
In doleful plight I lie;
My ſpirit pants without a pauſe,
While no Redeemer's nigh.
16 For dogs ſurround and preſs me cloſe,
And prey upon me, fierce;
Th' aſſembled hell-hounds me incloſe;
My hands and feet they pierce.

17 My racked bones all ſtart and ſtare,
And they who rack deride;
And while they view my body bare,
They jeſt on ev'ry ſide.
18 My garments they amongſt them ſhare,
And for my bloody veſt
(Becauſe a ſeamleſs work and rare)
By lot they all conteſt.

19 But be not thou, Jehovah, far
Away from helping me;
Upon them turn the tide of war,
My Strength, and make them flee.
20 O reſcue now my ſoul from death,
My Darling from the ſword;
And from the dog's devouring breath
Deliver me, O Lord.

21 Lord, pluck me from the lion's jaw,
And from the raging bear;
Preſerve me from his ſtretched paw,
That graſps my fleſh to tear—
Let hallelujahs now be ſung,
Jehovah, unto thee!
From horns of unicorns when flung,
Thou haſt received me!

22 How glorioufly thy pow'r is fhown!
(I will the wonder tell!)
For thou haft all my foes o'erthrown,
And made their bed in hell.
23 This triumph is not folely mine;
But all my brethren fhare:
To them thy character divine,
Thy name, I will declare.

Yea, in th' affembly of the juft,
Whom I have waſh'd in blood,
I'll raife thy glory from the duft:
The duft fhall fing to God.
Let all who reverence thy name,
The univerfal throng
Of Jacob, lift aloud thy fame;
All Ifra'l join the fong;

24 Becaufe the Lord defpifed not,
Nor indignation bore
Againft the man of humble lot,
Who did the Lord implore.
Jehovah did not hide his face,
Nor did refufe his ear,
When forrow overwhelm'd my peace:
I cry'd, and he did hear.

25 I'll fill thy houfe with fongs of praife;
For praife I vow to thee:
Thy church fhall join in all my lays,
And they fhall feaft with me.
26 Thy poor afflicted ones fhall eat,
And fhall be fatisfy'd;
And praife Jehovah for the meat,
Wherewith their foul 's fupply'd.

Your heart for evermore fhall live,
Who eat this precious food:
(You eat who do by faith receive
Emmanuel's flefh and blood:

It is not any fruitleſs ſign,
That will relieve the ſoul;
No real bread, no real wine:
The truth believ'd 's the whole.

They only eat this bread divine,
Who on the Lord believe;
They only drink this heav'nly wine,
(The Spirit who receive).

27 Let all the earth remember now,
And turn unto the Lord;
Let all the nations to him bow,
And hail TH' EMBODY'D WORD.

28 Becauſe Jehovah is the King,
The kingdom is THE LORD'S;
Let all the heathen round him ſing,
'The kingdom is THE WORD'S.'
29 Proud high-ſwoln ſons of lofty pride
Shall eat, and homage ſhow,
And bow themſelves on ev'ry ſide,
Ere down to duſt they go.

There is not one who draweth breath
Of unbelieving men,
Shall ſave his ſoul alive from death
And everlaſting pain.
30 But ſtill EMMANUEL has a ſeed,
Who magnify their King;
And generations who ſucceed
This *ſong* of CHRIST ſhall ſing:

31 They unto ſons unborn ſhall ſhew
This everlaſting bliſs,
The righteouſneſs he brought to view:
Jehovah hath done THIS—
This work of everlaſting praiſe,
Of mercy, grace, and peace;
The chief of all Jehovah's ways
Of truth and holineſs.

PSALM

PSALM XXIII.

As to this Pſalm, which is evidently ſpoken wholly in one perſon, the only poſſible objection againſt ſuppoſing that perſon to be Jeſus Chriſt, is this, *viz.* That he himſelf is the Lord, the good Shepherd, the Shepherd of Iſrael, who laid down his life for his flock; but this is ſuch an objection as would lead the ſaints to conclude, that Jeſus Chriſt is not their Father, Lord, and God, (though he expreſsly declares himſelf to be ſo, John xiii. 13. Rev. xxi. 7.), becauſe he himſelf, in a certain and peculiar reſpect, is the Son, even the Only Begotten, the Eternal Son of the Father, who became the ſervant of the Father, that he might bring many ſons and daughters to glory.

O Iſra'l, ſee thy Shepherd here,
For all his paſture-ſheep appear!
Thy Lord, thy Mediator, he,
For thee, a ſervant deigns to be!
Himſelf becomes like one of you,
And gives his Father glory due,
That ye may ſo adore the SON,
And tread the track that he hath run.

1 MY God's my Shepherd! I'll not care
For any breath of moved air;
The winds may blow, the ſtorm may roar;
Jehovah will preſerve his ſtore:
He'll hide me from the ſtormy wind,
And calm the tumults of my mind;
He'll ſhade me from the ſcorching heat,
And lull my ſoul in ſoft retreat.

2 He'll lead me to the paſtures green,
And from the wolves my life will ſcreen;
He'll feed me by the gentle ſtreams,
Where I ſhall baſk in ſunny beams.

3 Although, amazed for a while,
Unconſcious of his wonted ſmile,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with pain,
My ſoul the Lord reſtores again.

4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
No terror ſhall my heart aſſail:
I'm with my God, I fear no ill,
Thy rod and ſtaff me comfort ſtill.

5 My table thou haſt furniſhed,
Thy holy oil anoints my head,
Thou fill'ſt my cup with heav'nly wine,
Thou mak'ſt my face with joy to ſhine:

And, to confound my foes the more,
Theſe triumphs of thy love, before
Their very preſence thou haſt ſhown,
And glorified thy HOLY ONE.

6 Thy love and mercy, all my days,
Shall fill my life with joy and praiſe;
And, when the bleſſed hour is come,
Thou'lt take me to thy glory home.

My Father, Shepherd, Lord, and God,
For ever bleſs'd in thine abode,
I'll ſhout and ſing to thee, along
With all my circling elect throng:
What thou, my Father, art to me,
Thy Son to all thy flock ſhall be,
Till I thy kingdom perfect bring,
Their Father, Shepherd, Lord, and King.

PSALM XXIV.

ALTHOUGH it ſeems perfectly true, as all the commentators ſay, that this Pſalm (and perhaps all the reſt) was uſed to be ſung in parts, by the different bands of ſacred muſic which David (no doubt by the direction of the Holy Ghoſt) had appointed for the ſervice of the ſanctuary; yet, if

we attend any further than that, to the dull, dry, bare, and beggarly disquisitions of those carnally-minded Jewish-spirited interpreters, concerning the procession of the ark, its being received into the temple, and set upon its own place, with such like childish ideas, and nugatory observations, retailed and enumerated every day, and almost in every place of worship, in the most stale and tedious manner imaginable; how do we find our whole spirit, fervour, and devotion, in a most amazing manner, all at once, as if it were by enchantment, damped, destroyed, and shrunk to nothing, after the manner, if we may so say, of the plump kine, and full ears of corn, which were devoured and swallowed up by the lean, thin, blasted, and shrivelled!—But if, ceasing from the Rabbies and Doctors, we take the spirit of the Psalm from the Spirit who inspired it, and read it in its own light, the light of its parallels, and especially the light of the New Testament, we will find, instead of the darkness of the Mosaic veil, the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus, filling our whole hearts; particularly, we will discern, as here clearly represented, the three peculiarly distinguished estates of the Lord Jesus Christ, THE SON OF GOD:—I. Before his incarnation, as it is written, John i. 1. 'In the beginning was the WORD; 'and the WORD was with God, and the WORD 'was God—All things were made by him; and 'without him was not any thing made that was 'made.'—And Col. i. 17. 'He' (the Son) 'is 'before all things, and by him all things consist.' ——So also says the Psalm, ver. 1, 2. 'The 'earth is the LORD's, and the fulness thereof— 'For he hath founded it.'—II. His estate of humiliation in the flesh, as it is written, John i. 14. 'And the WORD was made flesh, and dwelt 'among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory 'as of the only begotten of the Father), full of 'grace and truth;'—and Gal. iv. 4. 'When the 'fulness of time was come, God sent forth his

'Son,

'Son, made of a woman, made under the law, 'to redeem them that were under the law, that 'we might receive the adoption of ſons;'—and Phil. ii. 8. 'Being found in faſhion as a man, he 'humbled himſelf, and became obedient unto 'death, even the death of the croſs.—Wherefore 'God alſo hath highly exalted him.'—So ſaith alſo the Pſalm, ver. 3——7. 'Who ſhall aſcend into 'the hill of the Lord?—He that hath clean 'hands, and a pure heart—He ſhall receive the 'bleſſing from the Lord.'—(As to the 6th verſe, ſee the general preface).—III. His eſtate of exaltation, commencing, and manifeſting itſelf, in the glory of his reſurrection, aſcenſion, *&c.* as it is written, 1 Pet. i. 21. 'God raiſed him up from 'the dead, and gave him glory;'—and Heb. ii. 9. 'We ſee Jeſus, who was made a little lower than 'the angels for the ſuffering of death, crowned 'with glory and honour'—and Rom. i. 4. 'Declared the Son of God with power, according to 'the Spirit of holineſs, by the reſurrection from 'the dead;'—and Acts i. 9. 'While they beheld, 'he was taken up, and a cloud received him out 'of their ſight;'—and ver. 11. (the angels ſaid), 'Ye men of Galilee, why ſtand ye gazing up into 'heaven? This ſame Jeſus, which is taken up from 'you into heaven, ſhall ſo come, in like manner 'as ye have ſeen him go into heaven;'—and chap. iii. 21. 'Whom the heavens muſt receive till the 'times of reſtitution of all things.'—And ſaith not the Pſalm alſo the ſame, addreſſing the heavens, by a figure divinely bold, if it be a figure at all; for what is ſaid is done?—'Lift up your heads, 'O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlaſting 'doors; and the King of glory ſhall come in,' *&c.*—Now, unprejudiced reader, ſay, if you do not find ſpirit and life ſpringing up within you from this view of Jeſus, our Forerunner, paſſing into the heavens by his own blood once for all, and one for all, having obtained eternal redemption; and ſay alſo, if you do not think this the

ſpirit and the truth of this preſent Pſalm, and conſequently of all its parallels, ſeveral whereof you will have remarked propoſed for your own conſideration in the illuſtrations of Pſalms i. ii. iii. and xv. But, of all the evidences to the ſame purpoſe, which ſeize the heart, and command conviction, innumerable as they really are, none ſeem more ſurpriſingly ſtriking (though not quoted in the margin) than thoſe which ariſe from the two following Pſalms, *viz.* Pſal. xlvii. 5. 'God is gone 'up with a ſhout;' and Pſal. lxviii. 18. 'Thou 'haſt aſcended on high;' explained and applied as fulfilled in Chriſt, Eph. iv. 8. 'Wherefore he 'ſaith, when he aſcended up on high, he led cap-'tivity captive, and gave gifts unto men—for the 'perfecting the ſaints; for the work of the mi-'niſtry; for the edifying of the body of Chriſt.'

Behold the GOD, *behold the* MAN,
EMMANUEL, *both conjoin'd in one,*
The God of glory.—Zion, ſee,
Thy mighty One who ſaveth thee.
Rejoice, O earth, through all thy coaſts;
Behold thy King, the Lord of Hoſts,
Aſcending heav'n moſt glorioufly,
That men might dwell with God on high!

1 WHO owns the earth, and all abroad,
Th' incarnate WORD, the CHRIST OF GOD,
Who fram'd the worlds, and all in them—
Let heav'n and earth reſound his fame!
2 He ſpread the dry-land o'er the ſea,
And bade it on the floods to ſtay:
Eſtabliſh'd by his pow'r divine,
Let land and ſea to praiſe him join!

3 Who, who ſhall win the arduous way,
And in Jehovah's mountain ſtay?
4 His hands are clean, his heart is pure,
Who there ſhall go, and there endure:

He

He muſt not liſt aloft his mind
To vanities of any kind;
Nor muſt he to Jehovah ſwear,
And then to vile deceit draw near.

5 He ſhall aſcend the heav'nly throne,
The prize his righteouſneſs hath won:
To him the kingdom all is due;
The kingdom he beſtows on you:
Behold your King, who dares to truſt
Himſelf with God, though clad in duſt!—
6 Who JACOB's GOD deſire to ſee,
Bleſt generation! THIS IS HE!

7 Expand ye, wide expand, ye doors,
Diſplay, diſplay your heav'nly bow'rs;
Expand, ye everlaſting gates;
The King of glory at you waits!
8 But who of glory is the King,
Of whom ſo glorioufly you ſing?
The Lord of hoſts, and none but he,
The King of glory boaſts to be:

He comes to ſeize the god-like prize;
To dwell with God above the ſkies;
To claim Jehovah's grace and throne,
The prize his val'rous arm has won,
9 Expand ye, wide expand, ye doors;
Diſplay, diſplay your heav'nly bow'rs;
Expand, ye everlaſting gates;
The King of glory at you waits!

10 But who of glory is the King,
Of whom ſo glorioufly you ſing?
The Lord of Hoſts, and none but he,
The King of glory boaſts to be.
He comes to ſeize the god-like prize;
To dwell with God above the ſkies;
To claim Jehovah's grace and throne,
The prize his val'rous ſoul has won.

PSALM XXV.

To aſcertain the meaning of this Pſalm, as attempted in the paraphraſe, and applied as ſpoken in the perſon of Chriſt, (for the whole thereof is ſpoken in one perſon), the candid inquirer will carefully conſider not only the Pſalm itſelf, but alſo the parallels, and, of theſe, particularly Pſalms lxxxvi. and cxliii.

The Man who never liſted up
His ſoul to any vanity;
Who never drank of folly's cup;
Who never ſtoop'd to raiſe a lie;
Whoſe ſin, yet ne'ertheleſs, was great,
Though ſin indeed he never knew;
THE SON OF MAN, *for mercy ſet,*
In mediation, here we view!

1 TO thee my elevated ſoul,
Jehovah, takes her heav'nly flight;
She ſoars above th' ethereal pole,
And ſings thy praiſe with ſweet delight.
2 My God, my God, in thee I hope;
Let not my hope be put to ſhame,
Leſt that my foes ſhould take me up,
And baſely ſlur thy holy name:

How would my foes exult and laugh,
If I and mine were counted vile,
And drove away from thee, like chaff,
Unbleſſed with thy gracious ſmile!
3 But well I know, my ſaints with me
Shall ne'er be cover'd o'er with ſhame,
Becauſe we fly, O God, to thee,
And take our refuge in thy name.

But let confuſion on them ſeize,
Who, with abominable guile,
Prevaricate before thy face,
And meditate a purpoſe vile!

4 Thy

4 Thy ways, Jehovah, make me know;
Thy footſteps cauſe my ſoul to keep:
5 Then, by thy truth, I'll boldly go:
Thy truth ſhall never cauſe me weep.

Thou art my God; direct my way,
And cauſe me thy ſalvation ſee;
For I have reckon'd night and day,
Till I ſhall come and dwell with thee.
6 Thy mercies, Lord, remember thou,
Thy mercies that have been of old;
And, all my ſins cancelled now,
No more the former things unfold.

7 My children have tranſgreſs'd thy law;
But thou haſt laid their ſins on me:
My righteouſneſs, without a flaw,
Perform'd for them, Jehovah, ſee:
According to thy tender love
Remember me, thy ſervant dear;
And let thy Surety clearly prove,
His clients from the debt are clear.

8 How good and upright is the Lord!
The ſinners he will teach his way;
9 He'll lead the humble by his word:
The humble hear what he will ſay.
10 Jehovah's paths are pure and plain;
Jehovah's teſtimonies all
Are balm, to ſooth the fierceſt pain
That can upon my ſpirit fall.

11 I'll keep thy holy covenant;
And, underneath my heavy load
Of ſin and ſorrow, when I pant,
I'll claim thy juſtice, O my God:
I know thou wilt relieve my ſoul;
When mine iniquities ſo great,
Like floods of fire ſhall o'er me roll,
Thy love ſhall bid the floods retreat.—

12 Who,

12 Who, who is this that fears the Lord?
That reckons so upon his love?
That claims the justice of his word?
And pleads that he shall never move?
Jehovah, surely, shall him teach
The way that his own soul shall chuse;
13 His soul shall dwell beyond the reach
Of mischiefs which his en'mies muse:

His seed shall dwell upon the earth,
The earth and all therein is theirs;
Their souls shall never feel a dearth,
For they are God's eternal heirs.
14 The secret of Jehovah dwells
With those who do Jehovah fear;
He'll shew his glory that excels
To those his love in mind who bear.—

15 Jehovah 's always in mine eye,
Because my soul Jehovah frees
From all the storms abroad that fly,
And makes them seem a gentle breeze.
16 I cry'd, Have mercy; I'm undone
Unless the Lord his mercy shew;
Have mercy, Father, on thy Son,
And shew me now thy mercy due:

17 The sorrows of my heart abound,
And thousands more my heart await;
My soul is dash'd down to the ground,
And overpress'd with anguish great:
18 Let all my sins be wash'd away,
And, with my blood, my sorrows go;
For those who hate me boldly say,
He falls, and shall no rising know.

19 My God preserve thy darling One,
And pluck me from the fiery flame;
20 When these confusions all are gone,
That I may glory in thy name.

21 Per-

21 Perfection pure, and innocence,
Jehovah, thou wilt not refuſe;
Thy righteouſneſs is my defence:
I come, my God, to pay my vows.

22 Let Iſra'l all in triumph ſing,
And Zion ſound aloud her joys;
For her Redeemer is her King:
Let Zion in her King rejoice.
All glory to the God of peace,
Who bruis'd for us the ſerpent's head,
And brought to us eternal grace,
By bringing Jeſus from the dead!

PSALM XXVI.

READ this Pſalm in the light of the glorious goſpel; behold the glory of God as it ſhines in the face of Jeſus; conſider the parallels as cited in the margin, and thoſe mentioned in the illuſtration of the firſt Pſalm; and then judge for thyſelf as to the propriety of the interpretation propoſed in the following paraphraſe. It concerns the reader thereof to be in the right, as much as the writer.

Meſſiah pleads his innocence
And juſtice for his ſure defence;
Though juſtice try his heart and reins,
Yet juſtice nothing there arraigns:
The Surety, therefore, boldly claims
Salvation for his elect names:
His righteouſneſs ſhall ſtand for theirs,
Who ſtand his legal ſons and heirs.

1 JEHOVAH, judge me, judge me now;
Behold, I have perform'd my vow:
In my perfection I have walk'd;
Nor ſhall my hopes by thee be baulk'd.

2 Jeho-

2 Jehovah, ſift me, ſift me well,
If any evil with me dwell;
Pour out my heart and reins, and ſhow
If any curſed thing ſhall flow.

3 For I have walk'd before the Lord,
According to thy holy word;
Behold, I've kept continually
Thy loving kindneſs in mine eye.
4 I have not ſat with perſons vain,
Nor own'd the lewd licentious train:
5 I hate th' aſſemblies of the vile,
And ſcorn to eat with men of guile.

6 I'll waſh mine hands in innocence,
And claim thy nobleſt recompence;
I'll at thine altar keep my guard,
And triumph in my juſt reward.
7 Lord, I will all thy glory tell,
And on thy name for ever dwell;
I'll lift aloud the voice of praiſe,
For thou acceptest all my ways.

8 Lord, I have lov'd thy dwelling-place,
The manſions of thy love and grace;
And there for ever I ſhall dwell,
That I may all thy glory tell.
9 The ways of ſinners I have ſhunn'd,
Nor ſhall be with their ſentence ſtunn'd:
10 Their hands are full of evil deeds,
For which my grieved ſpirit bleeds.

11 Thou ſeeſt the ſervice I have done,
Let perfect love reward thy Son;
Lo, thou my witneſs art, my Judge;
With thee my cauſe I'll ſafely lodge:
12 For I have walk'd in perfect love,
And therefore never ſhall remove;
My foot ſhall ſtand upon my Rock,
And laugh at ev'ry idle ſhock:

I'll praiſe Jehovah in the ring
Of all my ſaints who round me ſing;
My ſaints ſhall know my glory then,
And, by thy love, with me ſhall reign:
For I, their Advocate and Head,
Have finiſh'd, in their room and ſtead,
By thy appointment, all thy will,
And for them won thy holy hill.

PSALM XXVII.

SEE the illuſtration of Pſalm iii.

Though all the pow'rs of darkneſs roar,
And rage like ſeas againſt the ſhore,
The Lord's the Light, the Lord's the Rock
Of his Meſſiah and his flock——
Meſſiah one thing hath deſir'd,
And for his people hath acquir'd,
To dwell with God for evermore,
That they his glory may explore.

1 THE Lord's my Light, my ſaving Light,
My Life, my Health, my ſweet Delight;
The Lord's a Sun and Shield to me:
Of whom afraid then ſhould I be?
The Lord, my Fortitude and Strength,
Will bring me to my home at length;
And, while I am approaching near,
My God with me, whom ſhall I fear?

2 When myriads of malicious foes,
To eat my fleſh againſt me roſe,
As they were coming nigh, they fell—
They groan'd in death—they roar'd in hell.
3 Though ſquadrons of embattled men
With rage and terrors fill the plain,
And legions, legions, on me pour,
I'll count them like a ſummer-ſhow'r.

Let

Let war arise in ev'ry form,
And death and hell increase the storm,
My heart is fearless all the while:
At war, and death, and hell, I smile.

4 In this, indeed, I will confide,
And glory with a noble pride,
How veh'mently my soul aspires,
And, of the Lord, one boon desires;

That I within the house of God
For ever may have my abode;
And, sitting on his holy hill,
May feast upon his glory still.

5 The Lord, in his pavilion shall
Secure when evil things befal,
Preserve my soul, beneath his wings,
While all my soul his glory sings.

6 Yea now, e'en now, this present time,
My head shall rise, and tow'r sublime,
Above all those my en'mies who
Would me destroy, and quite undo:
My heart for joy shall sing and leap,
Thank-off'rings on his altars heap,
And sing aloud, in loftiest strains,
How gloriously Jehovah reigns.—

7 Jehovah, hear me, hear my cry;
In kind compassion to me fly:
What agonies are these assail,
And fiercely drive my soul, like hail!
Yet, lo, I see thy beaming face
Dissolve the clouds that fly apace;
They fly, and leave an open sun:
My sky again shall ne'er grow dun.

8 Thou saidst, Jehovah, 'Seek my face:'
My heart replied, 'Thy face I'll seek:'
My heart rejoic'd to run my race.
Jehovah smiles upon the meek.

9 Thou wilt not hide thy face from me,
Nor turn away my ſoul from thee;
For thou haſt been my ſafety, Lord,
And kindly haſt my ſoul reſtor'd.

10 A father, and a mother, both,
To ſtand for me might well be loth,
When ſuch a heavy tempeſt fell,
As bore me under death and hell;
11 But then the Lord ſupported me,
And fondly dandled on his knee;
Conducting through my darkeſt way,
He led me to the paths of day:

12 He made me on my foes to tread,
And chained them in death's deep ſhade,
Becauſe their ambuſh they did lay,
And ſprang upon me by the way.
13 Unleſs I had believ'd to ſee
The goodneſs that was promis'd me,
My ſoul had ſunk beneath the ſtream,
O'erwhelmed in eternal ſhame.

14 Wait on the Lord, my ſaints, await,
And watching ſtand before his gate;
The Lord ſhall hold your hearts alive,
Who watch, and pray, and wait, and ſtrive.
Lo, I, your Lord and Saviour, came
To magnify my Father's name;
I am the truth, the life, the way:
By holding me, you win the day.

PSALM XXVIII.

SEE the laſt two Pſalms.

Their blood upon their own head lies,
'Gainſt whom the blood of JESUS *cries:*
O unbelievers, then, take heed;
For, if bereav'd, bereav'd indeed!

Your souls descend alive to hell,
In darkness evermore to dwell:
How shall ye mourn for evermore,
And your neglected day deplore!

1 TO thee, O Lord, I work my way,
And labour in a heavy sea;
Yet all the waves that o'er me play,
But only roll me nearer thee:
If I should sink beneath the stream,
My soul and glory therein lost,
My wreck would stain my Saviour's name,
And spread the slur from coast to coast.

2 But when I cry, O Lord, to thee,
And lift my hands towards thy hill,
Thy nod shall make my sorrows flee,
And all my soul with raptures fill.
3 Thou wilt not render up my soul
To those who render ill for good,
Like raging bears without controul,
Who pant to riot in my blood.

4 Thou wilt return their cruel deeds,
With interest, on their wicked head;
Th' endeavour that from them proceeds,
Shall, like a net, themselves impede.
5 Because they have despis'd the work
And operations of thy hand,
They shall in utter darkness lurk,
Nor dare before thy face to stand.

6 Bless'd be Jehovah in my heart,
Bless'd be Jehovah evermore;
For he remov'd my grievous smart,
When very anguish made me roar.
7 Jehovah is my strength and shield,
On him alone my heart relies;
By aid of him I won the field,
By him my glory reach'd the skies.

Because

Becauſe of him my heart is glad,
'Tis he who makes my ſong to glow;
His buckler he around me ſpread;
I felt their darts as light as ſnow.
Thou, Lord, art my ſalvation; thou
Haſt made me ride above the heav'n;
The heav'ns below me bend and bow,
Such weight of glory thou haſt giv'n!

8 The Lord is all his people's ſtrength,
For he hath his Meſſiah ſav'd:
Meſſiah ſaves them all, at length,
For whom the bands of death he brav'd.
9 Jehovah, ſave thy people now,
And feed thine own inheritance;
Now, bleſs them on mount Zion's brow,
And then to Paradiſe advance.

PSALM XXIX.

SEE Pſalm ii.

The Voice, the WORD, *th' incarnate* WORD,
Th' eternal God, th' almighty Lord,
From whom the univerſe began,
Who perfects all his Father's plan,
Upholding all things by his pow'r—
He reigneth King for evermore:
Let heav'n and earth in one combine,
To give him glory all divine!

1 WITH one conſent, let all the hoſts
Of whom the wide creation boaſts;
Ye mighty, ye th' Almighty's ſons,
Dominions, virtues, pow'rs, or thrones;
Ye angels, and archangels, who
Before Jehovah lowly bow;
Ye cherubs, ſeraphs, ev'ry tribe,
Yourſelves unto THE SON aſcribe!

2 For *of* him, *through* him, *to* him, all
The things he made before him fall:
The kingdom, pow'r, and glory, give
To him in whom ye move and live:
The glory to Jehovah due,
Meſſiah claims the ſame of you;
In glory of his holineſs,
Exulting, joy and love expreſs!

3 Meſſiah's voice is in the cloud,
The God of glory thunders loud;
Meſſiah rides along the floods,
He treads upon the flying clouds;
4 Meſſiah's voice is full of pow'r,
His lightnings play when tempeſts low'r;
5 Meſſiah's voice the cedars breaks,
While Lebanon's foundation quakes:

6 Meſſiah's voice removes the hills,
And all the plains with ruins fills;
The voice of their expiring God
Shall make the rocks to ſtart abroad;
Mount Zion, and mount Sirion,
Shall bound, along with Lebanon:
7 The flames of fire ſhall round him wreathe,
When he ſhall on the ether breathe.

8 Meſſiah's voice ſhall ſhake the earth,
And, lo, the graves ſhall groan in birth;
9 Ten thouſand thouſand living ſons
Shall be the iſſue of their groans;
They ſtart alive, and ſpring to heav'n,
From whence the word of life was giv'n;
And there the ſons of God ſhall ſhine,
In light and glory all divine!

Meſſiah in his temple dwells,
And ev'ry one his glory tells;
His voice controuls the raging flood
Of people ſprung from Adam's blood.

10 He

10 He reigns the King, and ever ſhall:
Adore him, all ye great and ſmall:
Salute the SON, and hear the rod,
The goſpel of the Chriſt of God!

11 The goſpel's, all the world abroad,
The wiſdom and the pow'r of God:
The peace of God, the goſpel ſounds;
The peace of God, the earth rebounds:
The goſpel everlaſting ſhines,
A light from God, that ne'er declines:
This is the light Jehovah ſends,
To bleſs the world's remoteſt ends!

PSALM XXX.

THIS moſt delicate and heavenly Pſalm has been moſt groſsly and grievouſly abuſed by our modern ſons of Levi, together with their bewitched followers, whom, by their blind zeal and unhallowed diligence, they ſeem to have rendered twofold more (if poſſible) the children of hell than themſelves, particularly in theſe memorable words of the 7th verſe, 'Thou didſt hide thy face, and I 'was troubled;' which they, good people and wiſe! univerſally apply to David, and, by conſequence, to the weaklings of the flock, whom they call babes in Chriſt, as being often uncertain of their ſonſhip, and that they have known the Father, and that their ſins are forgiven them, (ſee 1 John, ii. 12. to the 4th verſe of chap. iii.), under certain hidings and withdrawings of their Father's countenance, in certain times of darkneſs and deſertion.—But, leaving dreams and old wives fables, the words are expreſſive of the agonies and death of the perſon who uſes them; as is clear from Pſalm civ. 29; and ſo by the Lord they are applied, John xii. 27. 'Now is my ſoul trou-'bled; and what ſhall I ſay?'—and Matt. xxvi.

38. ‘ My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto ‘ death ;’—and, chap. xxvii. 46. ‘ My God, my ‘ God, why hast thou forsaken me ?’—*N. B.* These words in the 5th verse of this Psalm ought particularly to be remarked, as literally fulfilled in the death and resurrection of Christ, whereof they are an evident prophecy, *viz.* ‘ Weeping may,’ or shall, ‘ endure,’ or commence, ‘ in the night,’ (the Hebrew reads, according to the note on the margin, ‘ in the evening’), the same night wherein he was betrayed ; ‘ but joy cometh in the morn- ‘ ing,’ namely, of the resurrection, early in the morning of the first day of the week, as saith the Scripture.

The Lord of glory dedicates
Himself, with all his house, to God,
Acknowledging, in both estates,
The mercy that his Father show'd:
His anger lasted but a while;
For, when the night of death was o'er,
The rising morn began to smile
With mercy, lasting evermore.

1 I'LL dedicate my house with joy,
And all the pow'rs of music use,
For God my harp I will employ,
And all the loftiest airs will chuse.
Jehovah, I will thee exalt,
For thou hast high-exalted me,
And made my heart for joy to vault,
Jehovah, in the praise of thee.

My enemies are all o'erthrown,
Behold, in dust below they lie!
The kingdom now is all my own,
And rage and discord from me fly.
2 Jehovah, I to thee exclaim'd,
O why art thou so far away?
My God no sooner had I nam'd,
Than he began my foes to slay.

3 Jehovah,

3 Jehovah, thou haſt made aſcend,
From hell's infernal pit my ſoul;
Nor ſhall I more to downwards bend
My way from this ethereal pole.
4 Sing to the Lord, ye ſons of love,
And to his memory confeſs,
For you he reigns and ſhines above,
In beauty of his holineſs.

5 For, but a moment laſts his wrath;
Which is no wrath to you at all,
But only freedom from the death,
Which otherways on you would fall:
Both life and glory in his love
Are always found with him to dwell;
And weeping, that ſhall ſoon remove,
Foreruns the joy it does foretel.

For weeping but a night endures,
Like dew that ſtrews the duſky plain,
Then flies away from all the flow'rs,
Whene'er the ſun begins to reign:
Thus I, your Lord, upon me felt,
Like night deſcending on the ground,
The heavy preſſures which did melt
And fill my heart with horrors round.

The dew of death did on me ly,
Fierce agonies tranſpierc'd my ſoul;
The floods of hell did o'er me fly,
And turn, and rage, and roar, and roll—
The night retir'd before the day,
The angels ſang, and hail'd the morn,
As birds that chant upon the ſpray,
And ſing their hopes that were forlorn.

6 In my triumphing days, I ſaid,
While erſt I reign'd upon my throne,
Adverſity may make me ſad,
But ne'er ſhall ſee me overthrown:

7 For

7 For thou, Jehovah, haſt me made
A ſtanding mountain on the plain,
Above the clouds to lift my head,
And laugh at weak inſulting men.

But when that thou, Jehovah, frown'd,
And made thy judgment reſt on me,
I quak'd, yet ſtill I ſtood my ground,
Nor turn'd my heart away from thee;
8 I cry'd to thee, Jehovah, hear,
And in thine ear I'll pour my heart;
If I this load ſhould *always* bear,
And ſorrow *ne'er* from me depart;

9 Then where's the profit in my blood?
If I ſhould *always* ſink in hell,
Say, would the duſt confeſs to God?
Would death announce thy praiſes well?
10 Hear, Lord, and vindicate thy cauſe,
Conſider well thy glory now;
If I ſhould periſh, where's th' applauſe
Which to thy name my ſoul doth vow?

11 Lo, thou haſt turn'd my wailing wants
Into the ſongs of joy and praiſe;
My raviſh'd ſoul her pleaſures chants,
And all my ſaints the chorus raiſe:
The ſackcloth, looſed from my loins,
Shall ne'er be girt about them more;
For God his gladneſs now ſubjoins
Unto my ſadneſs gone before.

12 My God Jehovah I will ſing;
My church, my glory, ſoul, and tongue,
Shall emulate to praiſe my King:
Whoſe name and praiſe be ever ſung!—
Thus glorioufly Meſſiah reigns,
And celebrates his Father's praiſe;
Let all the ſaints, in loyal ſtrains,
Still imitate his royal lays!

PSALM

PSALM XXXI.

OF all the memorable things, teſtified beforehand concerning Chriſt in the Pſalms, there is none recorded in the New Teſtament, as more remarkably and literally fulfilled than his laſt words upon the croſs, crying with a loud voice, Luke xxiii. 46. 'Father, into thy hands I commend 'my ſpirit:' which words are evidently taken from the prophetic record in the 5th verſe of this Pſalm. Now, the Pſalm being all ſpoken in one perſon, this undeniable application of one conſpicuous part thereof muſt infallibly determine the ſenſe of the whole, and, conſequently, for the ſame reaſon, of all the parallels thereof; for which the reader is referred to his own ſagacity and taſte in ſuch matters, and to the marginal references.

Meſſiah, truſting in his God
Unto his laſt expiring breath,
Bold through his ſin-atoning blood,
Rejoices in the pangs of death;
And loudly cries, (let ſinners hear!)
'My God, my ſpirit I commend
'Into thine hands:—Thy ſervant dear
'Returns to thee, the ſinner's friend!'

1 IN thee, Jehovah, I confide;
Do not deſtroy my ſoul:
But, in thy righteouſneſs, provide
A balm to make me whole.
2 When I am ſinking in the deep,
Incline thine ear to me;
See how the billows o'er me ſweep!
How I'm ingulfed ſee!

Incline thine ear, reach down thy hand,
And hear my groans, and ſave:
I ſink in mire, where none can ſtand,
O'erflown by ev'ry wave.

3 But

3 But thou ſhalt prove a Rock for me,
A place wherein to dwell,
Where I in ſafety ſtill ſhall be
From all the ſeas that ſwell:

4 For thou, Jehovah, art my Strength,
My Fortreſs in the ſea;
And thou wilt ſave my ſoul at length,
And draw my ſoul to thee.

5 Into thy hands I recommend
My ſpirit, O my God;
For thou wilt me deliv'rance ſend,
And reſcue from the flood.

6 O Lord my God, I hated ill;
I hated ev'ry lie:
And, therefore, come to thee I will,
And truſt thy verity.

7 Exult I will, and dance, and ſing,
And triumph in thy love;
Becauſe thou didſt in ſafety bring
Me to thy joys above.

8 Thou kneweſt mine affliction great,
When by my foes entrapp'd,
And pluckedſt me from ev'ry ſtrait,
My iron fetters ſnapp'd.
My feet upon the even ground
Did firmly tread along,
And, as they mov'd, at ev'ry bound,
Beat time unto my ſong.

9 Jehovah, now my ſoul again
Unto thy mercy flies;
Becauſe my ſtrength doth waſte amain,
And all my vigour dies.

10 My years evaniſh in my toil;
My heart within me fails;
My ſighs and tears my beauty ſpoil,
And ſore my ſpirit ails.

My

My bones are ſcorched to a coal;
The fire of God conſumes,
And quite devoureth up my ſoul,
While hell upon me glooms.
My ſins appear a bright drawn ſword,
Upon whoſe point I fall,
Which hath my inmoſt body gor'd,
And me disfigur'd all.

11 How dreadful is the ſinner's caſe,
Where he himſelf muſt bear
What fills my heart with ſuch diſpeace,
And gives me more to fear!
To all my foes I am a ſcorn,
To all my friends a fear,
And they who ſee me, cry 'Forlorn!—
'What ſcare-crow have we here?'

Both friends and foes retire apace,
And leave me 'lone to mourn,
And ruminate on my diſgrace,
Whilſt on my rack I turn.
12 I'm fall'n into oblivion baſe,
Like one has long been dead,
Or fragment of a broken vaſe,
Upon the dung-hill laid.

13 I've ſeen the taunting ſneer go round,
While horror fill'd my ſoul,
To ſee their cruel rage abound,
And rancour o'er their bowl.
They lay their dark conſpiracies,
Inſpir'd by deep deceit,
Deſiring to decoy my eyes,
Till ſeized in their net.

14 But I, Jehovah, hop'd in thee,
And ſaid, My God art thou;
15 My times are all in thy decree;
Jehovah, reſcue now.

Behold

Behold the malice of my foes,
My ſoul who perſecute,
And turn the tempeſt, Lord, on thoſe
Who give me this purſuit.

16 The glory of thy countenance,
Upon me cauſe to ſhine;
As when the morning ſmiles advance,
The frowns of night decline.
17 According to thy gracious word,
Preſerve thy ſervant dear;
And let no man upbraid the Lord,
Becauſe the Lord I fear.

18 Let them be cover'd o'er with ſhame
Who have upbraided me;
Who vilify'd thy ſacred name,
Upbraided let them be.
In ſilence of the darkſome tomb,
Confounded ſhall they ly,
Whoſe lips of falſehood, from the womb,
The truth did falſify.

The Lord ſhall come in flame and fire,
With thouſands of his ſaints,
To execute the judgment dire
For all their juſt complaints;
The lewd ungodly ſons of guile,
Againſt the Juſt who ſtrive,
For all their ſpeeches hard and vile,
Shall then be burnt alive.

19 How great's the goodneſs thou haſt hid,
And treaſur'd up, for thoſe
Who talk and walk as thou haſt bid,
In preſence of their foes!
20 For thou ſhalt hide them in the wing
Of thy moſt tender love,
From ev'ry tongue, or dart, or ſting,
That ſhall againſt them move.

21 Bleſs'd be Jehovah for my ſake,
For he my ſoul hath bleſs'd,
And to his heav'n he did me take,
Where I ſhall ever reſt.
22 But when I was approaching near,
I ſaid, that I muſt die
Ere I before thee can appear,
And bring my people nigh.

For I behov'd for them to die,
Whoſe lives I came to ſave;
But thou in death didſt hear my cry,
To ſnatch me from the grave.
23 Ye ſons of mercy, love the Lord,
Ye ſons of love and faith,
All cheerfully obey his word,
Who you redeemed hath.

Ye faithful, lift your voice aloud,
New ſongs of praiſe contrive;
The Lord ſhall recompenſe the proud,
The humble ſave alive.
24 Mounted upon Meſſiah's wing,
The ſaints to heav'n ſhall fly;
And *there* Meſſiah's trophies ſing,
For them who won the ſky.

PSALM XXXII.

THE 1ſt and 2d verſes of this Pſalm are explained by the apoſtle, Rom. iv. 6. as deſcribing the bleſſedneſs of thoſe to whom God imputeth the righteouſneſs of the Meſſiah without their own works.—The 3d, 4th, and 5th verſes, parallel to Pſal. xxxviii. 2. xxxix. 2. xl. 12. cii. 3—12. expreſs the experience and behaviour of the Meſſiah himſelf, bearing, in patient ſufferance and pain, the ſins of his own elect, which he confeſſed as his

own iniquities, (namely by imputation), till he bore them all for ever away in his own body on the accurſed tree: ſo that they were not forgiven or remitted to him the SURETY, till they were blotted out and done away in his own blood.—The 6th verſe ſhews the benefit from thence accruing to the people of God, *viz.* ſafety and acceſs to God in all their tribulation, through which they paſs into the kingdom, by that new and living way, which God hath conſecrated for them through the veil, that is to ſay, the *fleſh* of HIS SON.—The 7th verſe, compared with the marginal references, denotes the perſonal confidence and hope of the Meſſiah himſelf, perſevering in the doing and ſuffering of his Father's will, till he ſhould bring judgment to victory, and, by his Father's love, be compaſſed evermore around with the whole multitude of his redeemed, ſinging *ſongs of deliverance. Selah!*—From the 8th verſe to the end, the Pſalm aſſumes the majeſty of the *One* eternal divine Inſtructor, GOD. —'I will inſtruct thee, and teach thee in the way 'which thou ſhalt go: I will guide thee with 'mine eye,' *&c.*—Is this language for David? or for any but the GOOD SHEPHERD of Iſrael alone? who can ſay, 'I lay down my life for my ſheep, 'and I take it up again: I know my ſheep, and 'am known of mine; they hear my voice, and 'they follow me; and I give unto them eternal 'life, and they ſhall never periſh, neither ſhall any 'pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my 'Father are one.'

Here David, as th' apoſtle tells,
Deſcribes the perfect bleſſedneſs
Of thoſe whoſe guilt the Lord cancels,
Imputing perfect righteouſneſs,
The very righteouſneſs of God,
Without the works of man at all:
For Jeſus bore his people's load,
And freed them from eternal thrall.

1 A Pſalm of God's beloved Son,
To tell the triumphs he hath won;
O bleſſed, bleſſed ev'ry man
Who ſhall the glorious trophy ſcan;
O'er whoſe tranſgreſſions evermore
The Lord has drawn th' expunging ſcore;
Whoſe ſins are cover'd in the flood
Of Chriſt's propitiating blood!

2 Bleſs'd is the man to whom the Lord
Will not impute his ſin abhorr'd;
And in whoſe heart there lurks no guile,
Nor deep diſſimulation vile!
For who like him who bore can tell
The ſtings of death, the pains of hell;
Who can from paſt experience ſhew
The wages that to ſin are due?

3 I held my peace, and, lo, my bones
Were waſted with my rueful moans;
I roar'd aloud, and all the day
Thine hand upon me heavy lay;
4 For on me, all the day and night,
Thy ſin-avenging ſtrokes did light;
The fierceneſs of thy veh'ment wrath
Hath ſcorch'd me like the parched heath.

5 Lo, I confeſs my ſins to thee,
Jehovah, my tranſgreſſions ſee;
I will acknowledge all my ways,
And mourn before thee all my days;
I will not any fault conceal,
Nor all thy wrath refuſe to feel;
For thou haſt laid the guilt on me
Of all the people dear to thee.

Behold, the Lord hath heard my cry,
And to my ſoul the Lord drew nigh,
All mine iniquity forgave,
And ſnatch'd me from the cruel grave.—

Let all his saints before him bring
The tribute due to Christ their King;
Jehovah sav'd their King and them,
To sound aloud Jehovah's fame.

6 For this shall ev'ry godly one
His pray'r address to God alone;
When fearful floods of trouble roll,
And roar, environing his soul,
Although they swell up to the brim,
They shall not swell perturbing him:
For God shall hide him in his ark,
High, high above the water-mark.

7 The Lord 's a hiding-place to me;
My soul, Jehovah, hides with thee:
He holds me in his hollow hand;
Whence I insult the hostile band,
Whilst all his saints around me dance,
With songs of sweet deliverance;
My soul exults, and sings to God,
And spreads his glory all abroad.

8 I'll make you understand the way
That ye should walk; if you'll obey,
And be directed by mine eye,
I'll lead you to Jehovah nigh:
9 Then be not as the perverse fool,
Who, like the horse or stubborn mule,
Must be restrain'd by reins and bits,
Lest they should rush on snares and pits.

10 Full many sorrows shall abound!
For death and hell shall both confound
The fearful unbelieving man,
Who flouts at mercy's sov'reign plan:
11 But glory, honour, evermore
Shall spread the faithful o'er and o'er;
Rejoice, exult, and leap, and sing,
Ye saints, around the Lord your King!

PSALM

PSALM XXXIII.

THIS Pſalm is ſpoken by no particular perſon, being a ſong of praiſe, ordained and given of the Holy Ghoſt to be ſung, as all Pſalms were appointed, unto God and our Father, in the name of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, equally and univerſally by every individual of the whole innumerable multitude of all tongues, kindreds, nations, and languages, who believe on his name: ſo alſo the following, *viz.* xx. xxi. xxiv. and perhaps one full third more of the Pſalms; which require only to be read, that they may be diſcovered. How bleſſed are they who have caught, or rather have been caught, by this ſpirit of praiſe! In due ſeaſon they ſhall be caught up by their Lord to dwell with him in the third heavens, and ſhall deſcend no more.

Ye righteous, in the Lord exult;
Your proud inſulters now inſult;
Your King has conquer'd them for you:
O give your King the glory due;
In proſtrate adoration, all,
Before his footſtool lowly fall:
Your body, ſoul, and ſpirit too,
Are wholly to your Saviour due.

1 SOUND, ſound aloud, ye ſaints, to God;
To all the world his praiſes tell;
Your ſong ſhall ſwell to his abode,
Shall fill the earth, and reach to hell:
How comely praiſe is for the Juſt,
Who live by God's eternal love!
Though your foundation 's in the duſt,
Yet ye ſhall dwell with God above.

2 Confeſs, confeſs unto the Lord,
With harp and pſalt'ry's pleaſant ſound,
With all that muſic can afford,
Till wide creation echo round:

3 Sing with your beſt harmonious air,
And chant to him your neweſt ſong,
Bring all your melody—nor ſpare
To bring your hearts with you along.

4 Sing, that the word of God is right,
And all his works are truth and faith;
5 Strict juſtice is his pure delight,
His walk is Love and Mercy's path:
His goodneſs fills the hill and plain;
6 His Word hath made the earth and ſky,
With all the living num'rous train
Which breathed from his Spirit fly.

7 He ſpread the ſeas and floods abroad,
He bade the waters roll and roar;
The deeps applauſive roar to God,
And ſpread his praiſe from ſhore to ſhore.
8 Let all the earth before him fear,
And ev'ry creature ſtand in awe;
9 For he commanded, and they were
Subjected to creation's law.

10 The wiſdom of the nations, he
Hath quite confounded by his word;
They cry for wiſdom;—wiſdom, ſee
Diſplay'd in counſel of the Lord.
The unbelieving Jew, a ſign,
And vain philoſophy, the Greek,
Supplanting precious truth divine,
With much unhallow'd labour ſeek:

11 But Chriſt, the wiſdom and the pow'r
Of God, the preached goſpel ſhews,
To ſave the hypocrite, or whore,
Believing, whether Greeks or Jews:
This is the counſel of the Lord,
Which laſts thro' generations all,
His heart revealed in his word,
Which judges people great and ſmall.

12 O!

12 O! ſing the high peculiar bliſs
Of that dear nation whom he choſe,
To make them know, that he did *this*,
And ſav'd them from eternal woes:
Meſſiah is the Lord their God;
Their God's their heritage divine,
And they are his—and his abode
He fixes, Jacob, in thy line.

13 Not only ſo—with equal eye
Meſſiah ſees the nations all;
14 He looketh from his throne on high,
And views the whole terreſtrial ball:
He form'd the earth, that men might dwell
On face of all the world abroad;
He form'd them all his praiſe to tell,
And bade them ſerve and worſhip God:

15 Alike he faſhions all their hearts,
He faſhions for eternal ſcenes;
Alike his heav'nly glory darts,
Alike o'er Jew or Gentile reigns:
He ſees them all a fallen race,
From Adam down to Moſes' law,
From Moſes down to lateſt ſpace,
No ſoul without the ſinful flaw;

He weighs their works, he ſees them vile,
With guilt he ſtops the boldeſt mouth;
Lays open deepeſt ſcenes of guile,
By pureſt light of piercing truth:
16 He ſaveth not by ſword or bow;
But ſtaineth all the pride of man;
For ſin is all that man can do,
Since Adam from his Maker ran:

Meſſiah ſhews ſalvation nigh;
The kings are all but ſlaves to ſin;
17 The horſes with their riders fly
To ruin—ere the prize they win;

No

No king is fav'd by pow'r and force;
No mighty giant by his ſtrength;
The proudeſt armies run their courſe,
And fall among the ſlain at length:

18 Thus all devices are a lie
Which men have forg'd to work their peace;
But thoſe who ſee Meſſiah's eye,
Behold it full of love and grace:
Meſſiah's eye is always on
The mild, the meek, the humble men;
They reap the ſpoil Meſſiah won
Upon the well-conteſted plain.

19 He'll ſave their ſouls alive from death,
When famine rages ev'ry where;
His love ſhall be their life and breath,
Their fears are blown into the air.
20 Hoſanna to Meſſiah! lo,
He comes our Sun and Shield to be!
21 Our hearts, and all the world, ſhall know
The joy they have who truſt in thee!

22 Thy mercy, O Meſſiah, dwells
With all the thouſands who rejoice
And hope in thee, whoſe love excels
The moſt exalted earthly joys:
For as thy heav'n ſurpaſſeth hell,
So far our joy ſurpaſſeth theirs,
On worldly things alone who dwell,
Who fill their hearts with luſts and cares.

PSALM XXXIV.

In this remarkably inſtructive Pſalm, various are the ſubjects, and the perſons ſpoken of. That the Meſſiah is the principal, is evident from the 20th verſe, 'He keepeth all his bones; *not one of* 'them is broken; as interpreted by the Holy Ghoſt,

Ghoſt, John xix. 36. 'Theſe things were done, 'that the Scripture ſhould be fulfilled, *A bone of* 'him ſhall not be broken;' to ſhew that Jeſus was our *Paſſover*, who (as it is written, 1 Cor. v. 7.) 'was ſacrificed for us,' according as it had been written, and typified in the figure. Exod. xii. 46. and Numb. ix. 12. 'Neither ſhall ye break a bone of 'it: but according to all the ordinances of the 'Paſſover ſhall ye keep it.'—That the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by his Spirit in the prophet, is alſo the ſpeaker in this Pſalm, is evident to the wiſe diſcerner, from the very reading of the firſt five verſes thereof, but eſpecially from the addreſs in the 11th verſe, 'Come, ye children, hearken unto 'me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.'

Receive inſtruction from the ſount
Of everlaſting truth:
That knowledge only bears account
That flows from Jeſus' mouth.
'Tis all but loſs and dung beſides,
And muſt be toſt away;
But that *to God and glory guides,*
Which Chriſt the Lord doth ſay.

1 I'LL lift aloud the voice of joy,
And praiſe him evermore,
My ſoul and harp I will employ,
And never will give o'er.
2 My ſoul ſhall glory in the Lord;
The Lord delights in me:
The humble ſhall embrace my word,
And joyful ſhall they be.

3 O magnify the Lord with me;
My ſaints, with me rejoice;
4 I cry'd unto the Lord, and he,
For ſorrows, gave me joys.
5 The patriarchs of former time,
When they were ſore diſtreſs'd,

All

All look'd to him in heav'n sublime;
He smil'd, and they were bless'd.

6 Behold, *the Son of sorrows* cry'd,
And pour'd his heart to God;
His Father sav'd him from the tide,
When sorrows overflow'd.
7 The angels of the Lord encamp
Around the men of God;
No horror from within shall damp,
Nor raging foes abroad.

8 O taste and see that God is love,
Who hopes in him is blest;
9 Their blessings never shall remove,
Who on Jehovah rest.
10 The lions young, who roam the wood,
May roar in vain for prey,
And rage, and die, for lack of food;
For death 's more fell than they:

But those who love Jehovah's ways,
And follow where he calls,
In plenty shall possess their days,
Whatever strait befals.
11 O Children! would ye know the way
Of being ever bless'd?
Come, hearken to the words I say,
And be of God possess'd.

12 Who is the man desires to live,
And never die the death?
Attend the precepts I will give;
Believe, and fear no wrath.
13 A feigned heart the Lord detests;
The double tongue he cuts:
Such base abominable pests
Away to hell he puts.

Within thy heart let candour dwell,
Thy lips express the same;

And,

And, when thy tongue the truth ſhall tell,
Thy face ſhall bear no ſhame.
14 Thy foot from evil turn away;
Thy hand be doing good:
Though Peace ſhould fly you night and day,
She muſt be ſtill purſu'd.

15 Jehovah's eyes are always keen
Upon the ſons of faith;
To ſee their garments always clean,
Who walk in mercy's path:
His ears are open to their cry;
He ponders well their plaint;
And, ere the ills they fear draw nigh,
Deliv'rance ſhall be ſent.

16 Jehovah's face ſhall chaſe away
The rueful ſons of ſhame,
And baniſh, from the face of day,
Their mem'ry and their name.
17 But thoſe who cry unto the Lord,
Who cry to him in faith,
Shall find deliv'rance in his word,
And ſing along their path.

18 The Lord is nigh the broken heart;
He ſoothes the tender ſoul,
And mitigates the painful ſmart,
Until the wound be whole.
19 How many ſad afflictions fall
On God's beloved Son!
But he, deliver'd from them all,
Shall ſing the battle won.

20 Jehovah keepeth all his bones;
Not one of them is broke:
And ſo he keeps the faithful ones,
And ſaves from ev'ry ſhock.
21 But Death, with deſolating wing,
Shall clear the world, and ſweep

The

The race malign, both slave and king,
Away into the deep.

22 But God shall stretch his softest wing
O'er all his servants dear:
And none who trust his love benign,
Shall desolation fear:
They shall arise, and wing their way,
Upborn by faith and love,
To regions of eternal day,
To sing with God above.

PSALM XXXV.

This Psalm is one of those which is all spoken in one person: and that the person speaking therein is the Son of God, is evident from his own express testimony, recorded, John xv. 25. 'Now 'have they both seen and hated both me and my 'Father. But this cometh to pass, that the word 'might be fulfilled that is written in their law, '*They hated me without a cause.*' So it is written in the 19th verse of this Psalm, 'Let not them 'that are mine enemies wrongfully', (or falsely), 'rejoice over me: neither let them wink with the 'eye, *that hate me without a cause.*' The history, therefore, of the Lord's sufferings, in their circumstances, connections, and consequences, it is undeniable, is the history of the literal fulfilment, and true interpretation of this Psalm, with a long list of parallels, too many and obvious to be here recited.

Whose wounded heart for sinners bleeds,
'Gainst sinners also intercedes;
Those only live to him who turn;
But they who pierc'd him only mourn;
False witnesses against him rise,
Who for his love became his foes;
But men of truth for ever sing,
Who hiss THE SON, and hail their King.

1 JEHOVAH, I appeal to thee;
Contend with thoſe contend with me;
Thy righteouſneſs defend my right;
With thoſe who fight againſt me fight.
2 In my defence, my God, draw near,
Graſp, graſp thy buckler, ſhield, and ſpear;
3 Advance thyſelf upon the field;
Thy ſhout ſhall cauſe my foes to yield:

See how they bear upon my ſoul!
The deep-embody'd ſquadrons roll,
And force their way unto my heart;
My God, command them to depart:
Say to my ſoul, *I am thy Life;*
And then my ſoul ſhall mock their ſtrife:
4 Let them, confounded, ſneak away
With ſhame, who ſeek my ſoul to ſlay:

Let them into confuſion turn,
With ſhame eternal let them burn,
Who have devis'd my overthrow,
Condemn'd unto perpetual woe.
5 More ſwiftly than the downy flue,
Aloft when whirling winds purſue,
The angel of the Lord behind,
Shall drive them fiercer than the wind.

6 Let darkneſs brood upon their way,
And Satan on their ſpirit prey;
7 For cauſeleſsly they ſpread their net,
And, for my ſoul, a trap they ſet.
8 Let dire deſtruction ſteal behind,
And ſeize him, viewleſs like the wind;
That, unawares himſelf enſnar'd,
May rue the work his hands prepar'd.

9 And then my ſoul, replete with joy,
Shall glory in her ſweet employ,
And ſing ſalvation to the Lord,
By me and all my ſaints ador'd.

10 My bones shall all rejoice, and sing,
Who is like thee, O Lord, my King,
To cause the bruised heel to tread
The bruising serpent on the head?

11 False witnesses against me rose,
Suborned by my bitter foes;
They brought a heavy bloody charge,
And did my feigned crimes enlarge.
12 For thousand blessings I bestow'd,
They paid with evil what they ow'd:
Thus, thus they prey'd upon my soul,
And wish'd to have devour'd me whole.

13 But when they were in agonies,
The briny streams did fill mine eyes;
When I beheld their hour, and pow'r
Of heavy darkness o'er them low'r,
I spent my soul in mournful cries,
While all the *man* within me flies
Into my heart—but while I mourn'd,
My pray'r into my bosom turn'd.

14 What tides of anguish o'er me flow'd,
When I beheld them scorn'd of God;
I mourn'd as for a brother dear,
Or one who bears his mother's bier.
15 But when the tempest fell on me,
Their hearts were fill'd with mirth and glee,
They made a high carousing feast,
And with my bitter suff'rings jest:

16 Yea, those who were at war before,
In mutual league against me roar,
And meanly make the bowl go round
'To his confusion,' whom they wound:
Their mirth to me 's a bitter bowl,
They harrow up my very soul;
While rage makes all their blood to seethe,
They gnash and tear me with their teeth.

17 How

17 How long, O Lord, wilt thou look on,
And not deliver thy dear Son?
O ſnatch my ſoul from rage of men,
My darling from the lion's den!
18 So, in the great aſſembly, I
Will raiſe thy name above the ſky;
When all my ſaints around me flow,
We'll praiſe thee with a glorious ſhow.

19 O let not thoſe malignant elves
With my deſtruction ſport themſelves,
Who wrongfully my ſoul abuſe,
Without a colour for excuſe;
They tip the wink, and ſquint the eye,
Whene'er they ſee me paſſing by;
20 If any time they feign a face,
Intending war, and mention peace,

You may prepare you for the plot
They hatch againſt you on the ſpot;
Like cockatrices eggs, they teem
With ill, to all who god-like ſeem.
21 On me they roared open-mouth,
Becauſe I preach'd the God of truth;
'AHA! AHA!' ſay they, 'our eye
'Hath ſeen THE KING OF JUDAH die!'

22 *This* thou haſt ſeen, Jehovah, too;
O be not far from helping now;
A ſilent ſtill ſpectator more
O be not thou, when I implore!
23 Awake, ariſe, canvaſs my plea;
My Lord, my God, avenge thou me;
24 O Lord, my God, according to
My righteouſneſs thy judgment ſhow:

Let not mine adverſaries proud
With laughter lift their voice aloud,
And in vile bacchanalian ſongs
Make game of all my woes and wrongs.

25 O let not them their souls applaud,
And hug themselves with joy and laud,
And cry, 'Aha! aha!' aloud,
'He's swallow'd up! and so he shou'd!'

26 But God their *Babels* shall confound,
With their confusions load the ground;
With shame, death, hell, and horror, press
Their souls, who vaunt o'er my distress.

27 But let them shout for joy aloud,
Who of my righteousness are proud;
They shall be glad and full of praise,
Who glory in Messiah's ways;

They shall advance their heav'nly song,
Which future ages shall prolong,
And sing, 'Jehovah hath approv'd
'His chosen servant whom he lov'd.'

28 Eternally I will confess,
And sound abroad thy righteousness;
Th' assembly of thy saints shall join
In thy Messiah's song divine.

PSALM XXXVI.

THIS Psalm also is all spoken in one person; and that the Messiah is he, will need no laboured proof to satisfy those who shall consider who is the speaker in Psalms xvi. lvii. and cviii. whose illustrations the reader is referred to, as also to that of Psal xxxiv. with its parallels there mentioned.

Behold the nat'ral man describ'd,
And found to be a fool,
Whose conscience by his lust is brib'd,
Whose tongue is Satan's tool.
Here, too, behold the fountains pure
Of everlasting light,
(God's mercies are for ever sure),
And drink with sweet delight!

1 WHEN

1 WHEN I behold the wicked's way,
My heart within me ſays,
No glimpſe of grace, no heav'nly ray
Itſelf in him diſplays;
For did he know the ways of God,
His heart behov'd to fear,
And tremble at the paths he trod,
Which unto death draw near.

2 But he, betwitched in his views,
And blinded in his eyes,
Will his iniquities refuſe,
Until in hell he cries.

3 The words proceeding from his mouth
Are vile pernicious lies;
He laughs at God's eternal truth,
And ſcorneth to be wiſe.

4 Where wiſdom would deſire repoſe,
He plots upon his bed,
And there deviſeth cauſe of woes,
Which fall on his own head.

5 But, Lord, in heav'n thy mercy dwells,
Thy truth doth reach the ſky,
And there, in glory which excels,
Thy ſaints do ſhine on high.

6 Thy righteouſneſs, like mountains great,
And th' everlaſting hills,
Is fixed by thy word of fate,
And all the world it fills.
Thy judgments are a great abyſs,
And like the floods below;
No mortal dares ſay, Why is this?
Or, Why are theſe things ſo?

O Lord, how precious is thy grace!
For thou preſerveſt all,
From theſe who ſee thy brighteſt face,
To thoſe who creep and crawl.

7 But O how pleaſant is thy love
Unto the ſons of men!
In ſhadow of thy wings, they prove,
'That godlineſs is gain.'

8 Their ſpirits thou wilt elevate,
With fatneſs of thy houſe;
And floods of pleaſures delicate,
Thou for their drink wilt chuſe.

9 O God, with thee life's fountains, pure
And everlaſting, flow;
And, in thy light, which ſhall endure,
We'll fear no ſhades below.

10 Thy loving-kindneſs O prolong
To thoſe who know thy name;
And make thy righteouſneſs the ſong
Of thoſe who love the ſame.

11 Let not the foot of raging pride
Advance to tread me down;
Nor let their hands who me deride
Prevail to take my crown.—

12 There! there! the Antichriſtians fall,
And ſink alive to hell;
From whence ariſe they never ſhall,
But there for ever dwell.
So periſh all Meſſiah's foes
Who riſe againſt their God!
They wail o'er their eternal woes,
In Satan's dire abode.

PSALM XXXVII.

With regard to this, a Pſalm rather of inſtruction than of direct devotion and praiſe, as it is allowed on all hands, as well as all the reſt, to have been inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt, and as, for aught I know,

I know, there has been no wreſting thereof, advanced under pretence of any fancied experience of the penman; without ſaying any thing more poſitive or particular, I would beg leave to refer the reader to the paraphraſe, written, I truſt, according to the analogy of the one faith of God's elect, in the light of the whole connected teſtimony of God. If the reader's views differ from mine, he certainly has as good a right to exerciſe his own private judgment as I have; only, in all our exerciſes, we have both equal reaſon to take heed, leſt we interfere with the one public interpretation of this and of all the other prophetic writings, which the Holy Ghoſt who inſpired them has given us plainly, and without any figure, in the New Teſtament. See the illuſtration of Pſal. xxxiv.

Behold the different ways and ends
Of all who live below the ſun;
Who rank with God as foes or friends,
And all to heav'n or hell-wards run:
Of theſe or thoſe, whoe'er thou be,
Behold, thy judgment here is giv'n,
'To dwell with Chriſt eternally,
'Or, from his preſence to be driv'n.'

1 O Let not my Belov'd be griev'd,
Nor cruelly fret his heart away,
Becauſe they have not all believ'd,
Nor hail'd the goſpel's cheering ray.
2 They flow'r and flouriſh for a time,
And bloom and glow with leaf ſuperb;
While ſummer rides on car ſublime,
How green and tender is the herb!

But at the grand deciſive day,
When fulneſs of the time is come,
The wither'd graſs is ſwept away,
When God ſhall bring his harveſt home.

3 Upon

3 Upon Jehovah place thy hope,
And let thy hand be doing good;
The land is thine, with all the crop,
And truth shall be thy daily food.

4 In God the Lord thyself delight,
He'll bless thee with thy heart's desire;
5 On him let all thy burden light,
He'll bear thee safe thro' flood and fire:
6 Into his hand commit thy way,
And roll thyself upon his love;
He shall thy judgment bright display,
Like all the lights that shine above:

Thy righteousness shall, like the sun,
Enlighten all the world abroad;
And when thy course, like his, is run,
Thou shalt repose thyself with God.
7 Before the Lord in silence wait,
From wrath and pining grief forbear,
Because of those, with heart elate,
In ways of folly proudly steer:

Success in sin they may obtain;
8 But thou from wrath and anger cease,
And cease to vex thyself in vain,
Because of them in any case:
9 For verily they shall be slain,
And cover'd in the silent grave,
Who have rejoic'd in courses vain;
And then the saints their kingdom have.

10 A moment, and the Christless crew
Shall vanish, and be seen no more,
Like morning cloud or early dew,
When all the twilight damps are o'er:
Thou shalt consider well their place,
And shalt not see a mark behind,
Whereby thou mayst their footsteps trace,
Which pass away like viewless wind.

11 The

11 The humble, then, and pious ones
Shall come to their eſtate ſo fair;
For they are God's beloved ſons,
Joint-heirs with Chriſt, Jehovah's heir:
Their peace ſhall, like the boundleſs ſea,
Flow o'er the little banks of time:
Like their eternal King, ſhall be
Their joy and peace, in heav'n ſublime.

12 How little think the godleſs men,
That this ſhall be the godly's lot,
At whom they gnaſh their teeth with pain,
And grievous machinations plot!
13 Th' almighty Lord ſhall laugh at him,
Who laughs and rages at the Juſt,
Becauſe he ſees his coming time,
When he ſhall fall, embracing duſt.

14 The wicked have unſheath'd their ſword,
And drawn their bows of ſteel, to ſlay
Th' afflicted ſaints of God the Lord,
Who walk uprightly in his way:
15 Their ſwords ſhall enter their own breaſts,
And through their hearts their arrows fly;
Becauſe Jehovah intereſts
Himſelf, and ſwears that they ſhall die.

16 The little that the godly have
Of earthly goods, which paſs away,
And leave the richeſt at their grave,
And only ſerve the preſent day,
Is better than your heaped ſtore,
O ye the ſons of unbelief;
For, when ye die, ye have no more
But ſcenes of deſp'rate endleſs grief.

17 Jehovah, he ſupports the juſt,
And is their portion evermore;
18 And, when their bodies fall to duſt,
He lands them on the heav'nly ſhore.

19 They

19 They never shall deplore with shame,
Because they trusted in the Lord,
Nor ever dare his love to blame,
Or charge a failure on his word:

For when the evil times shall come,
And days of famine shall draw near,
The Lord shall feed his flock at home,
And serve them with the best of cheer.

20 Though wicked men bring hecatombs,
And with their incense cloud the skies,
From feigned hearts their worship comes,
Which, like the sparks and vapour, flies:

So hypocrites shall flash away,
Like smoke of their own sacrifice,
Or flames which o'er the altars play
When blazing gleams of incense rise.

21 The wicked, like the barren ground,
When water'd with the rains and dews,
Tho' with his fattest blessings crown'd,
To God their gratitude refuse:

The Righteous, like a blessed field,
Returns again an hundred-fold;
He shall ten thousand blessings yield,
To cheer the hearts of young and old.

22 For those who do his blessings share,
Shall hold the earth by lot divine;
But those of him who cursed are,
Shall fall beneath destruction's line.

23 The Man of God shall firmly tread,
In all his ways directed well;
For all his steps are ordered
Of God, with whom his soul shall dwell.

24 Although he fall, when sorely push'd,
And roll his garments in his blood,
He shall not be entirely crush'd,
For God shall make his rising good.

25 From

25 From earlieſt age, my ſoul has ſeen
And known the viſions of the Lord;
Yet has the JUST ONE never been
Forlorn, according to the word:
Nor HE, nor any of his ſeed,
Whom love divine and mercy lead,
Whom God, their Father, ſays, I'll feed,
Did e'er complain for lack of bread:

They never turn'd, and never ſhall,
Away from their eternal King,
(The Fountain of their bleſſings all),
To beg from any earthly thing:
The heir of all things cannot lack,
Nor any of the children wail,
Whom God accepteth for his ſake,
Tho' corn, and wine, and oil, ſhould fail.

26 For He's the Well-ſpring of their joys,
The Fountain of the Iſra'l true;
His mercy's pure, and never cloys,
And thee, O Zion, doth purſue.
27 Remove thy foot from evil ways,
And tread not in the paths of guile,
And be thou bleſs'd for endleſs days;
Thy God ſhall on thy labours ſmile.

28 Jehovah juſt diſcernment loves,
He ne'er forſakes his ſaints at all;
The faithful foot he ne'er removes,
But makes the evil-doers fall.
29 The righteous ſhall poſſeſs the land,
And glory in their pleaſant line;
And evermore their lot ſhall ſtand:
They hold by heritage divine.

30 Wiſdom is poured from the mouth,
And judgment tips the righteous tongue;
31 Within his heart the law of truth
Preſerves his ſteps from going wrong.

32 The

32 The wicked watch the Holy One,
And ly in wait his ſoul to ſlay;
33 The Lord his ſhield will interpone,
And ſafely guard him on his way.
34 Wait on the Lord, and watch his eye,
He'll guide and raiſe thee to thy throne;
And thou ſhalt reign his King on high,
And ſee the wicked all undone.

35 I ſaw the wicked high in pow'r,
Fair-ſpreading like a green bay-tree;
36 Away he paſs'd in his own hour,
I ſought him—found he could not be.
37 Behold, the wicked are no more;
But mark the pure and perfect One,
And all his upright ways explore,
You'll find them end in peace alone.

38 Tranſgreſſors all ſhall be deſtroy'd,
Like tares, in one promiſcuous heap,
When th' angels, by their Lord employ'd,
Shall fly abroad the earth to reap:
39 The tares ſhall feed th' eternal flames;
But God ſhall ſave his elect race,
On whom his brighteſt glory beams,
Their darkneſs all away to chaſe.

40 Jehovah ſhall defend his charge,
As birds who fly, and paſs, and turn,
While hov'ring vultures fly at large,
Which for their helpleſs brood do burn:
So they, ſecure beneath his wing,
Shall laugh at ev'ry bird of prey;
And joyful reign with Chriſt their King,
When death and hell are fray'd away.

PSALM XXXVIII.

THIS Pſalm alſo is all ſpoken in one perſon, and breathes forth the heavieſt preſſure and anguiſh of ſpirit, ſupported by the moſt conſummate meekneſs, patience, and reſignation to the will of God: the language is borrowed from the moſt pungent feelings of one ſuffering all manner of diſtreſs in body, mind, character, and eſtate. That Meſſiah is the perſon, is demonſtrable from the very face of the whole Pſalm, compared with all its parallels cited on the margin, with others, and read in the light of the four Evangeliſts: ſo that nothing more particular needs be ſaid in this place; only the reader may eſpecially conſult Pſalms vi. xl. lxix. and lxxxviii. with their illuſtrations.

How heavy, heavy was the hour,
How heavy was the woe,
When Jeſus thus his plaint did pour,
While tears with blood did flow!
The cauſe of grief was human ſin;
The pungent pain was death.
Look here, ye ſaints, this glaſs within—
Behold, you're freed from wrath!

1 WHAT floods of fire upon me flow,
And rage within my ſoul,
That I may all the horrors know
Which o'er the damned roll!
For, lo, I come to bear thy wrath,
And in thy love I come,
For guilty men to die the death,
According to their doom;

But in thine anger ſmite me not,
Nor chaſtiſe me in rage;
Nor, in thine indignation hot,
Let me thy wrath engage:

For I delight to drink this cup,
Bitter—as death and hell!
With thee that all my saints may sup,
And in thy kingdom dwell:

2 Thine arrows in a tempest fall,
And fester in their wound;
Thy scourging strokes me sorely gall,
And leave no portion sound.
3 I murmur not because I feel
The fierceness of thy wrath;
But bear the bruising of my heel,
To save my seed from death:

In all my bones there is no peace,
Because of this my sin:
4 For mine iniquities increase,
And pain me sore within:
They are advanced o'er my head,
A dark and heavy cloud,
With which I'm over-burdened,
And sink beneath the load.

5 My fest'ring wounds oppress me sore,
And taint the air I breathe;
While I my foolishness deplore,
Which stings my soul to death:
6 I'm grieved sore, and bowed down,
While I my God obey,
And, troubled with his angry frown,
Go mourning all the day.

7 My loins are fill'd with dire disease,
And lothsome in extreme;
In all my flesh I find no ease;
My anguish makes me scream.
8 I'm feeble, like a bruised reed,
And broken to the ground;
I've roared while my heart did bleed
Afresh for ev'ry wound.

9 Lord,

9 Lord, all my heart before thee lies,
My ſighing thou doſt ſee;
10 My panting heart before thee dies,
My ſtrength away doth flee;
Mine eyes have fail'd with looking long,
My ſight is from me gone:
11 My lovers and my friends along,
Leave me to mourn alone:

They ſtand aloof, they fly my ſore,
And from a diſtance ſtare;
12 But they who for my life do roar,
Cleave cloſe, and lay their ſnare;
They hunt my life with grievous lies,
They ſpeak miſchievous things,
And all day long deceits deviſe;
Their mine at ev'ning ſprings.

13 But I, a deaf man, heard them not,
A dumb man, held my tongue;
14 Altho' I ſaw their deadly plot,
And heard them talk of wrong.
15 In thee, Jehovah, I have hop'd,
I knew my God would hear;
I therefore my defences dropp'd,
And ſaid, I would forbear;

16 I ſaid, Jehovah, hear my cry,
And let them not prevail,
Who to ſupplant my foot draw nigh,
And my deſtruction hail.
17 I'm almoſt ready ev'n to halt;
My ſorrow 's in mine eye:
18 For I'll declare my grievous fault,
My ſin for which I die;

19 My foes have brought a charge that's falſe,
And bold, and ſtrong, and large;
But thou their malice wilt repulſe,
And purge me from the charge:

They forg'd on me a thousand crimes,
Not one of which I knew;
No witness with another chimes,
To prove their forg'ries true:

20 But they repay me ill for good,
Who are mine enemies,
Who all, to riot in my blood,
Combin'd against me rise.
21 Forsake me not, O Lord, my God,
O be not far from me;
22 Make haste to help me—in my blood,
My Lord, thy servant see!

PSALM XXXIX.

THIS Psalm seems a continuation of the last; and the illustration may be the same. See particularly the next.

Behold the Lamb of God, decreed,
Before the world began to be,
For all the flock of God to bleed,
That they might by his blood go free!
When his appointed hour was come,
No murm'ring from his spirit broke:
A Lamb before his shearers dumb,
He bore the sin averging stroke.

1 I Said, I will look to my ways,
Lest with my tongue my heart should sin;
I'll watch my lips, ev'n all my days,
Lest any fraud be found therein:
I'll keep the reins upon my mouth,
While wicked men around me stand;
I'll ev'n refrain from speaking truth,
Or utt'ring any reprimand:

2 For

2 For prudence bound my tongue from ſpeech,
Yea, ev'n I held my peace from good,
Till ſorrows, burſting thro' the breach,
Broke in upon me as a flood;
3 My heart grew hot within my breaſt,
And, while I mus'd, the fire did burn;
My tongue was looſed then in haſte,
And thus my heart began to mourn—

4 Lord, make me know my latter end,
And meaſure of my days decreed,
That I my ſoul may recommend
Into thy hands before I bleed.
5 Lo, thou haſt made my days a ſpan,
Mine age is nothing in thine eye:
So is the ſtate of ev'ry man,
At beſt but wholly vanity.

6 Sure each man walks an empty ſhew,
They are diſquieted in vain;
They heap up wealth, without a view
Of who ſhall riot on their gain.
7 And now, O Lord, what wait I for?
My hope relies on thee alone;
I come thy kingdom to reſtore,
And reign with thee when that is done.

8 Deliver me from all my ſins,
Which thou my God haſt laid on me,
That, when my ſoul the kingdom wins,
I may from fools reproach be free.
9 My mouth was dumb, mine eye chaſtis'd,
And diſcontent I ne'er betray'd,
Becauſe the Lord the ſtroke devis'd
By which my ſpirit was diſmay'd.

10 Remove thy ſtroke away from me;
I am conſumed by the blow
Which from thy hand doth light on me;
Lord, ſave me from my feared wo.

11 When thou, eternal God, doſt ſmite
Vain men, the children of a day,
Their beauty quickly takes its flight,
Their moth like glory fades away:

Sure ev'ry man is vanity,
And lighter than the feather'd flue
That plays and ſports thro' all the ſky,
And paſſes like a tranſient view.

12 But my requeſt and pray'r, Lord, hear;
O now unto my cry attend:
I ſhed the ſympathizing tear,
And come my brethren to befriend:

O let my tears for them prevail,
And let my blood their guilt atone;
For them a ſtranger thro' death's vale,
As all my fathers, I have gone.
With thee my fathers all ſojourn'd,
And they endur'd as ſeeing thee;

13 O let me not from thee be turn'd,
Nor any one that walks with me.

O ſpare me to recover ſtrength,
And to recover life for men;
That I may come to thee at length,
And make thy ſaints with me to reign.

PSALM XL.

THIS Pſalm is a mine of gold to the true worſhippers, who worſhip God in the ſpirit, and in the truth, rejoicing in Chriſt Jeſus, and having no confidence in the fleſh; and, as explained by the Holy Ghoſt in the xth chapter of the Epiſtle to the Hebrews, may ſerve as an infallible KEY to all the reſt of the Pſalms.—After what has been already ſuggeſted from the Scriptures to the common ſenſe of mankind in the general preface, it may

may be reckoned ſuperfluous to ſay any more; only the reader may notice, once for all, what a falſe light he follows, when he regards *the contents* prefixed to the top of each Pſalm, (not to ſpeak any more of the commentators, who are all of one ſpirit), by comparing them with the unqueſtionable New-Teſtament interpretations: witneſs this Pſalm, the xvith, xxiid, and lxixth.—For parallels, Pſalm and verſe, conſult the references on the margin: ſee eſpecially the following, all preciſely (as this) ſpoken in one perſon, and of the ſame ſpirit and ſtrain of expreſſion, *viz.* Pſalms xvi. xxii. xxv. xxvii. xxx. xxxi. xxxv. xxxviii. xxxix. xli. xlii. xliii. l. li. lvii. lxi. lxix. lxx. lxxi. cxix. cxxxix. &c.

No ſacrifice nor off'rings were
Sufficient to remove the guilt;
No ſin-atonement could be there,
Where only cattle's blood was ſpilt:
Then, lo, EMMANUEL *thus did ſay,*
I come, O God, to do thy will;
I'll bear the ſins of men away,
And lead them to thy holy hill.

1 WHEN ſtation'd in the loweſt deep,
O Lord, my God, by thy decree,
Although mine eye did ſorely weep,
And heavy moans I heav'd to thee;
I waited patiently till thou,
Beholding all my ſad diſtreſs,
In kind compaſſion down didſt bow,
And draw me up thy name to bleſs.

2 He ſet my feet upon a rock,
And all my ways eſtabliſh'd well;
Superior now to ev'ry ſhock,
That ſhaketh heav'n, or earth, or hell,
I look with pleaſure where I ſit,
Surveying all the ſhades below—

How

How horrible the miry pit,
And dire deep ſcenes my ſoul went thro'!

3 He put a new ſong in my mouth,
Ev'n praiſe unto our God and Joy;
Many ſhall ſee and bleſs the truth,
While my ſweet tranſports they enjoy.
4 O bleſs'd the man, and he alone,
Who makes the Lord his refuge high,
Deſpiſing ev'ry lofty one,
Who builds his refuge on a lie!

5 O Lord, my God, full many are
The works of wonder thou haſt done;
For high above our reck'ning far
Thy thoughts and ways of love are gone:
If any one can tell the ſand
That bounds the roaring of the ſea,
Then he the numbers may command
That would expreſs thy thoughts to me.

6 No ſacrifice nor offering,
(Which by the law preſented are),
Didſt thou deſire—but, lo, I bring
My body which thou didſt prepare:
Mine ear thou boredſt to thy poſt;
To leave thy houſe I did refuſe;
My ſoul did of thy ſervice boaſt;
I lov'd my Lord, my ſons, my ſpouſe—

How could I leave my ſpouſe to wail,
Forlorn in bondage all her days?
Or on my children dear entail
Their wretched mother's ſlav'ry baſe?
Behold me, then, thy ſervant, Lord:
O God, behold thy Lamb, and ſee!
See here my gift with merit ſtor'd;
The off'ring thou deſir'ſt of me.

7 I come to do thy perfect will,
To ſanctify thy people, Lord;

And

And thus thy counſels I fulfil,
As written of me in thy word.
8 To do thy will is my delight,
And yield the life which thou haſt crav'd;
For on my heart thy law is writ,
And 'midſt my very bowels grav'd.

9 My trumpet I will ſound aloud,
Alarming all the world around,
To hear the joyful news of God,
Th' acceptance that my ſoul has found:
Thy righteouſneſs I have maintain'd,
And to thy ſaints thy glory ſhown;
From truth my lips I ne'er refrain'd,
As thou, O Lord my God, haſt known.

10 Yea, I will glory in this theme;
I never hid thy righteouſneſs;
Thy truth I always did proclaim,
And thy ſalvation did expreſs:
Thy loving-kindneſs and thy truth,
Thy congregation joy'd to hear,
While draughts of pleaſure from my mouth
They drank, like water pure and clear.

11 'Twas ſweet to them—but unto me
My ſorrows greatly did abound—
Thy tender mercies, kind and free,
O pour them all into my wound!
I cry'd, My God, preſerve my ſoul!
Mercy and truth prevent me now!
12 For ills innumerable roll,
And bear me to the depths below:

My ſins have taken hold on me,
And, grappling bear me down to hell;
From whence I cannot look to thee,
Till thou ſhalt all my guilt cancel:
More num'rous than the driving hail,
More fiercely too, they beat me down,
Th' ini-

Th' iniquities which do prevail
O'er me, and cauſe my heart to ſwoon!

13 Be pleas'd, O God, to reſcue me,
Jehovah, haſten to mine aid:
14 Sham'd and confounded let them be,
Who wiſh to ſee my ſoul diſmay'd;
Againſt my ſoul who dare advance,
For glory, contempt let them have,
And fall in heaps, deſtroy'd at once,
That they may glut the cruel grave.

15 Let deſolations on them fall,
Who ſay unto my ſoul, *Aha;*
And thus aſhamed be they all,
Who ſcorn Jehovah and his law.
16 Let thoſe who ſeek thee ſing thy praiſe,
And evermore in thee be glad,
And ſound thy name in loftieſt lays,
With thy ſalvation being clad.

17 Bleſs'd be Jehovah for his love,
Who thinks on me when poor and weak;
O ſend and ſave me from above;
My God, my help, no tarrying make.

PSALM XLI.

THIS Pſalm, being ſpoken alſo in one perſon, and interpreted, John xiii. 18. by the Lord concerning himſelf, when betrayed by Judas, perfectly aſcertains, in like manner, the meaning and true application of theſe two following ones, *viz.* Pſal. xxvii. and lv. with their parallels.

Behold the Lord, the Lord of all,
For us become ſo weak and poor,
That he behov'd on God to call,
To ſave him in his awful hour!—

Behold

Behold th' ingratitude confeſt
Of Judas' baſe and treach'rous heart;
A ſad example to the reſt,
Who from the Lord their God depart!

1 O Bleſſed ever be my God,
Who wiſely doth obſerve the caſe
Of him whom many ſorrows load,
And ſmile upon his marred face—
More marred than the ſons of men,
Ten thouſand troubles o'er him flow,
Like wave ſucceeding wave amain,
Till he ſhall God's ſalvation know.

2 Jehovah ſhall preſerve him well,
And ſhall revive him when he faints;
And, bleſs'd upon the earth to dwell,
Shall free him from his ſore complaints.
The Lord will not deliver him
Into the hands of cruel foes;
3 Nor ſhall his eyes, with ſickneſs dim,
Be worn, lamenting o'er his woes.

If languor any time aſſail,
And heavy anguiſh throw him down,
The Lord will hear him ere he wail,
And make him lie on beds of down.
The Lord will turn him on his couch,
And mitigate his fierceſt pain;
He'll make his hand his heart avouch,
And raiſe him up in love again.

4 I cried, in my mourning days,
Jehovah, eaſe my grieved heart;
From underneath this load me raiſe,
My people's ſins, for which I ſmart.
I will confeſs they are my ſins;
For thou haſt laid them all on me;
And, when mine agony begins,
Thou wilt behold, and ſet me free.

5 Mine

5 Mine enemies behold, and ſpeak
The earneſt wiſhes of their heart;
'He'll die and periſh—See, how weak
'Already!—He will ſoon depart.'
6 And ſhould my baſe betrayer come,
And ſee me—with a flatt'ring voice,
And ſmiling eye, he'll peer and roam
O'er all my perſon, and rejoice:

His heart will glow to drink my blood;
And, when he goes abroad, he'll tell,
And feaſt with joy the neighbourhood:
When I am ill, they cry, *'Tis well!*
7 They whiſper with a bitter breath,
Who hate me, and my hurt deviſe;
'He's caught in clutches of grim Death;
'He lieth, and ſhall never riſe.'

8 Yea, ev'n mine own familiar friend,
To whom I truſted all my ſtore,
And did my very life commend,
Whoſe leaning arm my boſom bore;
Ev'n he who took the ſop I gave,
Who dipt my bread, who drank my cup;
Who like my brother did behave,
His heel againſt me lifted up.—

But ſo the Scripture was fulfill'd,
The ſervant did betray his Lord;
And ſo the Paſſover was kill'd,
Which life to Iſra'l doth afford.—
9 But thou, Jehovah, in thy love,
And tender mercy, wilt me raiſe,
That I may all my foes remove,
And baniſh them with dire diſgrace.

10 By this I know thou doſt accept
The off'ring that my ſoul hath brought;
Becauſe thou haſt diſcharg'd my debt,
And rais'd me from the death they wrought.

They wrought my death, who were my foes;
But thou deviſedſt well for me;
For, when thy King triumphant roſe,
Thou madeſt all his foes to flee.

11 Now I, thy King, triumphant reign,
And righteouſneſs upholds my throne;
Mine enemies ſhall rage in vain;
For God rewards the work I've done.
12 I dwell for ever in his eye,
In ſhining brightneſs of his face.
13 Bleſs'd be the Lord, let Iſra'l cry;
His work is everlaſting peace.

Bleſs'd be Jehovah, Iſra'l's God,
From days of everlaſting love
To everlaſting—Sing aloud,
Meſſiah's kingdom ne'er ſhall move.

PSALM XLII.

To ſave tranſcribing, read the parallels in the margin, with others which your own good ſenſe will ſuggeſt, particularly theſe two, *viz.* Pſal. lxiii. and lxxxiv. whoſe illuſtrations ſee.

As hunted hart for water brays,
Meſſiah mourns, and pants, and prays;
Yet, truſting in the Lord his God,
He perſeveres beneath the rod,
Till, chaſten'd for his people's ſins,
The foll'wing glory all begins
To overflow his troubled ſoul,
And floods of glory o'er him roll,
Inſtead of ev'ry preſent wave,
And water-ſpout, which o'er him heave.

THE TITLE PARAPHRASED.

I to the conqu'ring King will ſing,
And in my ſong inſtruction bring
To all the underſtanding ones;
Muſic divine to all his ſons.

1 AS hunted hart for water-brooks,
So pants my eager soul, and looks,
O God, the living God, for thee!
When shall my soul thy glory see?
2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently!
When shall I come and climb the sky,
And reign with thee upon thy throne,
When all these scenes of wo are gone?

3 My tears have been my daily food,
While night and day my neighbourhood
Continually unto me say,
'Where is thy God? where gone away?'
4 When I remember former scenes,
When God rejoic'd my heart and reins,
My soul is poured out in me;
My God, how I remember thee!

For I the multitude had join'd,
And gone with a rejoicing mind,
Ev'n with the multitude of those
Who dance when new-moon trumpet blows.
We kept the feasts with joy and praise;
We danc'd to God on holy days;
And, lifting loud the voice of joy,
Each pow'r of music did employ.

5 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
And why do troubles in thee roll?
Hope thou in God, whom I shall praise,
And bask me in his brightest rays.
6 O God, my God, my soul's cast down
Within me, when thy face doth frown;
But I will thee remember still,
From Jordan's land, from Mizar-hill;

From farthest bourne of Hermonite,
So far from thee, my dear delight,
Mount Zion, where I'll soon be seen,
Though death and hell now roar between!—

7 Deep

7 Deep calleth unto deep, when o'er
My ſoul thy waves and billows roar,
While water-ſpouts, which play around,
Re-echo loud the dreadful ſound.

8 But thou, my God, wilt yet command
Thy love for me within the land:
By day thou ſhalt be all my praiſe;
By night thy ſongs ſhall me ſolace:
To thee, by whom I live, I'll pray,
9 And unto God, my Rock, will ſay,
Why haſt thou thus forgotten me?
Mourning, before my foes I flee!

10 As with a ſword within my bones,
I'm pierced by the cruel ones,
Who me upbraid, and daily ſay,
Where is thy God now gone away?
11 O why art thou, my ſoul, caſt down?
This ſtorm will ſoon be overblown:
Hope thou in God, and patient wait:
I'll praiſe him yet in Zion's gate;

I'll ſee him on his holy hill,
And praiſe him with my choiceſt ſkill,
While all mine hoſts ſhall round me ſing,
Our chief muſician 's Chriſt, our King.

PSALM XLIII.

THE illuſtration the ſame as the laſt.

See how the Lord of glory pleads,
And calls upon his Father, here,
To vindicate his holy deeds,
And judge him by his law ſevere!
The Lord of glory is your Head,
And Advocate, ye ſaints of God:
His Father heard the cauſe he pled,
And ſav'd him by his royal nod.

1 JUDGE me, my God, defend my cauſe,
And from a cruel nation ſave;
From men who trample on thy laws,
Who fraud, and blood, and murder, rave.
2 Thou art the God of all my pow'r,
Why ſtandeſt thou ſo far aloof?
Why go I mourning ev'ry hour,
And bear my foes ſevere reproof?

3 O ſend thy light, thy truth, thy peace;
They ſhall conduct me to thy throne,
And introduce me to thy face,
When I my arduous taſk have done.
4 I will unto God's altar go,
And thereupon myſelf will lay;
The God of all my joy ſhall know,
How I will praiſe him night and day.

5 Why art thou then, my ſoul, diſmay'd?
Why thus diſquieted in me?
Hope thou in God, be not afraid;
Thou ſhalt his pow'r and glory ſee.
Why then ſuch hollow-ſounding moans?
Why ſuch a tumult in my heart?
For praiſe I ſhall exchange my groans,
And dwell with God, and ne'er depart.

PSALM XLIV.

ALL the truths of God are joy and praiſe to thoſe who believe them. This Pſalm (and conſequently its parallels, which ſee in the margin) is applied and explained, Rom. viii. 36. as deſcriptive of the condition of the ſaints of God in all ages of the world, expoſed, as lambs among wolves, to all manner of ſufferings, calamities, and deaths, till in all theſe things they become more than conquerors through him that loved them, and waſhed them from their ſins in his own blood, and made them-

them kings and prieſts unto God: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

Behold the Scripture here fulfill'd,
As all the ſeers unfold;
The Woman's Seed by ſerpent kill'd!
(As 'twas in days of old).
But our Redeemer ever lives,
O bleſſed be his name,
Who death, and hell, and ſerpent, gives
Unto the fiery flame!

1 O GOD, our ears have drunk the ſound
The ancients have us told,
Of all thy deeds, which did confound
Their foes in days of old:
2 Our fathers conn'd the ſtory well,
And ſang before the Lord,
How he the heathen did expel,
And baniſh'd with his ſword;

But planted Jacob in their ſtead,
Whoſe family he choſe;
How Canaan old with terror fled,
When thou againſt him roſe:
3 For not their brandiſh'd ſword, nor bow,
Nor any arm of theirs,
Could make them vanquiſhers to go,
And ſeize the land as heirs;

But thy right-hand and ſtretch'd-out arm
Fought for the ſons of Shem;
Thine eyes did flaſh death's dire alarm
On thoſe who fought with them.
Such acts of valour ſuit thy love;
4 My King, my God, command
Salvation, now, from heav'n above,
For Jacob and his land.

5 Thro' thee our horns shall scatter all
Our dire malignant foes;
They underneath our feet shall fall,
And perish, that oppose:
Our victory, like floods, shall flow,
And roll a mighty tide;
6 For I'll trust neither sword nor bow,
But in thy name confide.

7 For, lo, thou hast in former days
Preserv'd us from our foes,
And much asham'd them of their ways
Who up against us rose.
8 In God we boast from morn to eve,
And ever praise thy name;
In shades of night thou wilt not leave
Thine hosts expos'd to shame.

9 And yet thou hast thyself constrain'd
At distance for a while,
And neutral, as it were, remain'd,
Nor deign'd, as wont, to smile:
Ah me, the woful sad disgrace!
Thou dost not with us go;
Our armies turn about their face;
Thou dost not seem to know.

10 The mighty fly before their foes,
And this is done by thee;
And they who spoil us scorn our woes;
For so is thy decree.
11 Thou markest us as slaughter-sheep,
And dost thy flock disperse
Among the heathen wolves to weep;
They soon will make us scarce.

12 Thou hast thy people sold for nought,
No richer by thy gain;
13 For they who have our damage wrought
Deride thy name in vain:

Thou

Thou makeſt us a ſneer and ſcorn
To all our neighbours round;
The high deriſion we have borne
Our ſpirits ſore doth wound.

14 Thou makeſt us a bye-word vile
Among the village-ſwains;
The rulers ſhake their heads and ſmile,
And taunt in mirthful ſtrains.
15 Lo, all the day I bear my ſhame;
My bluſhes cover me,
16 For voice of thoſe who do blaſpheme,
Baſely reproaching thee.

The enemy, th' avenger, now,
Who claims his day and dies,
Thou for a ſeaſon wilt allow,
And then at once ſurpriſe:
17 But we, who are thy people dear,
Along with Chriſt our King,
Though this, and tenfold more, we bear
From Satan's cruel ſting,

Have not forgot, nor ever ſhall
To glory in thy name;
Nor from thy covenant to fall,
Shall we be left with ſhame:
18 Our hearts are firm, like walls of braſs;
Nor have our ſteps declin'd,
As hypocrites, who fly and paſs,
Like feathers in the wind:

19 Although thou haſt us bruiſed ſore,
Within the dragon's den,
And with death's ſhadows wrapt us o'er,
And fill'd with dreary pain.
20 If we've forgot to call thee GOD,
Or to pronounce thee OURS;
Or ſtretched out our hands abroad
To any idol-pow'rs;

21 Shall not Jehovah ſearch this out,
Who knows the ſecret hearts?
22 Yea, for thy ſake we're toſs'd about,
And ſlain by thouſand darts:
From earlieſt morning of our days,
When firſt we draw our breath,
The ſlaught'rer marks our harmleſs ways,
As lambs are doom'd to death.

23 Awake, why ſleepeſt thou, O Lord?
The maſſacre 's begun;
Ariſe and ſave us from the ſword;
Ariſe and ſwiftly run.
24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy face,
And winkeſt at our woe?
For our afflictions wax apace,
And our oppreſſions grow.

25 Our ſoul is bow'd down to the duſt,
We cleave unto the ground:
26 Ariſe, and vindicate the Juſt,
And heal each painful wound:
Let thy Meſſiah quickly come,
To ſave us from above,
And take us to thy kingdom home,
According to thy love.

PSALM XLV.

THIS divinely glorious Pſalm, parallel in ſubject, ſpirit, and expreſſion, to the Song of Solomon, (whereof indeed it is the key), explained and applied, Heb. i. 8. to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, is a clear and deciſive proof of the true interpretation of all its parallels, as recited in the marginal references; a larger catalogue whereof the reader will find in the illuſtration of Pſal. ii.

God

God over all, bleſs'd evermore,
The Lord THE SON, *the King,*
Let all the heav'nly hoſts adore!
Let all the churches ſing!
O daughter! ſee thy glory come!
O daughter of thy God!
Thy ſpouſe, he comes to take thee home
To heav'n, thine own abode!

THE TITLE PARAPHRASED.

I'll ſing the Lily of the vale;
I'll ſing of Chriſt the King,
Whoſe loves above all loves prevail:
So ſhall the ſong I ſing.

1 MY heart 's a bubbling fount of joy,
Whence living raptures flow,
When I my choiceſt ſkill employ,
And make my tranſports glow;
My tongue 's a pen that ſwiftly writes,
When I deſcribe my King,
And breathe the praiſe my heart indites,
My ſoul does ſoar and ſing.

2 Thou'rt fairer than the ſons of men;
Into thy lips is pour'd
The love which doth our hearts conſtrain;
For God hath thee empower'd,
To be a bleſſing evermore,
To bleſs the people all;
The people ſhall thy pow'r adore,
And low before thee fall.

3 Go, gird thy ſword upon thy thigh,
Thou high and mighty Lord,
With glory great and majeſty,
Whoſe name ſhall be ador'd.
4 In majeſty ride proſp'rouſly,
Upon thy word of truth;

Thy

Thy foes shall fly, and dead shall lv,
North, east, and west, and south:

The humble all upon thee call,
And meekly cry for love;
Thy righteousness, and faithfulness,
Shall save them from above:
Thy right-hand shall thee teach, O King,
In great and noble feats;
5 Thy shafts shall pierce, and downwards bring
Each heart that proudly beats.

6 Thy throne, O God, when time's no more,
Shall, like thyself, endure;
The sceptre that thou swayest o'er
Thy kingdom, 's right and pure.
7 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill,
Therefore thy God, ev'n he,
Anoints thee with his gladd'ning oil,
The LORD OF ALL to be:

Above thy fellows thou art blest;
Thy soul in God shall boast:
Above all measure thou'rt possest
Of GOD THE HOLY GHOST.
8 Thy garments breathe a pleasant smell,
Like fields the Lord hath blest;
For with thee all the blessings dwell
Whereof thy God's possest:

Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
And ev'ry spice that flows,
As thou advancest on thy way,
The wind the fragance blows.
9 Kings daughters fair compose thy trains
Of honourable dames;
The queen, on thy right-hand who reigns,
In gold and glory gleams.

10 O daughter, hearken, and behold,
And do thine ear incline;
Likeways forget thy fathers old,
And people who were thine:

11 For he's thy Lord, and ſee that thou
Him worſhip reverently.
Unto thy King thy ſpirit bow;
He loves thee veh'mently.
12 The daughters fair of foreign lands,
From ev'ry kingly court,
With gifts and off'rings in their hands,
To thy *levée* reſort:

The daughter there of Tyre ſhall be,
To lead the chorus round;
For all, who rivals were to thee,
With joy before thee bound:
They ſhall enjoy thy favour great,
And dance before the King,
Exulting in thine high eſtate,
While they thy glory ſing.

13 The daughter of the King, behold,
Does all in glory ſhine!
Her garments of embroider'd gold
Were wrought with ſkill divine.
14 She ſhall be brought to Chriſt her King,
In robes with wiſdom wrought;
Her fellow-virgins, following,
Shall unto thee be brought.

15 With gladneſs and rejoicing, they
Shall in proceſſion ſing,
While all the pow'rs of muſic play
In praiſes of the King.
They ſhall within the palace go,
And each poſſeſs a throne,
Whence they ſhall no removal know,
Eſpouſed to THE SON.

16 Inſtead

16 Instead of those thy fathers dear,
Thy love thy children claim,
Whom thou shalt to thy Husband bear,
To propagate his name:
Those tender darlings thou shalt take,
Thy babes, and train them well,
As princes, for thy Husband's sake,
In all the earth to dwell.

17 Thy name remember'd, I will cause,
Through ages all to be;
And evermore their just applause,
Thy sons shall yield to thee.
Behold the myst'ry here display'd,
MESSIAH *and his spouse!*
Let no believer be afraid
This song of love to use.

PSALM XLVI.

THIS Psalm, which may be considered as a sequel to the former, shines forth conspicuously triumphant, and, if we may so say, exalted to the very pinnacle and perfection of heavenly joy and praise divine!—In the same light, behold and sing its parallels—and sing, O saint! with thy God for ever!

How blest are they, and only they,
Inspirited by faith and hope,
Who dare adopt this heav'nly lay,
Which all the saints of God adopt!—
'The Lord of Hosts is on our side!
'The Lord of Hosts is King for ay!
'The God of mercy is our guide!
'He'll guard our steps by night and day!'

1 GOD is our Refuge, and our Strength;
A very present Help in need;
He works our freedom at the length,
Though for a while he sees us bleed:

2 Hence, though the ſolid earth ſhould bound,
And hills be hurl'd into the ſea;
Though roaring billows ſpurn their mound,
As if they ſcorn'd thy fixt decree;

Although the ſea ſhould rear its head,
And heave whole oceans to the ſky;
Yea, ſhould the world itſelf recede,
And all its frame to ruins fly:
3 Ev'n then we would not be afraid,
Nor in the leaſt diſturb'd appear:
4 We have a river makes us glad,
Whoſe gentle ſtreams our ſpirits cheer.

How ſweet the pleaſant waters flow
Through all the city of our God,
The holy tabernacles know,
Where God Moſt High hath his abode.
5 God in the midſt of her reſides;
She never ſhall removed be;
Her God her Helper ſtill abides;
But ſoon remov'd her foes ſhe'll ſee.

6 The heathen rag'd, and rais'd a noiſe;
The nations all with wrath were mov'd:
Th' Almighty uttered his voice;
The earth was melted, and reprov'd.
7 The Lord of Hoſts is on our ſide,
And Jacob's God's our Refuge ſtrong:
Come, ſee what deſolations wide!—
The works of God the earth along!

8 He to a period brings the wars,
And calms them into gentle peace;
He breaks the bows, he burns the cars,
And turns the battle to a chaſe.
9 He with his breath the tumult quells,
And cries, *Be ſtill, be huſh'd*, to all;
Know, I am God; there is none elſe;
Let all the earth before me fall.

I'll be exalted evermore,
Among the heathen people high:
Let all the worlds their God adore,
Whose glory 's far above the sky.
10 The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
And Jacob's God 's our Refuge strong:
Let all the saints in Christ confide;
To Christ the kingdom doth belong.

PSALM XLVII.

THE same as Psalm ii. with its parallels. See Psal. lxviii. 24, 25. interpreted, Eph. iv. 8. of Christ's ascension and its consequences.

Th' ascension of the Lord on high
Hath pav'd for us the heav'nly way,
That we might dwell beyond the sky,
In regions of eternal day.
Where Christ the Lord is gone before,
And reigns in majesty above,
Let our affections upwards soar
Upon the wings of faith and love.

1 O All ye people, clap your hands;
To God the Lord with triumph shout.
2 Messiah reigns o'er all the lands,
Great Lord and King the earth throughout.
3 The people all our King subdues;
The nations throws beneath our feet:
4 For us our heritage he'll chuse;
And Jacob's portion shall be sweet.

5 God is gone up with shouts and songs,
The Lord, with trumpets sounding-high:
Sing praise to God; for praise belongs
To Christ our King, from earth and sky:
6 Sing praise, sing praise, adore and bless;
7 For God is King o'er all the earth;

With

With understanding praise express;
Sing ye to Christ with joy and mirth.

8 God over all, and bless'd, he reigns,
The heathen's Head, for evermore;
Disposing all, he holds the reins:
In holiness, ye saints, adore.
9 The princes of the people all,
Together in a body run,
Who on the God of Abra'am call,
Humbly to greet and kiss THE SON:

For all those shields, who do defend
The earth, belong to Christ the Lord.
Who can his greatness comprehend,
By all in heav'n and earth ador'd?

PSALM XLVIII.

THIS Psalm seems to be only a second part of the last; and the meaning of it is equally obvious.

The universal pow'r and sway
Of Jesus Christ the Lord of Hosts,
Through all the nations force their way,
And fill the world through all her coasts.
Let Zion mount rejoice and sing!
Let all her children join their voice!
Hosanna to the Lord our King,
Who fills us with eternal joys!

1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be prais'd on Zion-hill:
O, all ye saints, in one agree,
To praise him with your chiefest skill:
Within the city of our God,
Mount Zion, on thy pleasant brow,
Where God hath made his fix'd abode,
His saints shall in his glory glow.

2 How beautiful mount Zion ſtands,
For ſituation glorious,
The joy of all ſurrounding lands!
How lofty ſhineth God's dear houſe!
Fronting the boiſt'rous north, her tow'rs,
Depending on th' eternal Rock,
Superior riſe to hoſtile pow'rs,
And all her proud aſſailants mock.

3 Within her royal palace dwells,
Her everlaſting Refuge, God:
4 His look th' aſſembled princes quells:
Away they in a tumult rode.
5 For lo, they ſaw, and, marvelling,
Were troubled ſore, and fled away:
6 As of a woman travailling,
Fierce pains prevent them in their day.

7 When thouſands ſquadron'd ſhips aſſail'd,
And our deſtruction was their boaſt,
Thine interpoſing blaſt prevail'd,
And ſtrew'd their wreck o'er all the coaſt.
8 As we have heard, ſo have we ſeen,
In city of the Lord of Hoſts;
So all our foes have routed been:
In God's protection Zion boaſts.

9 We of thy loving-kindneſs mus'd,
And in thy temple ſang thy praiſe,
According as thy ſervants us'd,
Rejoicing in the ancient days.
10 According to thy name, O God,
So is thy praiſe in all the earth;
For thou haſt ſown thy name abroad,
To ſpring up into joy and mirth.

Thy righteouſneſs thy hand ſhall ſpread.
11 Let Zion-mount rejoice and ſing;
Let Judah's daughters all be glad,
And praiſe the judgments of their King.

12 Walk

12 Walk about Zion, and go round;
In high proceſſion, as ye go,
Obſerve her borders and her ground,
And all her ſweet environs know:

13 Conſider well her palaces,
And all her tow'rs and bulwarks tell,
That ye may ſhew the following race
The things ye have remarked well.
14 Go, tell the nations all abroad,
That this is God, this God is ours,
Meſſiah's ſelf, our Lord and God,
Who built and guards mount Zion's tow'rs.

Through generations all he lives,
And ev'n to death conducts us well;
Then, after death, his glory gives,
And makes us laugh at death and hell.

PSALM XLIX.

THE ſpeaker in this Pſalm (for it is all ſpoken in one perſon) is the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; as he alſo is in Pſal. lxxviii.: for the 2d verſe of that, and the 4th of this, are ſo interpreted, Matt. xiii 35. where it is written, 'All theſe things ſpake Jeſus 'unto the multitude in parables; and without a 'parable ſpake he not unto them; that it might 'be fulfilled which was ſpoken by the prophet, 'ſaying, *I will open my mouth in parables; I will 'utter things which have been kept ſecret from the 'foundation of the world.*'—Among other parallels, ſee Pſal. xxxix. lii. and lxii.

Th' Eternal Wiſdom ſends her call,
And makes her voice to flow,
Like ſounding winds, around the ball,
To all the high and low:
'Be wiſe, repent and live, to-day;
'To-morrow you ſhall die—

'As th' axe-ſtruck tree ſhall yield and ſway—
'So ſhall it ever lie.'

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Draw near, and hear my ſpeech:
My ſpirit flows a living well
Of water in your reach.
2 Ye noble and ignoble ones,
Ye wealthy and ye poor,
Together come to me at once,
And liſten at my door.

3 My mouth ſhall only wiſdom tell;
My meditations deep,
Wherewith my lab'ring breaſt doth ſwell,
Conceal'd I will not keep.
4 O bleſſed are your ears who hear,
Your hearts who underſtand,
And ſee thoſe things advanced near,
Yea now ev'n at your hand!

Thoſe things which many a noble prince,
And mighty king of old,
In vain deſir'd to ſee, long ſince
As prophets had foretold!
I will advance my parable,
And on my harp diſcloſe,
The myſt'ries hid within the veil;
Nor yet to fools expoſe.

5 Why ſhould I fear in evil day,
Or dread my bruiſed heel,
Since I the ſerpent's head ſhall bray,
And court the bruiſe I feel?
For thou, my God, haſt laid on me
The ſins of all my ſeed;
I therefore will confeſs to thee,
And for my treſpaſs bleed.

Although

Although my burden ſhall oppreſs,
And bear me to the ground,
I'll glory therein ne'ertheleſs,
And death by death confound.
6 But thoſe who glory in their wealth,
And boaſt their heaped ſtore;
They only glory in their ſtealth,
And ſoon ſhall boaſt no more:

7 For none his brother can redeem;
None can redeem himſelf,
Nor from the grave his life exeem,
By all his hoarded pelf.
8 What ranſom ſhall he give to God,
That he may never die,
Nor in the ſilent dark abode,
Among the dead may lie?

9 But the redemption of the ſoul,
More precious far than gold,
Muſt ceaſe for ever in that gaol,
For all that's bought or ſold.
10 For he perceives that wiſdom fails,
When death is on the field;
Whoſe hand o'er ev'ry rank prevails,
And makes the boldeſt yield.

The brutiſh fool eſcapeth not,
But falls beneath the blow;
He periſheth upon the ſpot,
To mourn in ſhades below:
He leans upon his heaps of gold,
Till, breathing out his laſt,
Unwillingly he quits his hold,
While others ſeize them faſt.

11 Their inward thought is, that their houſe
Shall evermore remain,
And that the heritage they uſe,
Shall ay their names retain:

12 But

12 But man in glory ſhall not ſtay,
A blowing flow'r at beſt;
He withereth, and fades away,
As perîtheth a beaſt.

13 Such is their wiſdom and their way;
Their folly ſtands confeſt;
But yet their children fondly ſay,
And think, *Their ſouls are bleſt.*
14 Like ſheep they in the grave are laid,
And death ſhall on them feed;
Although they never were afraid,
Nor to their ways took heed:

But when they riſe, the ſons of God
Shall over them have pow'r;
Them, in their dark and dire abode,
Both death and hell devour.
15 But God redeems me from the grave,
And from the pow'r of hell;
With open arms he will receive
My ſoul, with him to dwell.

16 Be not diſcourag'd at thy views,
Though one in riches ſhine,
And though the glory of his houſe
By far excelleth thine:
17 For when he dies, he leaves his ſtore;
He carries nought away;
His glory 's gone for evermore,
As night abſorbs the day.

18 Though, while he liv'd, his ſoul he bleſs'd;
(And men will praiſes give
When thou of riches art poſſeſs'd,
And thrivingly doſt live);
19 He ſhall to all his fathers go,
And generations dead:
No more the light of life they know;
No more they lift the head.

20 The man who doth in honour ſhine,
And underſtandeth not,
A ſtranger to my ways divine,
His memory ſhall rot:
But all the wiſe, in glory bright,
Shall ever ſhine with me;
While fools, like beaſts who periſh quite,
In mind no more ſhall be.

PSALM L.

To be a ſtranger to the ſpirit and truth of this, and of the following Pſalm, is to be a ſtranger to the whole of the New Teſtament, and of the Old: for 'the Lord is that Spirit:' God manifeſt in the fleſh is that Spirit; and they that worſhip him muſt worſhip him in that ſpirit, and in that truth. See John iv. 23, &c. with the parallel paſſages.—In a word, the meaning of this and the next Pſalm is, in a ſhort ſum, the meaning of the whole connected teſtimony of God. See Pſalm ii. with its parallels, and thoſe on the margin.

The Lord deſcends in flaming fire,
Amidſt the angels of his pow'r,
His ſervants talents to require,
And all the faithleſs to devour:
But all the ſaints of God on earth
Shall re-aſcend with God along,
To ſwell him with eternal mirth,
Their perſons perfect and their ſong!

1 THE mighty God of gods, the Lord,
Hath ſpoken to the earth, and call'd:
(Let trembling worlds revere his word,
And ſtand before his face appall'd):
From riſing of the morning-ſun,
To where he ſinks, and hides his head,
He makes his awful ſummons run,
To cite the living and the dead.

2 His

2 His glory, burſting through the cloud,
Hath ſhined forth moſt gloriouſly,
Enlight'ning all the world abroad,
From Zion, his excellency.

3 Our God, he comes, the Lord reveal'd;
He rides ſublime on clouds of fire:
His judgments all, no more conceal'd,
Shall be fulfill'd at his deſire.

The folding flames before him roll;
The heav'ns beneath the tempeſt bend;
The earth becomes a burning ſcroll,
O world, to ſolemnize thine end.

4 He to the heav'ns above hath call'd,
And to the earth, their charge to yield;
To all the ſummons is propal'd,
To haſten to the judgment-field.

5 Come, all my covenanted train,
Who've waſh'd your garments in my blood;
The Lamb, your Judge, for you was ſlain:
Come boldly forth, and meet your God.—

6 Behold, the heav'ns ſhall then declare
Emmanuel's righteouſneſs abroad,
When all mankind aſſembled are,
To worſhip him their Judge and God.

7 Hear, O my people, and I'll ſpeak;
O Iſra'l, lend thine ear to me:
How ſimple is thine heart, and weak?
The Lord thy God, confronteth thee.

8 I'm God, thy God; I'll not reprove
Thee for thy ſacrifices few;
Nor ſhall thine holocauſts remove
Thy ſins, though always in my view.

9 I'll take no bullock from thy ſtall,
Nor lamb, nor he-goat from thy fold;

10 For beaſts of foreſts, great or ſmall,
Are all mine own, both young and old:

The

The cattle on a thouſand hills,
Belong to me the Lord thy God:
I've ſown the graſs, I've pour'd the rills,
That fill them both with drink and food.

11 I know the fowls of ev'ry wing,
Who o'er the rocks and mountains fly;
The birds of prey, and thoſe who ſing,
The harmleſs tenants of the ſky.
The wild beaſts of the field who roam,
And ſcent about in ſearch of prey,
To me for leave behove to come;
I throw their portion in their way.

12 If I were hungry, I would not
Complain, and tell my caſe, to thee:
The world is mine—an ample lot!
And all its ſtores belong to me.
13 Do I delight, fool! doſt thou think,
To eat the fleſh of goat or bull?
Or, if I'm thirſty, will I drink
The blood of lambs till I be full?

14 Nay rather, if thou'lt hear thy God,
And hearken to the voice of love,
Behold the paths that I have ſhow'd,
The paths Jehovah doth approve.
If thou wilt enter into life,
By any deed or work of thine,
It muſt not be an idle ſtrife,
But perfect as my law divine:

But if thou wilt believe, and ſee
The labours finiſh'd in my blood,
Be juſtified, and follow me,
And glory in thy Shepherd good.
Then, offer thou the ſacrifice
Of thankſgiving and praiſe to me,
Which are moſt pleaſing in mine eyes,
And verily becoming thee.

15 Perform

15 Perform thy vows to God moſt high,
And call upon me in thy day
Of trouble; I will hear thy cry,
And thou my glory ſhalt diſplay.
16 But God unto the wicked ſaith,
What has my ſoul to do with thee?
Since thou art void of truth and faith,
Why meddleſt thou with my decree?

Why doth thy mouth my name pollute?
Thy lips my covenant profane?
17 Since thou inſtruction caſteſt out,
And ſpurn'ſt my words as vile and vain:
18 When thou a thief perceived'ſt, then
Thou didſt along with him conſent;
And, with the lewd adult'rous train,
Thou to thy lewdneſs gaveſt vent.

19 Thy mouth thou giveſt unto ill,
Thy tongue deceit doth only frame,
20 Thou ſitteſt on the plot, to ſpill
Thy brother's character and fame:
Thy father's houſe, diſturb'd by thee,
Yea, thine own mother's tender ſon,
Whom thou haſt ſlander'd, cry to me,
On thee to pour my wrath anon.

21 Theſe things thou wickedly haſt done,
And I kept ſilence all the while
That thou preſumptuouſly haſt gone
In ways of lewdneſs, fraud, and guile:
Thou thoughteſt I was wholly ſuch
As thou, and did approve thy way;
But I will now reprove thee much,
And range thy ſins in juſt array.

22 Conſider this, ye great and ſmall,
Who fearleſsly forget the Lord;
Leſt I in pieces tear you all,
While none deliv'rance can afford.

23 Who off'reth praiſe, me glorifies,
Rejoicing in my goſpel-grace;
He ſhall obtain the heav'nly prize,
And triumph in eternal peace:

For whoſo ordereth aright
His life, and converſation pure,
To him I'll ſhew my glory bright,
And make him dwell with me ſecure.

PSALM LI.

AFTER all that has already been advanced at great length in the general preface concerning the penmen of the Pſalms, the times and occaſions whereon they were penned, *&c.* and concerning this Pſalm in particular, the reader may ſum up the whole proceſs of the argument for its interpretation, and application to the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Mediator and Surety of the better Teſtament, as attempted in the following paraphraſe, in this manner:—The Pſalm is evidently, every word of it, ſpoken by one perſon: the words in ver. 16. 'Thou 'deſireſt not ſacrifice,' *&c.* clearly importing the ſame meaning with ver. 8. of the laſt Pſalm, 'I 'will not reprove thee for thy ſacrifices,' *&c.* and with ver. 6. of Pſalm xl. 'Sacrifice and offerings 'thou didſt not deſire,' *&c.* are expreſsly (as obſerved in the illuſtration of Pſalm xl. which is the key to this one and all its parallels) applied by the Holy Ghoſt, the alone witneſs of thoſe things, as ſpoken by Chriſt coming into the world, Heb. x. 6, *&c.*—If any man, now, pretend to give another turn to thoſe words, he ſays thereby, that he is *wiſer* than God—and he who provokes him to jealouſy, ſhould conſider, if he be *ſtronger* too!—The ſubſequent paraphraſe is made particularly large and full upon every ſentence in the Pſalm, to ſhew, that there is no blaſphemy (as many have moſt blaſphemouſly alledged there is) in this manner

ner of interpretation; which must either be admitted, or the New Testament made void! See particularly the whole Epistle to the Hebrews.

N. B. From ver. 5. to 18 of the Psalm, those sentences, which in our version stand in the form of petitions or prayers, are in the paraphrase turned into the form of predictions of things, which were to be fulfilled in the Son of God. Thus, 'Create in me,' or rather, 'Thou shalt create in 'me a clean heart, O God,' *&c.* respect the human nature in its perfection, prepared or created for the eternal Son of God, who behoved to be made in all things, respecting that nature, like unto his brethren, except sin.—This liberty of changing the form of the above sentences, all the commentators allow, when they tell us the curses or imprecations in the Psalms should rather be rendered predictions. However, either way the sense is the same: so that there needs be thought no occasion of stumbling here upon that account.—'God 'hath made Christ to be sin for us, who knew no 'sin, that we might be made the righteousness of 'God in him,' 2 Cor. v. 21. Isa. liii. Gal. iii. 13. 1 Pet. ii 24.—See all the parallels of these passages, and of this Psalm; and then judge, and say, 'Let God be true, and every man a liar.' Amen.

When David sinn'd with Bathsheba,
And shed Uriah's blood;
As Nathan did the sim'le draw,
The king corrected stood:
'Thou art the man,' *the prophet said;*
'*On thee the sword shall be:*
'*Thy neighbour thou hast murdered;*
'*His wife debauch'd by thee:*

'*But yet thy sin is put away;*
'*Thy guilt is covered:*
'*Thy son Messiah, in his day,*
'*For thee his blood shall shed.*'—

Then

Then David, moved by the Lord,
Prophetic, breath'd this Pſalm;
Meſſiah's labours to record—
His ſin-ſtruck ſoul to calm.

1 BEhold, my Father, ſee thy Son!
I bend beneath my load:
For mine iniquities I groan,
Preſs'd by thy hand, O God.
Were not thy tender mercies ſure,
And loving-kindneſſes,
When I engaged to endure
The frownings of thy face?

I thought them ſure; nor can I leſs;
Yet in the pangs of death,
When juſtice fierce, and holineſs,
Are drinking up my breath.
I yield it up; for why ſhould I
Deny my ſolemn vow?
Himſelf my God cannot deny:
Before my God I bow.

Have mercy thou on me, my God,
According to thy love;
And free me from this heavy load,
Which thou alone canſt move:
For thou haſt laid this load on me,
And bound it by thy pow'r;
According to thy mercy, ſee,
And ſave me from this hour:

O lift thine eye, and kindly ſhine
Theſe heavy clouds away,
The crimes which thou accounteſt mine,
And change my night to day.
2 O waſh me, waſh me from my guilt,
And cleanſe away my ſin;
Though for my ſtains my blood be ſpilt,
I know no ſtain within.

3 Yet I acknowledge, Lord, to thee
All my tranſgreſſions high;
My ſins are ſtill confronting me,
And ſtare me in the eye.
4 'Gainſt thee, O Lord, 'gainſt thee alone,
Was my tranſgreſſion wrought;
And in thy ſight this evil done,
For which my blood is fought:

This debt is mine by thy decree,
And juſtifies my God,
In taking vengeance upon me,
And calling for my blood.
5 Behold, in fulneſs of the time,
I'm form'd the womb within,
Involved in the deadly crime
Of my imputed ſin:

My mother's ſelf, a ſinful wight,
In ſin conceiveth me;
And I'm a ſinner in thy ſight,
Altho' from ſinning free:
For ſin thou makeſt me, O God,
Though ſin I never knew;
That righteouſneſs might be beſtow'd
Where death was only due.

Let all believers now rejoice
In Chriſt their Righteouſneſs;
My ſorrows are their only joys,
My death their happineſs.
6 Behold, O God, thy heart's deſire
Is truth the heart within;
And thou wilt give what thou'lt require,
And with the heart begin:

Thou'lt ſurely make me wiſdom know
Within my inner part;
And thou wilt all thy glory ſhow
In centre of my heart.

7 With

7 With my own blood thou'lt purge me so,
As signify'd of old,
When hyssop-bunches blood did throw,
Which Moses hath foretold:

Thoul't make me whiter than the snow,
And wash me pure as God;
For this my blood in streams shall flow,
And sprinkle all abroad.

8 Thou'lt joy and gladness make me hear,
And cause my bones rejoice,
Whilst I, exulting, drawing near,
Shall celebrate my joys:

For all my bones, restor'd by thee,
The bones which thou hast broke,
Shall laugh, and sing, and joyful be,
And future bruises mock.

9 Thou'lt hide thy face from all my sins,
And all my sorrows chase,
When mine iniquity begins
To rob my soul of peace.

10 And when my frame thou shalt create,
My body and my soul,
Thou'lt make me in a perfect state,
Thy work divine the whole:
My heart within me shall be pure,
The heart which thou'lt create;
My spirit constant shall endure,
Nor change its perfect state:

As Adam, thou wilt not reject
Thy Christ, the Lord from heav'n;
For thy commands I will not break,
Nor swerve from precepts giv'n.

11 Thou wilt not from thy presence cast,
Nor drive me from thy face,
As Adam, when he over-past
The barrier thou didst place:

Thy Spirit thou'lt not take away,
Nor leave me in the pow'r
Of subtile serpent, to betray,
And then my soul devour.
12 The joys of thy salvation thou
Wilt unto me restore,
Which, all the fallen race till now,
In Adam lost, deplore.

Thou'lt with thy Spirit me uphold,
Thy Spirit kind and free;
And, thro' thy mercies manifold,
The kingdom give to me.
13 Then will I shew thy ways unto
Transgressors ev'ry where,
When thou'lt the Holy Ghost bestow
On me, thy Son and Heir.

Then sinners shall converted be,
And turned to their God,
Away from ev'ry vanity,
In all the world abroad.
14 Thou'lt me deliver from the blood
Of all thine elect race;
For by thy love I'll bear their load;
My blood shall be their peace:

And of the unbeliever's blood,
Because he me withstands,
When I proclaim thy counsel good,
I'll boldly wash my hands:
Assoil'd from bloods, O God, by thee,
Of my salvation God,
I'll of thy justice pure and free
For ever sing aloud.

15 Thou wilt enlarge my heart and mouth,
And fill them with the praise
Of thy pure everlasting truth,
And all thy gracious ways.

16 For thou deſir'ſt no ſacrifice
Which mortals can afford;
No incenſe blazing to the ſkies,
Will ſatisfy the Lord:

He laughs at their phantaſtic dreams
Who think to purge their guilt,
With blood that ſmokes in thouſand ſtreams,
Though thouſands more were ſpilt.

17 A ſacrificed perfect heart,
A ſpirit all contrite,
Which from thy ſtatutes ne'er depart,
In theſe thou wilt delight;

And theſe thou wilt provide for me:
I come to do thy will,
And claim acceptance, Lord, of thee,
Thy laws when I fulfil:
I come not for myſelf at all,
But thoſe thou gaveſt me,
That I may ſave them, great and ſmall,
By glorifying thee.

18 Do good, in thy good pleaſure, Lord,
Unto thy Zion now;
And let Jeruſalem, reſtor'd,
Be builded row by row.

19 Then ſhalt thou, O my God, approve
Their fruits of righteouſneſs;
For off'rings pure of faith and love
Thine altars, Lord, ſhall preſs:

The calves which from their lips proceed,
Their holocauſts of praiſe,
Becauſe thy Lamb for them ſhall bleed,
O God, thy fame ſhall raiſe:
To thee, *whoſe temple is all ſpace,*
Whoſe altar earth, ſeas, ſkies,
For all the bleſſings of thy grace,
Let hallelujahs riſe.

PSALM

PSALM LII.

This Psalm, with all the following to the lxv. being exactly parallel in subject, spirit, and expression, to Psal. ix. x. xxiv. &c. as well as those cited in the margin, whose respective illustrations may be consulted, especially that of Psal. xxiv. it would be using labour in vain to be more particular.

Behold the boasts of foolish men,
Converted into pain and shame!
For short and simply is their reign,
Arrested by the fiery flame.
The righteous glory in their God;
And God, their glory, is their screen:
Mother is the Olive God,
And they the branches ever-green!

1 O Mighty man, why dost thou boast,
Mighty in malice and in guile?
God's mercies never shall be lost;
On me God's mercies ever smile.
2 Thy tongue's a dart to strike thy head,
Thy tongue's a razor sharp and keen,
To cut thine heart; thine heart shall bleed
For thy deceit, so cruel, so mean.

3 Thy good is only desp'rate ill,
Thy choicest words are only lies;
Thou only lovest blood to spill,
And to thy rage to sacrifice.
4 Thou lovest all devouring words,
Thy mouth's the very mouth of hell:
Thy language, worse than spears and swords,
The Lord shall on thyself repel.

5 For ever God destroyeth thee,
He takes and plucks thee by the root;
Thou from thy root destroy'd shalt be,
Quite from his vineyard rooted out.

6 And

6 And this the righteous ſhall behold,
And fear their God, as Noah did,
When, in the deluge ſent of old,
He ſaw the faithleſs people hid:

They ſhall be fill'd with laughter loud,
7 And ſay, Behold the man who ſcorn'd
To truſt in God, he was ſo proud,
And at the Almighty's proweſs ſpurn'd!
He lean'd upon the fortitude
Of opulence and hoarded gold;
He truſted in the multitude
Of ſinners round him, young and old.

8 But I am like an olive green;
No mildew ſhall my verdure blanch;
Within thy courts, O God, I'm ſeen,
With pleaſant leaf and ſpreading branch:
I'll by thy mercy ever thrive,
And drink th' eternal dews of love,
And laugh at all the ſtorms that ſtrive
Me from thy dwellings to remove.

9 I'll praiſe my Father evermore,
Becauſe he hath achieved this;
Thy Son, O God, ſhall thee adore;
Behold, before thy ſaints it is!

PSALM LIII.

WERE there any controverſy concerning the ſpeaker in this Pſalm, (which is the ſame preciſely with the xiv.) the 4th verſe would determine it to be the Lord, the Saviour and King of his people.—What is moſt material to be here conſidered is, the awful deſcription of, and divine verdict concerning the univerſal race of mankind, Jews and Gentiles, in a ſtate of nature, without Chriſt, without God, and without hope in the world; with the irretrievable

irretrievable overthrow of all the fearful and unbelieving, the neglecters of the great salvation—contrasted and aggravated by the consideration of the eternally triumphant joy, and song of all the Israel of God, when their mighty Redeemer shall deliver them from the bondage of corruption, and translate them into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. See Rom. iii. 9, &c.

How lost, how fearful is the state
Of unbelievers, here describ'd,
Whom fools *and* atheists *God doth rate;*
Whose conscience by their heart is brib'd!
Repent to day, believe, and live—
Else thou shalt call on rocks in vain,
To hide thee from the Lord—who'll give
Thee up to hell—while saints shall reign!

1 THE fool hath said within his heart,
There is no God, no God at all;
Corrupt they are in ev'ry part,
And shall into corruption fall:
Th' abominable hated thing,
Iniquity, instead of good,
Is all the sacrifice they bring,
And evil is their daily food.

2 The Lord from heaven bow'd him down,
And look'd on all the sons of men,
To see if there were any one
O'er whom corruption did not reign;
Who understoood the way divine,
And follow'd after God the Lord;
Who from his steps did ne'er decline,
But kept the pure and perfect word:

3 Behold, the verdict is prepar'd,
Concerning each who draweth breath,
As God has on his oath declar'd,
(An universal scene of death!)

The

The Jews and Gentiles, all alike,
Are ev'ry one to idols gone,
And at the very Godhead ſtrike,
By works of lewdneſs they have done:

They're ev'ry one, a carcaſe vile,
A ſtench in noſtrils of their God;
Whate'er they touch they do defile,
Like deadly plagues that fly abroad:
There is not one that doeth good,
Nor any underſtanding hath;
They all delight in practice lewd,
Preſumptuous, proud, and void of faith.

4 Thoſe workers of iniquity,
Poſſeſs no knowledge, none at all;
Like vultures on my ſaints who fly,
And never think on God to call.
5 There, were they ſtruck with pain and fear,
Where cauſe of danger there was none;
They laughed at my brandiſh'd ſpear;
Yet by the moth were overthrown:

For God hath ſcatter'd all the bones
Of thoſe who built their ramparts high
Againſt the meek afflicted ones,
Who did to him for refuge fly.
Thou haſt for ever put to ſhame,
O Iſra'l, thoſe whom God deſpis'd;
Exult thou in Jehovah's name,
Who Jacob hath ſo highly priz'd.

6 O that ſalvation now were come
For Iſra'l out of Zion hill!
When God his exiles bringeth home,
From thoſe who tyranniz'd at will:
Then Jacob ſhall rejoice and ſing,
And Iſra'l gladly ſhall exult
In Chriſt, her high-exalted King,
And all her enemies inſult.

PSALM

PSALM LIV.

PARALLEL to Pſal. cxviii. whoſe illuſtration, with thoſe of the other parallels, let the reader conſider.

The Saviour, flying to his God,
Is ſav'd himſelf from heavy wo,
And humbly pays the vows he ow'd,
Deliver'd from his ev'ry foe.
Believer, imitate thy Lord,
Who pav'd for thee the heav'nly way;
And tread the paths thy Lord explor'd:
Be thankful to thy God, and pray.

1 BY thine own name, O God, ſave me;
Me judge by thine almighty pow'r;
2 Behold, I pour my pray'r to thee;
Regard me, Lord, in this mine hour;
3 Becauſe barbarians gather round,
And riſe againſt my ſoul in wrath:
They meditate a fatal wound,
To end their tumult in my death.

They roll with vi'lence, O my God,
Againſt my ſoul; but not by thee;
For thou wilt ſtem their fierceſt flood,
And make them back, like Jordan, flee.—
4 Behold, my God is on my ſide;
Jehovah he upholds my ſoul;
Already he hath quell'd the tide
Which did ſo madly rage and roll.

Thus all my foes he ſhall reward,
Who vainly move an idle war:
As they deſign'd I ſhould have far'd,
They by his truth deſtroyed are.
With high devotion, freely I
Will ſacrifice, O Lord, to thee;
Thy name I'll praiſe and magnify,
For it is ſeemly, Lord, in me:

For thou haſt me delivered
From all my trouble, fear, and pain;
Mine eyes have ſeen mine en'mies dead,
Whilſt I thy Chriſt and King do reign.

PSALM LV.

THE illuſtration the ſame as the next two, and Pſalm v. xli. *&c.*

The juſt deſert of human ſin,
Laid on the Lord, a heavy load!
Fear, horror, trembling, all begin
To preſs him, from the hand of God:
But he eſcapes, as winged doves
Eſcape the windy ſtorms that fly;
And God their inſolence reproves,
Who dar'd his innocence defy.

1 O GOD, regard my heavy moans,
To my impaſſion'd pray'r give ear;
My ſpeech is broke with ſighs and groans,
But do not thou refuſe to hear.
2 Like ſighing winds among the reeds,
I wail my woes, and make a noiſe;
In my complaint my ſpirit bleeds:
My God, regard my moving voice.

3 Behold, a very diff'rent ſound,
The jars of war and diſcord mad
Break from my foes, who me ſurround,
And to my ſore confuſion add:
With wounds they cover o'er my ſoul,
Which from their poiſon'd arrows come;
Like floods againſt me now they roll
With ſwelling wrath, and rage, and foam!

4 My heart within me pained ſore,
With deep diſtreſs doth faint and fail;

For all death's terrors round me roar,
And floods of hell my soul assail.
5 A deadly tremor shakes my loins;
Sad fearfulness surpriseth me;
Deep overwhelming horror joins,
Like lead, to sink me in this sea!

6 O that I, like a dove, had wings!
Said I, then would I fly away;
(For rest my flight'ring spirit springs,
And spurns this pit and miry clay;)
7 Lo, then far off I wander wou'd,
And in the wilderness remain;
8 I'd wing my way before the cloud,
And shun the windy storm and rain.—

9 Destroy, O God, divide their tongues;
They've made thy hill a Babel-tow'r;
I've seen thy city full of wrongs;
Fierce strife and vi'lence men devour.
10 All day and night they walk their rounds,
As guards patrolling on the walls;
Their guile and mischief know no bounds;
And on thy saints their ravage falls:

11 Oppression, fraud, and tyranny,
Usurp in her the place of pow'r;
Confusion wild, and anarchy,
In Zion's streets her sons devour.
12 It was no open raging foe
Who made this base assault on me;
If so, I could have borne the blow,
As those who wait the war they see:

It was no old nor rankling spleen,
Nor grudge of an invet'rate wight,
That wrought the wo which I sustain,
Else I'd have hid me from his sight:
13 But thou, a man! mine equal too,
My guide, and mine acquaintance near;

14 Before

14 Before the Lord we both did bow,
And join'd our counſels ſweet and dear.

15 Let death advance and ſeize them quick,
And let them ſink alive to hell;
For ſnares and deaths they've planted thick,
And helliſh plots among them dwell.
16 But as for me, I'll call on God,
The Lord my God ſhall ſave me then;
When I have caſt on him my load,
The Lord, my God, ſhall me ſuſtain.

17 At ev'n, and morn, and noon, I'll pray,
And raiſe my voice, and cry aloud,
From earlieſt dawning of my day,
Till death ſhall wrap me in my ſhroud.
18 The Lord ſhall hear, and bleſs my ſoul,
And all my foes away ſhall chaſe;
But me he'll ſave alive and whole,
And after war he'll give me peace.

19 Full many ſtand upon my ſide;
The Lord my God is all in all;
Ev'n he, who doth of old abide,
Abideth ſtill, and ever ſhall.
They have no changes who rebel,
And therefore they forget their God,
Till, tumbling into death and hell,
They mourn beneath his ſcourging rod.

20 The ſon of pride hath ſtretch'd his hands
Againſt the ſons of truth and peace;
He hath tranſgreſs'd thy juſt commands,
And trampled on thy precious grace.
21 More ſmooth than butter were their words,
Yet razors keen, and piercing darts;
Softer than oil, they were drawn ſwords;
For rage and war were in their hearts.

22 Caſt thou thy burden on the Lord;
The Lord will bear thee and thy load;
He will ſweet company afford,
And cheer thy heart along the road.
Though thouſand ſtorms, with driving hail,
As thou art climbing Zion-hill,
With ceaſeleſs fury ſhould aſſail,
The Lord will ſcreen the Righteous ſtill.

23 But thou, O God, ſhalt beat them down
Into deſtruction's diſmal den,
(Who dare thy holy ways diſown),
And fire and brimſtone on them rain.
The bloody and deceitful men,
With ſwelling pride, along may roll;
But God ſhall cut their days in twain,
In mid-career require their ſoul.

But, O Jehovah, I will truſt,
And place my whole delight, in thee;
For thou art holy, good, and juſt:
Thy Chriſt ſhall feel thee ſo to be.

PSALM LVI.

THE illuſtration the ſame as the cxvi. and cxviii. to which it is exactly parallel.

The Lord for mercy cries and prays;
The mercy that he came to give.
According to Jehovah's ways,
The Surety dies, the ſinners live:
But wo to all his enemies,
Who thought to ſwallow him alive!
For God ſhall baniſh them the ſkies,
But by his glory him revive.

THE TITLE PARAPHRASED.

I ſing the mute, the mourning dove,
Who pants upon her way to fare,

But

But can no more her pinions move,
Entangled in a cruel ſnare.

1 HAVE pity, O my God, on me;
For man would ſwallow me alive;
All day the warriors round me be,
Who for my ſoul's oppreſſion ſtrive.
2 Mine enemies do daily gape,
And fight to ſwallow up my ſoul;
But by thy favour I'll eſcape;
For thou'lt preſerve me ſound and whole.

3 When I'm afraid, I'll truſt in thee:
4 In God, I'll praiſe his holy word;
In God my confidence ſhall be;
I will not fear a human ſword.
5 Each day they turn my words awry;
Their thoughts are all deſigning ill;
6 In ambuſh they againſt me ly,
And watch my ways my blood to ſpill.

7 Shall they by their iniquity,
Eſcape thy judgments, O my God?
Their ways to thee for vengeance cry;
In anger cruſh them with thy rod.
8 Thou all my wand'rings knoweſt well,
And thou doſt regiſter each groan;
Thou all my trickling tears doſt tell,
And ſeal'ſt and bottleſt ev'ry one.

9 When I complain, O Lord, to thee,
Mine enemies ſhall then give way:
For this I know, God is for me;
And God will hear me when I pray.
10 In God, I'll praiſe his holy word;
O Lord, thy word ſhall praiſed be:
11 For I confide in thee, O Lord:
What is it man can do to me?

12 Thy vows are on me, O my God;
I'll render praiſes unto thee:
13 For thou the paths of life haſt ſhow'd,
When death's grim terrors were on me:
And wilt not thou deliver, now,
My feet from falling ever free?
That I may walk, and pay my vow,
O living God, in ſight of thee.

Thy ways were all before me plain,
When I engag'd to do thy will;
To die for men, and riſe again,
And reign thy King on Zion-hill.
I'll therefore praiſe thee evermore,
When I thy glory all ſhall ſee,
And thine eternal love explore,
As thou haſt promis'd, Lord, to me.

PSALM LVII.

SEE the laſt Pſalm, but chiefly the xvi. xxxvi. and cviii. all preciſely parallel, with others cited in the margin.

The fixed heart, the fixed heart
Of Jeſus pants, and ſounds, and brays,
While, trembling like the hunted hart,
To God he flies, and cries, and prays—
Till his purſuers, fierce-purſu'd,
By all their thouſands round him fall;
And he his Father's face has view'd,
His fears and ſorrows ſwallow'd all.

Then he advances ſongs and praiſe,
With all the nations in his choir;
They ſing aloud immortal lays,
Inſpir'd by his celeſtial fire.
His glory all around him ſings,
Triumphing all the world abroad:
The ſaints, his glory, prieſts and kings!
Sing evermore aloud to God.

1 O Pity me, Lord pity me;
My soul hath plac'd her hope in thee:
Yea, to the shadow of thy wings,
I'll fly when evil on me springs,
Till all these sad calamities
Be overpast, which force my cries:
2 For I will cry to God Most High,
Who all my wants doth well supply.

3 He shall from heav'n send down, and save
My soul from ev'ry swelling wave;
For floods of ill men me surround,
And roar, and rage to see me drown'd.
God shall his mercy send, and truth,
4 And save my soul from lion's mouth;
For lions, roaring for their prey,
Beset my soul both night and day.

I'm station'd among burning fires,
Ev'n sons of men, whom hell inspires:
Their teeth are spears and arrows, Lord;
Their tongue's a sharp and furbish'd sword.
5 Be thou extoll'd, O God, on high,
Above the earth, above the sky:
For lo, thy glory's very far
Advanc'd above the highest star.

6 They have for me prepar'd a net,
And for my steps a snare have set;
They've digg'd a pit before my way,
In midst whereof they fell and lay.
7 My heart is fixt, my heart is fixt,
O God; with praises intermixt,
And gratitude, I'll fill my song,
Which endless ages shall prolong.

8 Awake, my glory, all, awake,
Ye pow'rs of music, for my sake;
For I myself will early rise,
And praise the Lord above the skies:

I'll

I'll praiſe thee, Lord, among the crowd
Of all thy ſaints, and ſing aloud;
I'll ſpread thy name the world around,
Till all the nations catch the ſound.

9 I'll ſound aloud my heav'nly joy;
I'll glory in my grand employ;
Thy mercy's great above the ſky;
Thy truth above the clouds doth fly.
Be thou extoll'd above the heav'n;
By all the earth be glory giv'n:
For thou my God and Father art,
The boaſt and glory of my heart.

PSALM LVIII.

See Pſal xxxv. and lii. with their parallels.

The rulers of the people met,
Like wolves around a lamb combin'd,
Againſt the Lord of glory ſet,
Contrive the death they had deſign'd:
But ah! the blood they mean to ſhed,
(Which flows for our eternal weal),
Shall be for ever on their head,
And more inflame the flames of hell.

1 DO ye indeed ſpeak righteouſneſs,
O *Sanhedrim*, in council met,
The injur'd innocence t' oppreſs
Of him for whom you ſpread your net?
O ſons of men, have ye done well,
Who ſuborn'd accuſations bring?
With you does upright judgment dwell,
Who thus would crucify your King?

2 Yea, murder in your hearts you do;
For blood and death your vote conveys:
To juſtify the vi'lence, too,
Your hand a biaſs'd balance ſways.

3 The

3 The wicked all aſtray are gone,
Eſtranged from the very womb;
They forge and utter lies as ſoon,
Almoſt, as to the world they come.

4 Their tongues reſemble ſerpents ſtings;
The earth is poiſon'd by their breath;
They're like the adder deaf, that clings
To th' earthed roots of barren heath:
She ſtops her ear with clods of duſt;
5 Nor will ſhe hear the charmer's ſong;
Nor with the wiſe enchanter truſt
Herſelf, though chanting ſweet and long.

6 God, bruiſe their teeth within their mouth;
Lord, let the ſerpent's head be-cruſh'd;
To pieces daſh the lion's tooth,
And lion's whelps that fiercely ruſh'd.
7 As ſnow, diſſolving, melts away,
And runs in water down the hills,
When thawing ſouth-winds fan and play;
So flow their blood in ſmoking rills:

And when they draw the bended bow,
And ſtretch the ſpear, to wage the war,
Let theſe in pieces quickly go,
Their boaſting confidence to mar.
8 As ſnails that melt upon the road,
Whoſe moiſture's drained by the ſun;
Let them be ſcatter'd all abroad,
Who on th' Almighty's buckler run.

As an abortive, loveleſs birth,
Which never ſees the light of day,
Of woman born, forbidding mirth;
So carried let them be away.
9 Before your pots can feel the thorns,
Which blaze, and flaſh, and then decay,
God's ire, a whirlwind, on them turns,
Which ſweeps them, living, all away.

10 The

10 The Righteous shall rejoice, when he
Shall see this vengeance just and due;
His feet embru'd, his eyes shall see,
In blood of all the bloody crew.
11 Then shall Messiah laugh and sing,
Solaced for his former toil:
He shall the world to judgment bring,
And all his saints shall reap the spoil.

PSALM LIX.

A continuation of the last: quite parallel to Psal. cix.

The Lord of glory intercedes
Against the bloody, bloody men,
By whom his pierced body bleeds;
Who tread the blood of him they've slain.
Lo, too, deliver'd from them all,
He sings of pow'r and mercy loud,
Arising glorious from his fall,
Who bought us with his precious blood!

1 MY God, O pluck me from my foes;
Preserve me from their instant blows;
2 O save me from those sons of guile,
The bloody men, who kill and smile.
3 For, lo, in ambush how they lie!
To slay my soul in passing by:
The mighty stand combin'd, O Lord,
In *solemn league*, with brandish'd sword,

Against me; not for any sin,
Nor trespass, Lord, my heart within;
For I am come to plead thy cause,
And vindicate thy holy laws.
4 And yet, without a fault in me,
From perfect spite, O God, to thee,
They run, and cry, and lift their voice,
And stun me with their warlike noise:

Awake,

Awake, O Lord, behold and ſee,
And run to meet them now for me.
5 O Lord Almighty, God of hoſts,
Thou God of Iſra'l, ſee their boaſts;
Awake, and viſit all around
The nations, and their pride confound:
Yea, let them all confounded be
Who riſe againſt thy Chriſt and thee.

No mercy ſhew to young or old
Of all thoſe rebels ſtout and bold,
Who have preſum'd to ſpurn thy peace,
And ſcorn the tidings of thy grace.
6 They ſhall return at ev'ning tide,
Like wolves that roam the foreſts wide,
And cry in vain, and howl, and wait,
When God hath ſhut the city-gate.

7 Behold, they belch'd out with their mouths,
And ſneer'd at God's eternal truths;
Their lips and ſpeech were ſharp as ſwords:
For who (ſaid they) doth hear our words?
8 Now, thou, O Lord, ſhalt laugh at them,
And all thoſe laughers put to ſhame:
Thoſe heathens ſhall confounded be,
In high deriſion held by thee.

9 But, while my haughty foe's in pow'r,
Beneath thy wings, my God, I'll low'r:
10 My God's the God of mercy ſweet;
He'll throw my foes below my feet.
11 But ſlay them not, O mighty Lord,
Leſt that my ſaints forget thy word;
But ſcatter, by thy matchleſs pow'r,
Thoſe ſwords which do thy ſaints devour:

And let them wander up and down,
Who envy my eternal crown,
Till thou ſhalt clear the hoſtile field,
Of all thy foes, O Lord, our ſhield.

12 Their

12 The ſinning lip, the barking mouth,
Which bark and belch againſt thy truth,
For their curſt pride, O God, them ſmite,
For malice, wrath, and lying ſpite.

13 Conſume them in thy fierceſt wrath;
Conſume them by eternal death:
That they may know Meſſiah reigns
God over all, and bleſs'd remains.
14 Then let them cry without the gate,
When they return at ev'ning late,
And run, and howl the city round,
Like dogs which bark with doleful ſound.

15 Thus let them wander up and down,
Who have refus'd thy Chriſt to own;
And let them cry in vain for food,
Eat their own fleſh, drink their own blood.
16 But of thy pow'r aloud I'll ſing,
And ever praiſe my God and King;
My ſong, before the earlieſt ray,
On that bleſt morn ſhall hail the day:

When I ſhall ſpring up from the dead,
A flow'r, which never more ſhall fade,
Thy love and glory I'll diſplay,
Whilſt all my ſubjects join my lay:
For thou haſt been mine high defence,
The Refuge of mine innocence,
When floods of Belial o'er me roar'd,
Until thy mercy me reſtor'd.

17 To thee, my God, my ſtrength, I'll ſing;
And all my ranſom'd I will bring,
My Father's love to ſing along,
Till all the worlds reſound our ſong.

PSALM LX.

THE ſame as Pſal. xliv. and cviii. all expreſſive of the paſſing warfare, afflictions and ſufferings, appointed for the church of Chriſt in this world; and of the univerſal glory and triumph of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſubduing to himſelf, by the word of his power, people of all tongues, kindreds, nations, and languages, and bringing them into the eternal liberty of the ſons of God. See the margin.

Our patience is the ſource of joy,
When chaſten'd by the rod;
Which our kind Father doth employ
To glue our hearts to God,
Till light and glory overcome,
And ſwallow up our fears:
When Jeſus comes to bring us home,
He'll wipe away our tears.

1 O GOD, thou haſt rejected us,
And caſt us far away;
Subjected to the heavy curſe,
We bow down all the day:
2 Thou haſt us ſcatter'd by thy rod,
And made the world to quake;
The earth doth tremble all abroad,
Accurſed for our ſake.

3 O heal the breaches thou haſt made;
Thy own mount Zion quakes:
With gall, for wine, ſhe ſhakes her head;
She feeds on bitter cakes.
4 This thou haſt done for holy ends,
To ſhew thy love at laſt;
That he, thy love who comprehends,
May ſing the ſorrows paſt:

For thou a banner haſt diſplay'd
To thoſe who love thy name,

That in thy truth we may be glad,
And found abroad thy fame.
5 That thy Beloved might be fav'd,
And fav'd by thy right-hand,
I have obtained all I crav'd,
And joyful made thy land.

6 God in his holineſs hath ſpoke;
I will rejoice indeed:
For Sechem firſt ſhall own my yoke;
Then Succoth's vales ſucceed.
7 Gilead is mine by right divine;
Manaſſeh is mine own;
Ephraim ſhines in foremoſt lines;
But Judah wears the crown.

8 Moab's my pleaſant-water'd field,
Where all my flocks I'll feed:
Thou, Edom, ſhalt me ſervice yield,
Where-e'er my foot ſhall tread:
Philiſtia, thou ſhalt triumph too,
Becauſe of me thy King,
And dance upon mount Zion's brow,
While Judah's daughters ſing.

9 Who, now, will lead me to the gates
Of Edom's ſtrongeſt hold,
Where all the flow'r of Edom waits,
Her portals to unfold?
10 O wilt not thou, the Lord our God,
Who haſt diſpleaſed been,
And ſcatter'd Iſra'l all abroad,
Whoſe armies foil'd have been?

11 O give us help from trouble now;
For vain 's the help of man:
12 Through God we valiant things ſhall do;
For God ſhall lead our van.
Let Iſra'l's youth rejoice and ſing;
Let Judah's daughters dance:

In

In name of our exalted King,
Our banners we'll advance.

PSALM LXI.

SPOKEN by the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and parallel to Pſalm ii.

Let churches ſing with Chriſt their King,
And ſend aloft their hearts:
He leads their praiſe, and leads their ways,
And gives them each their parts.
His wings ſhall hide them who abide
In ſhelter of his name:
For evermore, the Lord before,
He lives; they do the ſame.

1 O Hear my cry, thine ear apply,
My God, unto my pray'r;
For daily I before thee ly,
And pour my inmoſt care.
2 From fartheſt bound of earth, my ſound
Shall reach, O Lord, to thee:
If e'er I found, in ſorrow drown'd,
My heart o'erwhelm'd in me,

Lo then, behold, thou didſt unfold
The ſweetneſs of thy love,
And lead me bold to my ſtrong-hold,
My rock which cannot move.
3 For thou haſt been for me a ſcreen,
And fortreſs from my foe,
Where ſtill I'm ſeen, and ſafe, I ween,
O Lord, thy wing below:

For lo, in thy pavilion, I
For ever ſhall abide,
Above the ſky, to ſound on high
Thy praiſes far and wide:

4 For thou, O Lord, wilt me afford,
According to my vow,
And thy ſure word, which I'll record,
An everlaſting NOW,

With thee to dwell, thy ways to tell
To thoſe who love thy name,
Whom I love well, who ſhall excel:
This heritage I claim.
5 Thy King ſhall know no change, nor wo,
Through years an endleſs train:
6 For thou'lt beſtow what thou doſt owe,
An everlaſting reign.

7 Before thee fall he never ſhall,
The Lord of all thy houſe.
8 Chriſt's ſubjects all him Sov'reign call,
And daily pay their vows.

PSALM LXII.

THIS Pſalm, ſpoken alſo in the perſon of the Meſſiah, is evidently one of the ſame ſpirit, and line of interpretation, with Pſalm xxxiii. xxxiv. and xxxvii.

The Lord of Life, the church's Head,
Her Life, her Pattern, Joy, and Praiſe,
To God ſubmitted in her ſtead,
Is the example to her ways:
He glory'd in his Father's will,
Till he fulfill'd it in his death;
That ſo the church might glory ſtill,
Redeemed by his blood from wrath.

1 YEA truly, truly, I do wait,
O Lord, my God, for only thee:
With thy ſalvation recreate
The ſoul of poor afflicted me.

2 Thou

2 Thou only my Salvation art,
My Rock amidſt the raging waves;
I'm built on thee, and ſhall not ſtart,
For all the billows ocean heaves.

3 How long will ye deviſe and plot,
Ye ſons of men, againſt the man,
Who comes to meliorate the lot
Of thoſe who love the holy plan.
But ye ſhall all be ſlain and fall,
When his artillery ſhall play;
Ye ſhall be as a bowing wall,
Or tott'ring rampart giving way.

4 They only plot to caſt him down
From his excellency and pow'r:
But he ſhall wear th' eternal crown,
When death's grim train ſhall them devour.
In only lies they do delight;
And lies ſhall be their refuge then,
When thou ſhalt, putting them to flight,
To their damnation ſay, *Amen*.

Their lips they open with a ſmile,
And bleſs you, ſmirking in your face;
But, ah! their mouth is full of guile;
In heart they curſe you and your race.

5 My ſoul, upon thy God await;
My expectation is from him:
I ſhall not periſh at his gate,
Nor, looking long, mine eyes grow dim.

6 He only my Salvation is;
He is my Rock amid the ſea:
I laugh and overlook th' abyſs;
The boldeſt wave cannot move me.

7 In God my glory is ſecure;
My ſweet Salvation I'll adore:
My Rock, my Refuge ſhall endure;
For God's my Rock for evermore.

8 Ye people, place your confidence
Continually on him alone;
For he's our Strength and ſure Defence;
Your pray'rs into his boſom groan.
9 Surely the man of low degree
Is only froth and vanity:
The great and mighty—what is he?
A lie—and nothing but a lie:

In balance laid, they wholly are
Than very vanity more light:
Reſembling their own breath of air,
Viewleſs they grow, and vaniſh quite.
10 Oppreſſion is a dang'rous prop;
And robb'ry is deceitful gain:
Though riches riſe above your hope,
You need not be of riches vain.

11 Once God hath ſpoke, and pledg'd his word,
And all his acts confirm the ſame,
That pow'r belongeth to the Lord;
For this is his peculiar claim:
12 Yea, mercy alſo appertains
To thee, O thou almighty God;
For thou directeſt all the reins
Of judgment, in the world abroad.

PSALM LXIII.

THIS Pſalm affords a remarkably deciſive proof of the divine Speaker, JESUS, not only in itſelf alone, but alſo in all its parallels, which are full four fifths or more of the whole book; many whereof are mentioned in the illuſtration to Pſal. ii. The proof referred to is exhibited in theſe words of the laſt verſe, 'But the King ſhall rejoice in God; '*every one that ſweareth by him ſhall glory.*'—Is not this divine worſhip aſcribed to this King, who is the only ſpeaker in the Pſalm?—So, Deut. vi. 13.

it

it is written, 'Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, 'and serve him, and shalt swear by his name.'

As parched land unto the skies,
When all her produce dies for thirst;
So, parched, weary, thirsty, cries
The longing soul of Jesus Christ—
Till God in mercy downwards pour
The floods of glory on his soul;
Then all his joys begin to flow'r,
Which all his people's hearts console.

1 O God, thou art my God indeed,
A living stream of life to me:
My thirsty soul doth faint and bleed;
My weary flesh doth long for thee.
O! in this dry and parched land,
Where ne'er a stream of water flows,
If I beheld my God at hand,
I never more should feel my woes.

2 O how I long and pant to view
Thy pow'r and glory, as before;
To drink thy wine, O God, so new,
And all thy joys divine explore,
As I have done in ancient days,
Before the sun and moon began
To shed abroad their cheering rays,
Before there was a living man;

When I rejoiced, Lord, with thee,
And glory'd in my future toil,
Thine elect from the war to free,
That they might now collect the spoil!

3 Because thy loving-kindness is
More precious far than life to me,
I'll give thee praise for all my bless;
My lips shall very joyful be.

4 Thus I will bless thee while I live,
In thy sweet name I'll lift my hands,

Thine

Thine own EMMANUEL praise shall give;
My joy shall fill the distant lands.
5 My soul shall satisfied be,
As with the most delicious things;
My mouth shall praises give to thee,
Whilst all for joy my spirit springs.

6 When I remember on my bed,
And meditate the live-long night,
I say, the Lord his wings will spread,
And guard me from the falcon's flight:
7 My flight'ring soul thee follows hard,
Like pigeon flying to her cliff;
Where thou wilt give me my reward
Of joy and everlasting life.

8 But those who seek my soul to kill,
Shall go into the lower parts;
Commission'd swords their blood shall spill;
Young foxes shall devour their hearts.
9 But I, thy Christ, thy King, abroad,
O God, shall loudly sound my joys;
And those who swear by me to God,
Shall joy; but liars death destroys.

PSALM LXIV.

SIMILAR to the last. See the margin.

The sons of Belial deeply plot,
Against the Lord of Glory set,
His name and memory to blot
From under heav'n: the council's met!
They search, and search in vain, for crimes,
To colour o'er their cruel spite—
But God shall rise on them betimes,
And suddenly their souls shall smite.

1 O GOD, my ſpirit wings her way,
Purſu'd by cruel birds of prey;
She flies to thee, and, panting, cries,
To ſave her now, or elſe ſhe dies.
2 O ſcreen me from the ſudden ſtoop
Of thoſe who fiercely at me ſwoop;
My motions all they mark and watch,
And ſtretch their claws my ſoul to catch:

3 O cruel men! their tongues are ſwords,
Their arrows all malicious words;
They whet their ſword, they bend their bow,
Thine Holy One to overthrow.
4 They ſhoot in ſecret at the Juſt,
And make the perfect man their aim,
That they may lay him in the duſt;
And ſuddenly their plots they frame:

5 With fearleſs boaſtings they applaud
Their own exploits of horrid guile;
And then project new ſcenes of fraud,
And ſay, Who ſees us all the while?
6 Pretending conſcience and the laws,
That beſt of characters may bleed;
They ſearch and ſift for crimes and flaws,
To colour o'er th' atrocious deed.

7 But God, who ſpies their deepeſt thought,
Soon with an arrow wounds their heart;
8 By their own tongue themſelves are ſhot;
All thoſe who ſee them quick depart.
9 All men ſhall fear and flee apace,
And ſhall declare the work of God,
When they ſhall ſee the ſerpent's race
Deſtroy'd in all the world abroad.

10 Then ſhall the King of Righteouſneſs,
Rejoicing in the Lord, be glad;

And

And all th' upright in heart shall bless
Their God, who rais'd and crown'd their Head.

PSALM LXV.

See the general preface and the marginal references; which, if wisely considered, will fully justify the subsequent paraphrase of this Psalm, which is evidently of the same spirit, meaning, and expression, as the 55th chapter of Isaiah, from ver. 10. to the end, with all the other passages in the Scriptures, where the Holy Ghost, poured out from on high in the everlasting gospel, is represented by the figures of rain, dew, floods, rivers, and streams in the desert, and his effects as the renewing of the year, by all the kindly influences of the spring, summer, and harvest upon the earth. The speaker in the Psalm is the Lord, the Son of the Father, manifest in the flesh, God over all, and blessed for ever;—whom the Father chose, and caused to approach unto himself, making his elect Servant, in whom his soul delighteth, the Shepherd, the Fore-runner of the whole flock: see the 4th verse, 'Blessed is the man whom thou chus-'est, and causest to approach unto thee, that he 'may dwell in thy courts'—compared with its parallel and interpreter, Jer. xxx. 21. 'Their 'Governor shall proceed from the midst of 'them, and I will cause HIM to draw near; and 'HE shall APPROACH unto me: for who is this 'that engaged his heart to approach unto me? 'saith the Lord. And ye shall be my people, and 'I will be your God.'

Bearing our sins and all our plaints,—
To pave the way for all his saints,
Messiah comes to pay his vow,
And meekly to Jehovah bow:

Approaching

Approaching in our room and ſtead,
Accepted, bleſs'd, (let us be glad!)
He pours whole floods of glory down,
TH' ACCEPTED YEAR *with grace to crown!*

1 JEHOVAH on Mount Zion reigns;
I'll celebrate in grateful ſtrains
His ancient everlaſting love,
Which ſhall to everlaſting prove:
For, lo, the vow I vow'd to thee,
Shall be performed, Lord, by me;
I come to do my Father's will,
And with my blood aſcend thy hill.

2 O thou who heareſt pray'r, by me
All living fleſh ſhall come to thee;
And ſhall for ever ſtand or fall,
As they refuſe or hear thy call.
3 Iniquities, I muſt allow,
With heavineſs oppreſs me now;
For thou haſt laid this load on me,
That I might all thine elect free:

But thou from all theſe ſins of mine,
According to thy love divine,
Shalt waſh me pure in my own blood,
And waſh thy ſaints in that ſame flood.
4 Thy ſaints ſhall ſing the bleſſed Man,
Whom thou doſt chuſe to lead their van,
And introduce them, Lord, to thee,
That we may ever with thee be:

Within thy courts we aye ſhall dwell,
And feaſt upon thy goodneſs well;
The glory of thy holy hill,
And temple, ev'ry ſoul ſhall fill.
5 With things moſt terrible and bold,
Thy righteouſneſs thou wilt unfold,
In anſwer to our pray'rs and cries,
And all thy foes with fear ſurpriſe:

In

In ſackcloth black the ſun ſhall mourn,
And red like blood the moon ſhall turn;
The ſhaken ſtars from heav'n ſhall fall,
When th' earth to judgment thou ſhalt call.
O God, of our ſalvation God,
The hope of all the lands abroad,
And thoſe afar off on the ſea,
Shall place their confidence in thee.

6 Thou by thy ſtrength haſt fix'd the hills,
And rent the rocks to lead the rills;
The mountains, balanc'd by thy ſkill,
Are rear'd the children of thy will.
7 The boiſt'rous raging of the ſea,
With bluſt'ring waves, are ſtill'd by thee;
And when the ſwelling tumult grows
Of men, more fierce, thou'lt it compoſe.

8 The glorious enſigns of thy face
Alarm the world's remoteſt ſpace;
The brightneſs of thy glory ſhines
Where day ariſes and declines:
The morning and the ev'ning rays
Rejoice and celebrate thy praiſe;
The dawning of the orient light
Takes up the ſong, and ſings till night:

The night blows up her heav'nly fires,
The moon majeſtic leads her choirs,
Fix'd ſtars and planets, as they roll,
Reſound thy praiſe from pole to pole.
9 The earth thou viſiteſt, and, lo,
Thou makeſt ſtreams of water flow,
Which make the herbs and graſs to ſpring,
That heart of man and beaſt may ſing:

God's river great and glorious goes,
Which full of water overflows,
And ſpreads her riches far and wide,
To glad the lands on ev'ry ſide:

When thus thou ſhalt thy fields prepare,
Thy lib'ral hand will never ſpare
To ſow thy corns o'er all abroad;
For fields and corns are both of God.

10 The ridges water'd lib'rally,
And furrows which compoſed lie,
He maketh ſoft with gentle ſhow'rs,
And on the ſpring his bleſſing pours.
11 He with his goodneſs crowns the year,
And peace and plenty cloſe the rear;
For God's the Author of the crop;
Thy paths upon us fatneſs drop:

12 They drop upon the paſtures green,
Where all before had deſert been;
But now the little hills rejoice;
The wilderneſs is full of joys.
13 The paſtures all with flocks are clad,
The vallies too with corn are glad;
They ſhout for joy, they laugh, they ſing,
And clap their hands to Chriſt the King:

Thus, in the future goſpel-days,
When God ſhall fill the world with praiſe,
The Holy Ghoſt ſhall then be giv'n,
As floods of water from the heav'n:
The earth, which was a parched heath,
A region dark of ſin and death,
Like Paradiſe ſhall bloom and ſpring,
And earth to God, like heav'n, ſhall ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

As the laſt. See the margin.

O glory, glory, glory ſing
Unto the Lord our God alone!
Our God, our Glory is our King!
We'll join the praiſes of THE SON:

THE SON OF GOD *conducts our song!*
He leads us on to heav'nly joy:
Through floods and flames we'll sing along,
And praise shall be our sole employ.

1 ALL lands to God, in joyful sounds,
Sing forth the honour of his name,
Till all the world aloud rebounds,
2 And glorious make his praise and fame:
3 Say unto God, How terrible
Art thou in all thy works of pow'r?
Thy greatness shall thy foes repel,
Thy terrors shall thy foes devour.

4 Lo, all the earth shall worship thee,
And thousand worlds to thee shall sing;
Thy name shall sung and praised be,
O thou Almighty Lord and King.
5 Come, and behold the works of God;
How great and terrible are they,
Towards the children all abroad
Who dwell in mould'ring tents of clay!

6 He turn'd the liquid into dry,
And thro' the flood they march'd on foot;
He made the boist'rous billows fly,
To right and left—to guard the rout:
There we in him did much rejoice,
And Isra'l sang his Saviour's praise;
The shores, rebounding with our joys,
Responsive rang to Miriam's lays.

7 By his puissance ruling aye,
His eyes behold the nations still:
Let no rebellious standards play,
Else let them dread his pow'r and will.
8 O bless our God, ye people all,
And make the voice of praise rebound!
9 By him we live, both great and small,
And tread our foes into the ground.

10 For

10 For thou, O God, haſt proved us,
And melted us to thy deſire;
So gold and ſilver, tried thus,
Are melted in the finer's fire.
11 Thou broughteſt us into the net;
Thou laidſt affliction on our loins;
12 And ſquadron'd hoſts, in battle ſet,
Have o'er us rode, and trode our lines:

Thro' fire and water we have gone;
But ſtill thou didſt uphold our march,
And ſafe conduct us ev'ry one
Thro' deſerts which the drought did parch:
Thou broughteſt us to pleaſant lands,
Into a wealthy heritage:
13 With off'rings I will fill my hands;
To pay my vows my heart I pledge.

14 My lips have uttered my vows
In anguiſh great, my mouth did ſay,
15 I'll bring the off'ring thou doſt chuſe;
MYSELF I'll on thine altar lay.
16 Come, hear, all ye who love the Lord,
I will declare what he hath done;
Salvation he did me afford;
He ſav'd my ſoul when almoſt gone:

17 To him I cried with my mouth;
He was extolled with my tongue:
18 If in my heart there's ought but truth,
The Lord will ſcorn my pray'r and ſong.
19 But verily my God hath heard,
And lent his ear my pray'r to hear;
20 O bleſs'd be God who did regard,
Who ſav'd his Chriſt, his ſervant dear:

He ſav'd my ſoul from death and hell,
And made me heir of all the world:
My ſaints with me in heav'n ſhall dwell,
When all my foes are downwards hurl'd.

PSALM LXVII.

SUBSEQUENT to the last two and the following one; spoken by the Messiah, and expressive of the glory following, and overflowing all the world with everlasting light, joy, and praise, in consequence of his own meritorious, sin-atoning, and death-destroying passion and death, accomplished at Jerusalem without the gates: whither all his people must follow him, bearing his reproach, and counting it all joy to suffer for his name.

Spread, spread the joyful news abroad;
Let all the world re-echoing ring;
Let all the earth rebound to God
The holy praises of her King!
The Lord, the mighty, is the Judge:
He judges in the joyful news—
His people—which his pow'r shall lodge
In hearts of Gentiles, and of Jews.

1 GOD unto us be merciful,
And bless us with his shining face,
That ev'ry pow'r and spirit dull,
The light of love away may chase.
2 Then shall thy ways on earth be known,
Thy grace among the nations all:
3 Let joy and love to God be shown;
Let people praise thee, great and small.

4 O let the nations gladly sing;
Let them exalt their voice for joy;
For thou alone art Judge and King,
To judge the nations righteously:
Messiah ruleth on the earth,
And all the nations own his sway.
5 Let all the world be fill'd with mirth;
Let all the people sing and play.

6 Then

6 Then ſhall the earth her increaſe yield
Of gratitude and praiſe to God;
For God ſhall bleſs her like a field,
And with a plenteous harveſt load.
7 Our God ſhall bleſs us great and ſmall,
And all the earth ſhall fear the name
Of Chriſt our King, the Lord of all:
Let heav'n and earth reſound his fame.

PSALM LXVIII.

A ſong of triumph, prophetic and deſcriptive of the reſurrection, aſcenſion, and following glory of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; as appears from ver. 18. 'Thou haſt aſcended on high; thou haſt led captivity captive; thou haſt received gifts for men,' &c. interpreted, Epheſ. iv 8. 'Wherefore he ſaith, when he aſcended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men,' &c.

Lo, light and glory from the grave
Of Jeſus Chriſt ariſing ſpring,
That we might life eternal have,
And mount to heav'n upon his wing:
Aſcended he moſt gloriouſly,
Triumphing over death and hell;
Receiving gifts from God on high;
That God the Lord with us might dwell.

1 LET God ariſe, and burſt the bands
Of death for all his elect race;
That ſo, ſubdued by his hands,
His foes may fly before his face:
Let them be ſcatter'd far and broad,
And let their honour ſwift decay;
In pieces ſhiver'd by his rod,
Like veſſels made of potter's clay.

2 As ſmoke is driv'n before the wind,
So drive them ſuddenly from thee;
As wax that melts to fire conſign'd,
Conſum'd before thee let them be.
3 But let the juſtified, glad,
Before their Juſtifier ſing,
In robes of royal glory clad,
Exulting in the Lord their King.

4 Chant to your God melodiouſly,
Sing, ſing to your Emmanuel's name:
He rides along the heav'ns on high,
By his name JAH, the Lord ſupreme:
Exult before him, dance and ſing;
5 The widow's heart ſhall bound for joy,
The fatherleſs ſhall leap and ſpring,
And hope the heavy heart ſhall buoy:

In 's holy habitation, he,
The widow's Huſband, Judge, and God,
Shall vindicate and ſet her free,
And train her children with his rod.
6 God makes the ſolitary dwell
In manſions of eternal love,
And draws the ſlaves of death and hell,
By pow'r divine, to heav'n above;

But thoſe who riſe againſt their Prince,
And ſcorn to wear the chains of grace,
Their doom is paſt in heav'n long ſince,
That they ſhall never ſee his face:
In darkneſs how they mourn and wail,
And curſe their refuges of lies,
Now ſwept away by driving hail,
In depths of hell, no more to riſe!

7 O God, when thou in glory didſt
Before thy people Iſra'l march,
The howling wilderneſs amidſt,
Where drought and heat the ground did parch,
8 Lo,

8 Lo, then the earth a-trembling fell,
And then the heav'ns began to drop,
Before the God of Iſrael,
Deſcending on Mount Sinai's top:

Thou Sinai, too, didſt quake and bow,
And totter to thy very root,
When God Almighty on thy brow
Did ſlightly preſs thee with his foot.

9 Then thou, O God, didſt ſend thy rain
In plenty on the weary ground,
Whereby thou didſt revive again
Thy parch'd inheritance around:

10 Thy congregation, Lord, did make
With thee their habitation there,
And of thy goodneſs did partake,
Which for the poor thou didſt prepare.

11 The Lord himſelf did give the word,
The word divine abroad did ſpread;
Great was the company, O Lord,
Of thoſe the fame who publiſhed.

12 Kings of great armies foiled were,
And forc'd to fly away apace;
The prince who ruleth in the air,
With all his hoſts, the Lord did chaſe.—
But his dear ſpouſe, who ſtaid at home,
He call'd to diſtribute the ſpoil;
She ſprang with joy to ſee him come,
Returning glorious from his toil.

13 Though ye have lien among the pots,
Like doves anon ye ſhall appear,
Whoſe wings with gold and ſilver ſpots,
In varied hue, ſhine bright and clear.

14 When there th' Almighty ſcatter'd kings,
Who glow'd in robes of gloſſy white,
Death flew on them with thouſand wings,
Like driving ſnow on Salmon's height.

15 The

15 The hill of God, as Bashan-hill,
As Bashan-hill both high and great,
With wonder shall the kingdoms fill,
And all the world with pomp and state.
16 Why do ye leap, ye lofty hills,
Thus far retiring from your place?
This is the hill Jehovah fills
With grace, with mercy, truth, and peace.

Jehovah dwells for evermore,
And here alone desires to dwell,
On Zion-hill;—where, o'er and o'er,
We shall his glorious actions tell.
17 God's chariots twenty thousand are,
And angels thousands thousands bright,
His pow'r and glory do declare,
And celebrate with matchless might:

The Lord among them ever reigns,
As lately on Mount Sinai's brow,
He gave his law in awful strains,
Along their ranks, in Isra'ls view.
18 Thou hast, O Lord most glorious,
Ascended up to God on high,
And, in triumph victorious,
Hast captive led captivity.

Thou hast received gifts for men,
Yea, ev'n for those who did rebel;
That God the Holy Ghost might reign,
And evermore within them dwell.
19 Blest'd be the Lord, who daily does
With his most gracious blessings load
The happy dwellers in his house;
Who is of our salvation God!

20 For he who is our God most high,
Is our Redeemer kind and good,
Who came from heav'n our souls to buy,
To buy them with his precious blood:

Ev'n

Ev'n to our God the Lord belong
The iſſues both from death and hell;
21 But God ſhall quell the ſinful throng,
Againſt his goſpel who rebel.

22 The Lord hath ſaid, I'll bring again
My ſaints from Baſhan's fartheſt hill;
Yea, from the deep devouring Main
My people bring again I will;
23 O Jacob, that thy foot may be
Dipt in the blood of all thy foes,
And that the dogs who fawn on thee
May lap it as it ſmokes and flows.

24 Thy goings have conſpicuous been,
The goings of my King and God;
His ways the people all have ſeen,
Within his holy high abode.
25 The ſingers rais'd the lofty ſong,
The players caught the ſolemn ſound,
The tab'ring damſels play'd along,
And ſweetly led the choirs around.

26 Bleſs, bleſs ye God, th' aſſembly ſings,
Bleſs, bleſs the Lord, from Iſra'ls Fount;
The temple all rebounds and rings,
While God's high praiſes they recount.
27 Lo, there is little Benjamin,
With him the Ruler of their flock;
Thy princes, Judah, there are ſeen,
With their grave ſenatorial ſtock;

The princes too of Zebulun,
With thoſe of Naphtali, the hind;
With all the thouſands round them run,
When Iſra'l's flags play in the wind.
28 Zion, thy God commands thy ſtrength;
O ſtrengthen, Lord, thy Zion now,
That we may ſee thy face at length,
And all thy glorious works may know.

29 Becauſe

29 Becauſe of thy Jeruſalem,
And temple thou haſt built thee there,
Great kings ſhall come, and bring with them
Rich royal preſents, treaſures rare!
30 O God, rebuke thoſe companies
Of ſpearmen, with that multitude
Of bulls, who roaring round us riſe,
Raging and bellowing for our blood:

Let all the people fly like calves
Purſued hard by ſlaughter-hounds;
Nor foil thy foes, O God, by halves,
But let them fall by mortal wounds;
Unleſs themſelves they ſoon ſubmit,
And for their tribute off'rings bring;
For they muſt fall into the pit,
Who riſe againſt the Lord their King.

31 Princes ſhall come from foreign lands,
Thou, Egypt, ſoon ſhalt bow to God;
Thou, Ethiopia, ſtretch thine hands,
And pay the homage thou haſt ow'd.
32 Let all the world adore and bow;
Let all the kingdoms of the earth
Sing praiſe, ſing praiſe their Lord unto!
Let all the nations ſhew their mirth!

33 To him who rides upon the heav'n,
The heav'n of heav'ns which were of old,
The pow'r and kingdom both be giv'n;
His glorious acts we will unfold.
He ſendeth out his mighty voice,
His mighty voice ſhall ſound abroad;
His tidings of eternal joys
Shall fill the univerſe of God.

34 To Chriſt aſcribe ye ſtrength and might,
His glory over Iſra'l ſhines;
His excellence is joy and light,
To manifeſt his high deſigns:

His

His glory is above the clouds;
O God, how terrible art thou!
In heav'n thou ruleſt o'er the gods;
The angels to thy ſceptre bow:
O Iſra'l's God and Saviour,
Thou giveſt to thy people might;
Bleſs'd be our God, our ſtrength, our pow'r,
Our joy, our praiſe, our life, our light!

PSALM LXIX.

THIS, like the xxii. xxxv. and xl. is one of the principal Key-pſalms (if I may uſe the expreſſion) to the whole book. See the general preface, and the marginal references, which, to ſave tranſcribing, I purpoſely omit.—I would only here once for all obſerve, that there is not one objection that has been, or can poſſibly be brought againſt this method of interpreting the Pſalms, and applying them to Chriſt, but what is undeniably contained in this Pſalm; which, being all ſpoken in one perſon, and that perſon by the Holy Ghoſt declared to be Chriſt, is an infallible proof, that to load this interpretation with objections, is to load the Holy Ghoſt with lies.—But to follow out this matter, would be to write a large book.—Let the reader, who deſires ſatisfaction, only compare the citations in the New Teſtament from this Pſalm, as any margin will direct him; and, without being willingly ignorant, he cannot fail to perceive the blaſphemy of ſuppoſing David to be the hiſtorian of his own experiences therein, together with the blaſphemous conſequences following thereupon: from which may the good Lord deliver us! Amen. See Rom. xv. 3, *&c.*

Lo, ſinking in the miry clay,
The depth of waters overflow'd
The Lord of glory in his day,
When reconciling us to God:

The

The zeal he bore his Father's houſe,
Conſum'd and prey'd upon his ſoul:
That he might bear the curſe from us,
Himſelf did undergo the whole.

1 SAVE me, for, lo, the floods, O God,
My ſoul have fill'd and overflow'd.
2 I ſink into the miry deep,
And can no more my ſtanding keep:
The billows roll me to and fro,
While o'er my ſoul the waters flow.
3 I'm weary of my ſighs and moans,
My throat is dry'd with cries and groans.

My longing eyes grow dim, and fail,
While for my God I wait and wail.
4 They who me hate without a cauſe,
Allow my ſoul no reſt nor pauſe;
And more in number than the hair
That grows upon my head they are;
Moreover, thoſe who would undo
My ſoul, are ſtrong and mighty too:

Againſt me, lo, how they combine,
For no offence nor ſin of mine;
For thou haſt laid this load on me,
That I might all thy people free:
Then I reſtor'd thy broken law,
Which ne'er by me receiv'd a flaw:
5 For, Lord, thou know'ſt my fooliſhneſs,
And all my ſins which do me preſs:

My debts they are, yet ne'er by me
Contracted were, thou, Lord, doſt ſee;
But I diſcharge them ev'ry one,
That God may praiſe the work I've done.
6 O let not thoſe aſhamed be
On my account, who wait on thee,
Lord God of Hoſts! nor let them fall,
For my ſake, who on thee do call.

7 Becauſe, O Lord, for ſake of thee,
Reproach has been endur'd by me;
My face is cover'd o'er with ſhame,
For love I bear to thy dear name.

8 Becauſe I do my Father's will,
My brethren wiſh my blood to ſpill;
My mother's children call me *mad*,
Becauſe my heart in God is glad.
9 For, Lord, the zeal of thy dear houſe,
Where I perform my ſacred vows,
Diſſolves my heart, and burns like fire;
I'm quite conſum'd with ſtrong deſire!

Lo, ev'ry ſcoff and baſe reproach
Of thoſe who on thy name encroach,
Are fall'n upon my willing head,
While boldly for my God I plead.
10 When ſtreaming tears did from me flow,
And when my chaſten'd ſoul did go
Mourning and faſting for thy name,
Ev'n that was turned to my ſhame.

11 When I went forth in ſackcloth clad,
My garment my reproach was made;
I was a proverb to the vile,
See! ſee! ſay they, and leer and ſmile.
12 The elders too, array'd in white,
Who ſhould in innocence delight,
Spu'd out their malice in the gate,
From ſeats of judgment where they ſat:

Then all the *black-guard* of the ſtreet,
With foul inſulting language greet,
As harmleſsly I paſs along;
I am the drunkard's daily ſong.
13 But as for me, my pray'r, O Lord,
Is unto thee, who wilt afford,
According to thy love and pow'r,
Thine anſwer, in th' appointed hour:

According to the multitude
Of thy sweet mercies to me vow'd,
In truth of thy salvation, now,
O God, unto me downwards bow;
14 Deliver me out of the mire,
Nor let me sink, Lord, I desire:
O draw me from my cruel foes,
And this deep flood which o'er me flows.

15 Let not the water-floods devour,
Nor let th' absorbing deep have pow'r
To swallow up alive my soul;
Lest hell for ever o'er me roll.
16 Hear me, O Lord; for, lo, thy love
And kindness shall eternal prove:
Turn thou to me, according to
Thy love, and all thy mercies show.

17 O hide not thou thy face from me,
For thou mine agony dost see:
My soul sinks under my distress;
O save me soon in righteousness.
18 Draw nigh unto my soul, O God,
Redeem me from this heavy load;
Deliver me because of those
Mine enemies, who cause my woes.

19 Thou knowest my reproach and shame,
And my dishonour for thy name;
And, lo, behold mine enemies,
O Lord, are all before thine eyes.
20 Reproach, like to a pointed dart,
Hath run me through, and broke my heart;
I'm full of heaviness and pain,
Ten thousand sorrows o'er me reign:

I look'd around me full of grief,
For some kind pity and relief;
But there was none of all around
To comfort me who could be found.

21 Yea,

21 Yea, when I hung upon my croſs,
Their cruel inſults were ſo groſs,
That for my food they gave me gall
And vinegar to drink withal.

22 For which their table is a ſnare,
And that which ſhould have been their fare,
Is grown a trap, themſelves to catch,
Who for my ſtumbling lay in watch:
Their temple, which was all the boaſt
Of prieſt and people, ſhall be loſt,
With ev'ry ſacrifice and pray'r,
Which th' unbelievers offer'd there;

Becauſe the temple they deſtroy'd,
Which their Meſſiah had employ'd
In off'ring up the ſacrifice
Of his own blood before their eyes.

23 But, having eyes, they did not ſee;
And, therefore, darken'd let them be:
Lord, make their loins with terror ſhake,
Becauſe they ſlew me for thy ſake.

24 Pour out thine indignation fierce,
On thoſe, O God, who did me pierce;
And let thy wrathful anger ſeize,
With ſpiteful mockings who did teaſe.

25 And let the place wherein they dwell,
Their nation which they love ſo well,
Be deſolate for evermore,
A ruin'd waſte where dragons roar.

26 For they have perſecuted me,
When I was ſmitten, Lord, by thee;
And they inſult, in ſcoffing ſtrains,
Thoſe thou haſt fill'd with wounding pains.

27 Add thou iniquity unto
Their firſt iniquity, who do
Advance from ſtep to ſtep in guilt,
Nor halt till righteous blood be ſpilt:

For had no light and life been ſhown,
No ſin nor guilt they would have known
In ſhedding of my righteous blood,
Had I not done the works of God:
But ſince I came and ſpoke to them,
They have no cloak to hide their blame:
Give them no portion in my blood,
Who have thy righteouſneſs withſtood.

28 Let them be blotted from thy book,
Who have the living God forſook;
Nor let thou them enrolled be
With thoſe who do believe on me.
29 But I am poor and full of grief;
Let thy ſalvation ſend relief,
And ſet me up, O God, on high:
Behold, I with my blood draw nigh.

30 I'll praiſe thy name, O God, and ſing,
And touch my moſt melodious ſtring;
I'll magnify my God and Lord,
And all his mercies will record.
31 This too ſhall pleaſe the Lord my God,
More than the fleſh, or flowing blood
Of bullock, bull, or horned ox,
Or lamb, or kid, among the flocks.

32 When THIS the humble ones ſhall ſee,
How glad and joyful ſhall they be!
Your heart, who truſt in God, ſhall live;
For in your ſtead my life I give.
33 Jehovah heard me in mine hour,
And quickly ran to ſave the poor;
Jehovah all his people hears,
And ne'er contemns his priſoners.

34 Let heav'n, and earth, and ſeas him praiſe;
Let all that lives his glory raiſe;
For God will Zion ſave anon,
And Judah's cities build each one:

Jehovah's

Jehovah's people are his heirs,
And all his kingdom fair is theirs;
For he for them Meſſiah gave:
Meſſiah came them all to ſave.

35 Meſſiah's ſeed with him ſhall dwell,
In light and glory which excel;
And all who love the Lord their King,
This ſong of Chriſt ſhall ever ſing.

PSALM LXX.

THE ſame as Pſal. xl. being only a repetition of the five laſt verſes thereof.

In form of God although he was,
Into a ſervile humbled down,
Obedient to his Father's laws,
Behold th' eternal peerleſs Son:
Equal with God, his equal praiſe
To claim, he thought it robb'ry none;
Yet, poor, afflicted, here he prays—
Come, praiſe him, praiſe him, ev'ry one.

1 MAKE haſte, make haſte, O God, to me,
Make haſte and ſave my helpleſs ſoul;
All helpleſs, helpleſs but for thee,
My God, on whom myſelf I roll.
2 Sham'd and confounded be my foes,
Who thus my dove-like ſoul purſue,
As vultures, when the trumpet blows,
With blood and carnage in their view:

Let them be backward turn'd with ſhame;
O Lord my God, put them to flight,
Who wiſh confuſion to my name;
Their own confuſion on them light.
3 Let them, condemned by thy law,
For a reward of this their ſhame,

Who say insultingly, *Aha*,
Be giv'n to feed the fiery flame!

4 Lord, let all those on thee who stay,
Rejoicingly exult in thee;
Let such as love Emmanuel, say,
Continually, *God praised be.*
5 But I am poor and needy, Lord;
Make haste, and fly to save thy Son:
Thy speedy, speedy help afford;
If thou should tarry I'm undone!

PSALM LXXI.

THIS glorious Psalm lies so deep-buried in the rubbish which the commentators, from generation to generation, have been heaping upon it, that, at the first view, one may be ready to suppose it, like the first temple, absolutely lost in its ruins, and may, with the dying mother, when told of the ark's departure, cry out, *Ichabod!* Where is the glory?—It was but lately that one of your most renowned divinity doctors, before his assembled admirers, openly and avowedly, as if he had been recovering a lost standard from the hand of an enemy, gloried and triumphed, with no little pulpit-pride, in wresting this Psalm from the mouth of David's Lord and Son, that he might put it into the mouth of David's self, as the more becoming of the two for such a Psalm! —So judged he.—But let the reader judge for himself, and read the Psalm in its own light, and the light of its parallels, and the whole in the light of the New Testament, which is the light and glory of God shining in the face of Jesus; and then let him say, who is the speaker and memorialist of his own particular personal experiences therein; David, or his Lord? Who is the speaker in Psalm xxv. 2, 3.? The same here, ver. 1. Who in Psalm xxxi. 1, 2.? The same here, ver. 1, 2.? Who in Psalm xxii. 9, 10.? The same

here, ver. 6.? Who in Pſalm xxxv. 4, 26. Pſalm xl. 14, *&c.?* The ſame preciſely here, ver. 13, and ſo forth.—But the grand objection, which they think ſufficient to ſtem all this ſtream of ſcripture-argument, they draw from a childiſh view of ver. 9, and 18. of the Pſalm, which there is a neceſſity of conſidering ſomewhat more particularly.—*1ſt*, Soberly weigh ver. 9. in its context, 'Caſt me not off in the time of old age.'—In the foregoing words, the ſpeaker praiſeth God by aſcribing to him his birth, and all the ſcenes of his progreſſive life till now; then, in the cited words, he prays to be preſerved by the ſame ſovereign, ſpecial, and peculiar care of his Father, God, in the laſt ſtage, or finiſhing period of his life, which, in the language of men, (and what language but that pray would you have had the man Jeſus to uſe in ſpeaking of his human ſtate?) is called *old age:* but the ſtyle is manifeſtly figurative, and the meaning is explained in the next words, 'Forſake 'me not when my *ſtrength faileth.*'—If you aſk what is meant by his *ſtrength failing*, conſider the ſcene referred to in the next words, 'For mine 'enemies ſpeak againſt me, and they that lay wait 'for my ſoul (or life) take counſel together, 'ſaying,' *&c.*—What, pray, would a man in the flower of his age make of that ſame flower of his age, and prime of ſtrength, more than an old man of his old age, if God were to leave him? —But we paſs to ver. 17. 'O God, thou haſt 'taught me from my youth: and hitherto I 'have declared thy wondrous works. Now alſo, 'when I am old and gray-headed, O God, for-'ſake me not, until I have ſhowed thy ſtrength to 'this generation, and thy power to every one that 'is to come.'—The margin has another reading, which is according to the Hebrew, 'Unto *old age*, 'and *gray hairs*, O God, forſake me not'—or, abandon me not.—Now, where is there any thing dark here, but the prepoſſeſſed judgments of the commentators?—How amazing is the power of prejudice!

prejudice!—When we hear of a man who has *lived faſt*, and waſted his ſtrength in riot and debauchery, it is reckoned even elegant, as it is indeed moſt expreſſive language, to ſay, that ſuch a one is an *old man*, or an *extreme old* man, (meaning in conſtitution), although he has not attained to what, in another ſituation, would be called the flower of his age.—but when THE SON OF DAVID, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with griefs; who, when he was ſeen, had no form nor comelineſs, why he ſhould be deſired; whoſe viſage was more marred than the ſons of men; who himſelf bare our infirmities and pains, and became like a bottle in the ſmoke, conſumed with the zeal of his Father's houſe; who waſted himſelf in watchings, faſtings, and prayers, by night and by day, doing the work which he came to finiſh in his blood:—when he, I ſay, deſcribes his perſonal ſufferings, and the real viſible effects thereof upon his body, rendering him, when but about thirty years of age, apparently feeble and weak like an old man; inſomuch (which even the commentators allow, and make their own uſe of upon occaſions) that his countrymen when ridiculing him for ſaying, 'Before Abraham was, I am,' cry out, 'Thou art not yet FIFTY years old, and haſt thou 'ſeen Abraham?'—If his countenance had not borne the traces of near fifty years, they would ſurely have taken nearer marks of his age, to have inſulted him the more.—But yet he cannot be allowed the common uſe of common language, to deſcribe one of the plaineſt things in all the now revealed myſtery of godlineſs!—But Satan and his miniſters could not ſo effectually hide the goſpel from the minds of men, nor have the honour of marching ſo popularly and cordially, upon the head of their thouſands and ten thouſands, to hell, were it not for their artful blinds, and deceitful manœuverings about the Pſalms. May the ſovereign Lord of all, whoſe words they have grievouſly and fatally wreſted, pluck the blind *leaders* and the blind *led*,

as

as brands from the fire, and ſave them by his own blood!

In various forms, and various phraſe,
Obedient to his Father's will,
Meſſiah ſpeaks his Father's praiſe,
And haſtens to his holy hill:
Grown old and weak with pain and grief,
Before his years were half complete,
He calls on God to ſend reliefe,
Preventing him with mercy ſweet.

1 IN thee, O Lord, I put my truſt,
Let me be never put to ſhame:
2 Deliver me, for thou art juſt,
Cauſe me eſcape for thy own name:
3 Incline thine ear to me, me ſave,
O God, and be thou my ſtrong fort;
That I may ſafe protection have,
And always may to thee reſort.

Thou haſt commanded to preſerve
Thy ſervant, whom thou loveſt well:
Thou art my Rock, that will not ſwerve,
Tho' batter'd by the gates of hell.
4 Thou art my God, O pull me from
My impious foe, who graſps me round,
And from the hand of vi'lence come
And looſe me, with oppreſſion bound.

5 For thou, my God, art all my hope,
And all my expectation thou
Haſt ever been from my youth up;
My Refuge, do not leave me now.
6 My infant arms around thee clung,
Ere I began to preſs the knee;
Ere on my mother's breaſt I hung,
O God, my ſoul did cleave to thee.

He brought me from my mother's womb,
He form'd me there with ſpecial ſkill;

He

He will conduct me to my tomb;
Then raise me up again he will.
He is my praise for evermore;
In him my soul shall joyful be;
His ways I always will adore,
Tho' sorrow dwelleth yet with me.

7 To many I a wonder am,
Like some strange sight to cause alarm;
But thou, my God, wilt save thy Lamb,
From lions teeth, and foxes harm.
8 My mouth shall sound thy praise aloud,
My lips thy glory all day long;
Thine honour shall be understood;
By night my God shall be my song.

9 When I am drawing near the grave,
O God thou wilt not cast me off;
When, like old men, no strength I have,
My Father will not stand aloof.
10 For, lo, mine enemies do talk
As if there were no help for me,
And for my life like fowlers stalk,
That wounded by them I may be:

11 They say, His God has him forsook,
We'll persecute and seize him quick;
For there is none who will rebuke,
Or dare our counsels to restrict.
12 O God, be not so far away,
My God, my Saviour, now, from me;
Make haste, before they do me slay;
Let my soul's foes confounded be.

13 Let them be cover'd o'er with shame,
Their own dishonour wring their hearts,
Who seek my hurt, who wound my name
With slanders, as with poison'd darts.
14 But I will hope continually,
And will yet praise thee more and more;

15 My

15 My mouth ſhall ſhow forth faithfully
Thy righteouſneſs the world before;

For all day long thy kindneſſes,
And ſweet ſalvation, I'll record;
Thy mercies, Lord, are numberleſs,
Which to my ſoul thou doſt afford.

16 I will, in ſtrength of God the Lord,
Rejoicing evermore, go on;
And I the juſtice will record,
O Lord my God, of thee alone.

17 O God, thou haſt my teacher been,
Ev'n from my earlieſt days of youth;
And I've declar'd the works I've ſeen,
Thy wondrous works of grace and truth.

18 Now alſo, when I'm old and weak,
And all my viſage ſorely marr'd,
Do not my feebleneſs forſake,
Till I have all thy ways declar'd:

I will beſtow my lateſt breath,
In ſhewing forth thy works at length;
Thy finiſh'd work ſhall be my death;
Of all thy ſons unborn the ſtrength.

19 O God, thy righteouſneſs is high!
What grand and noble acts are thine!
Above the earth, above the ſky,
O God, thy majeſty doth ſhine.

20 Thou, who haſt me afflicted ſore,
And bruiſed, in my troublous day,
Shalt quicken me, to die no more,
From depths of earth, where erſt I lay.

21 Thou ſhalt my greatneſs much increaſe,
And comfort me on ev'ry ſide;
And bleſs me with a num'rous race,
By my dear church, my royal bride.

22 I'll

22 I'll lift to thee the voice of joy,
And praiſe thy truth with Pſalm and ſong;
My choiceſt airs I will employ
To God my King, his ſaints among.
23 My lips ſhall very joyful be;
And thou my ſoul, redeem'd from death,
When I, O God, ſhall ſing to thee,
And praiſe thee with my ev'ry breath.

24 My tongue ſhall all the day relate
Thy love, thy righteouſneſs and truth;
The live-long night I will repeat
Thy works of wonder with my mouth:
For, lo, reſembling Babel's tow'r,
They are into confuſion hurl'd,
Whoſe proud, aſpiring, lofty pow'r,
High-domineering, ſway'd the world.

They ſought my hurt, and found their own;
They thought to *lord it* over me:
But thou haſt *Antichriſt* o'erthrown—
Amen! confounded let him be.

PSALM LXXII.

THE ſame as Pſalm ii. with its parallels.

Reſound aloud the voice of praiſe!
Let ſoul and voice aſcend to heav'n!
Meſſiah claims your higheſt lays:
To him the glory due be giv'n!
The King of Righteouſneſs extol!
The King of Righteouſneſs and Peace!
Where rivers flow, and oceans roll,
Let nations all his reign increaſe!

1 O God, thy judgments give the King;
Thy juſtice give thy royal Son:
His ſceptre ſhall ſubjected bring
To thee the kingdom he hath won.

2 He ſhall thy people juſtly judge,
And thine oppreſſed vindicate;
Becauſe thou doſt thy judgment lodge
In God reveal'd in human ſtate *.

3 The mountains ſhall go big with peace,
The little hills with righteouſneſs;
For there the meſſengers of grace,
His royal goſpel-laws expreſs:
The people ſhall exult and ſing,
To us a Son, a Saviour 's born!
They ſhall aſcribe to God their King,
The glory of that joyful morn.

4 He ſhall the meek and lowly ones,
Who gladly hear the joyful ſound,
Deliver from their tears and groans,
And make their hearts with joy to bound:
He ſhall the ſons of poverty
Advance to high and great eſtate;
But all their proud oppreſſors high,
Confound and ſlay with diſmal fate.

5 They ſhall, with filial fear and awe,
While ſun and moon in heav'n endure,
Submit themſelves unto thy law,
In everlaſting peace ſecure.
6 He ſhall deſcend like gentle rain,
In pleaſant ſhow'rs upon the earth,
To fill the hill, and fill the plain,
With beauty, plenty, joy, and mirth.

7 The juſt ſhall flouriſh in his days,
And everlaſting floods of grace
Shall gently roll, and ſound his praiſe,
Where-e'er they flow, in ev'ry place;

* John v. 24.

For peace ſhall like a river flow,
And truth o'er all the earth ſhall ſtream,
That all mankind his ways may know,
And bow at their Emmanuel's name:

His reign of peace ſhall ever laſt,
When ſun and moon ſhall ceaſe to ſhine;
When all the preſent things are paſt:
This King 's of God's eternal line!
His ſubjects too ſhall ever ſhine,
And live in his eternal light;
For he 's their light and life divine,
Who ſaves them from eternal night.

8 His great and wide dominion ſhall
Extend from ſea to ſea abroad,
Diffus'd o'er all the earthly ball,
Submiſſive to his royal nod.
9 The dwellers in the wilderneſs
Shall bow themſelves before his face;
And all his foes his foot ſhall preſs;
They lick the duſt who ſcorn his grace.

10 The kings afar upon the ſea,
Shall bring the tribute of their iſles;
Sheba, and Seba's kings ſhall be
Receiv'd by him with pleaſant ſmiles.
11 All kings upon the earth who reign,
Shall reign ſubjected to his nod;
And all the nations in their train,
Shall come and ſerve the Lord their God.

12 For he ſhall ſend ſalvation ſoon,
When men diſtreſs'd on him ſhall call;
When they ſhall ſee their helpers gone,
Their Lord their King ſhall help them all.
13 He ſhall the poor and needy ſpare,
And bundle up their ſouls in life:
Below his wings, no foe ſhall dare
To move them more with future ſtrife.

14 He

14 He ſhall redeem their ſouls from hell,
And from the hand of vi'lence ſave;
Their blood, which he eſteemeth well,
He ſhall deliver from the grave.
15 For he himſelf ſhall ever live,
And they with him ſhall live along;
They ſhall the gold of Sheba give,
And daily praiſe him in their ſong:
To him, their Sov'reign, they ſhall pray,
And he ſhall lend a willing ear;
Before they can their wiſhes ſay,
Their wiſh'd-for anſwer ſhall appear.

16 The joy and plenty of his reign,
All men with wond'ring eyes ſhall ſee;
For on bare ſcorched mountains then
A grain of corn a ſheaf ſhall be.
The waving harveſt on the hills
Shall ſhake like trees on Lebanon,
When roving wind the foreſt fills,
And ſmoothly blows the groves upon.

The city ſhall be flouriſhing,
Her happy citizens abound
In number ſhall, and upward ſpring,
Like graſs that grows upon the ground.
17 Endure for ever ſhall his name,
And, like the ſun, moſt glorious ſhine;
Men ſhall be bleſſed in the ſame,
And glory in their bleſs divine:

Bleſt! bleſt! all nations ſhall him call,
For all ſhall hear the joyful ſound,
And lowly at his footſtool fall,
Adoring proſtrate on the ground.
18 Now, bleſſed be the Lord our God,
The God and King of Iſrael,
Who hath declar'd his works abroad,
His works in wonder which excel:

19 And bleſſed be his glorious name,
Whoſe glory fills the world amain,
O'erflowing like a mighty ſtream.
Amen, for evermore, amen.

PSALM LXXIII.

THE paraphraſe of this Pſalm the reader will perceive to be full and explicit, I truſt, in every particular, exactly ſquared according to the parallels, and the analogy of the common faith of God's elect.—If that does not ſatisfy, the writer has no more to ſay but this only, that, as the Pſalm is all ſpoken in one perſon, this interpretation muſt be allowed, or that of ſeveral of the parallels, ſuch as Pſalm xvi. xvii. xxvi. xxxv. xxxvii. *&c.* (which by the New Teſtament, I ſuppoſe, is put beyond all controverſy) muſt be rejected.—The ſtructure of the Pſalm is what may be called hypothetical, conſiſting of a ſeries of conditions, the ſuppoſing any one whereof to be true, would be to land the argument in a manifeſt abſurdity:—a method of reaſoning, which is exceedingly common, not only in the Holy Scriptures, but alſo in all writings and diſcourſes whatſoever.—The objections they bring againſt the application of this Pſalm, as ſpoken in the perſon of the Meſſiah, they think unanſwerable; as from ver. 2. 'But, as for me, my feet 'were almoſt gone; my ſteps had well nigh ſlipt.' But what can be inferred from theſe words, but that the ſpeaker, in the circumſtances ſuppoſed and deſcribed, was in great anxiety and preſſure of ſpirit, almoſt overwhelmed and overcome by the conſideration of the matter in his view?—Which is really confirmed and demonſtrated by the next words, properly underſtood; although the tranſlators, filled with nothing in their minds but the perſons, ſituations, and frailties of the penmen, as appears from their contents of all the Pſalms, as well as of this, have accommodated the turn of the

the words to the ſtate of their fancied ſpeaker, and have made him ſay, 'I was envious,' *&c.* which upon any occaſion but the preſent, where they moſt deſerved, would have been rendered thus, 'I was moved with zealous indignation,' or, 'I 'was exceedingly grieved at the fooliſh,' *&c.*—It would look very like affectation, and an uſeleſs diſplay of what the moſt part of my readers would call pedantry, to endeavour to juſtify, by quotations from the critics, this obſervation upon ver. 3. which I ſhall leave to every honeſt and wiſe heart to conſider; and paſs on to ver. 16. 'When I 'thought to know this, it was too painful for me' —or rather, as the margin tells us, according to the Hebrew reading, 'It was labour in mine 'eyes.' Now, what can be underſtood by this plain Hebrew reading, but that it was painful or grievous to behold?—And how remarkably was this fulfilled, when Jeſus ſaw the buyers and ſellers in the temple, and in him was fulfilled this ſaying, 'The zeal of thine houſe hath eaten me up?' John ii. 17.—Ver. 21. explains the whole in plain terms, 'Thus my heart was grieved, and I was 'pricked in my reins.'—But what ſhall be made of the next verſe, 'So fooliſh was I, and ignorant;' (Heb. as the margin, 'I knew not'); 'I was as 'a beaſt before thee;' (Heb. marg. 'with thee')? —Pſal. xcii. 6. is by no means parallel to this, although quoted on the margin.—If the paraphraſe of this verſe ſhould fail of giving ſatisfaction to our bold objectors, I would aſk them, what good conſiſtent ſenſe they will put upon theſe words of the prophet, which the Holy Ghoſt is witneſs, are ſpoken of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt? 'Who is *blind* 'but my Servant? or *deaf* as my Meſſenger that 'I ſent? Who is *blind* as he that is perfect, and 'blind as the Lord's Servant? Seeing many things, 'but *thou obſerveſt not;* opening the ears, but *he* 'heareth not!' Iſa. xlii. 19, 20.—'He was led as 'a ſheep to the ſlaughter; and like a lamb *dumb* 'before his ſhearers, ſo opened he not his mouth;'

Isa. liii. 7.—and, ' I am a *worm*, and no man!' Psal. xxii.—Meaning, in all these passages, the appearances he made in his estate of humiliation among men, and the estimation wherein he was held of them; as a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; without form or beauty, in their eyes, why he should be desired, *&c.*

How zealously his spirit burn'd,
When he their bold deeds saw,
And was to indignation turn'd
At breakers of the law!
Yet, patient as a lamb, he lay,
Suff'ring his Father's will,
Until for us he pav'd the way
Unto his holy hill.

1 YET, God is good to Israel,
For all that comes and goes;
Altho' high lofty billows swell,
And loud the tempest blows:
The pure in heart, the sons of faith,
Who see within the veil,
May joyful hold upon their path,
Though wickedness prevail.

2 For, as for me, my feet had gone,
My steps had well-nigh slipt;
When wordly men in glory shone,
They had me almost tript.

3 For when I saw, I burn'd with zeal
Against the foolish men,
Who did by wickedness prevail,
And prosper in their reign.

4 They burst the bands of godly fear,
They scorn the bonds of death,
Their strength is firm, their heads they bear
Aloft till latest breath.

5 They're

5 They're not diſtreſs'd like other men,
Nor plagu'd as others be;
6 Pride, therefore, like a circling chain,
Around them girt we ſee:

And vi'lence, as a robe of ſtate,
Arrays them gorgeouſly;
Such is the picture of the great;
7 How lofty ſhines their eye!
Their wealth is more than heart could wiſh,
And ſumptuouſly they fare;
Garniſh'd with many a princely diſh,
Their table 's rich and rare.

8 Lewd and obſcene, their filthy ſpeech,
From mouth to mouth o'erflows;
The ſmutty joke, from each to each,
Around the table goes:
And if to politics they turn,
They talk as big as kings;
The pow'rs ordain'd of God they ſpurn,
As deſpicable things:

What high and haughty ſpeech they make,
Of proud oppreſſive ſchemes;
To wreathe their yokes about the neck
Of men, as oxen-teams!
9 They ſet their mouths againſt the heav'n,
Their tongues traverſe the earth;
They turn the grace that God hath giv'n
To ridicule and mirth.

10 For this, the ſaints of God are glad
To low'r beneath his wings,
Whilſt their oppreſſors lift the head,
Like domineering kings.
11 Diſdainfully they ſmile, and ſay,
If there's a God on high,
To watch our motions, night and day,
With his all-piercing eye;

He's

He's not ſevere—he cannot be
Severe to mark our ſin:
Perhaps he ſleeps, and may not ſee
What's done the world within.

12 Behold, theſe are the godleſs crew,
Who proſper in the land;
And all the world to them muſt bow,
Or feel their ſcourging hand:

In riches, pomp, and pride they grow,
Increaſing ſtill in pow'r;
No bounds does their ambition know;
They all the poor devour.
If theſe enjoy immortal grace,
Who my ſalvation ſcorn,
And lay them down and ſleep in peace,
And hail a joyful morn—

13 Then, verily, my heart in vain
I have preſerv'd from ſin,
And waſh'd my hands, without a ſtain,
In innocency clean.
14 For all the live-long day I have
Been plagu'd and chaſten'd ſore;
And, while my ſorrows to me clave,
My anguiſh made me roar.

15 If I ſhould ſay the caſe were ſo
With thoſe unhappy men,
I ſhould deny the truth I know,
And cauſe thy ſaints complain;
I ſhould deny thy grace, O God,
And make my death a crime;
If theſe ſhould viſit thy abode
Who ſcorn thy ways ſublime.

16 But this was far beyond the ken
Of any ſon of man,
Until the Lord reveal'd to men
His holy ſecret plan:

For

For who can know the things of God,
Unleſs that God reveal?
17 But this to me my Father ſhow'd,
Which I will not conceal.

And, lo, behold their diſmal end,
And wiſely underſtand;
18 They ſhall into the pit deſcend,
And periſh out of hand:
For therefore they are ſet on high,
As all the ſeers unfold,
That they may periſh utterly,
Like Pharaoh king of old.

19 How they're to deſolation brought,
In twinkling of an eye!
They're ſeiz'd with terrors on the ſpot,
And doom'd in hell to lie.
20 As perſons, when awake, reflect
Upon their morning-dreams;
So ſeems to them the retroſpect
Of life among the flames:

So ſhalt thou, Lord, their image blot,
When thou'lt to judgment riſe;
Their name and memory ſhall rot,
And periſh from thine eyes.
21 But, when I thought of their eſtate,
I felt like other men:
Becauſe their miſery was great,
The greater was my pain!

22 So ſimple, like a child, was I,
And, like a child, I cry'd,
When dreadfully, approaching nigh,
Their ruin I eſpy'd:
So ignorant I was, O Lord,
And mute before thine eye,
Directed only by thy word;
No knowledge elſe had I.

I was

I was before thee as a lamb,
And took the ſtroke from thee;
For I thy ſervant, Lord, became;
And thou inſtructedſt me.

23 Lord, ne'ertheleſs continually,
For all that me befel,
Thy right-hand held perpetually,
And me conducted well.

24 Thou with thy counſel, while I live,
Shalt me conduct and guide;
Then to thy glory me receive,
For ever to abide.

25 Whom have I in the heavens high,
But thee, O Lord, alone?
And in the earth, for whom I cry,
Beſides thee there is none.

26 My feeble fleſh doth faint and fail,
My ſtruggling heart gives way,
When thouſand foes at once aſſail,
And deadly engines play:
But of my heart God is the Rock,
And Portion evermore;
Who breaks the fierce invading ſhock,
When huge ſea-billows roar.

27 For, lo, the men who ſtand aloof,
And never join with thee,
Thou wilt behold the ſame far off,
Till they conſumed be:
Thoſe who a-whoring from thee go,
Thou ſhalt deſtroy them all;
That God *th' Avenger* they may know,
Who ſcorn'd at mercy's call.

28 But, ſurely, it is good for me,
That I draw near to God;
That I may all his glory ſee,
And ſhew his name abroad.

In

In thee, O Lord, I put my truſt,
And all thy works I ſing;
For thou wilt magnify *the Juſt*,
Thy holy CHRIST, thy King.

PSALM LXXIV.

SIMILAR to Pſalm xliv. which ſee.

The temple fir'd, the glory gone,
The people ſcatter'd to and fro,
Behold what God the Lord hath done!
Let all the world his judgments know.
By tribulations he ſubdues,
And for himſelf his elect trains:
The God of all the ancient Jews,
The ſame o'er all the Gentiles reigns.

1 O God, why doſt thou caſt us off?
Shall this thine anger aye endure?
Why doſt thou ſtand ſo far aloof,
And thus neglect thy helpleſs poor?
Why doth thine indignation ſmoke,
And why thy fury, ceaſeleſs, burn
Againſt thine own defenceleſs flock?
Thy ſheep from thee, why doſt thou ſpurn?

2 Remember thine aſſembly, Lord,
Which thou haſt purchaſed of old;
Let thine inheritance, reſtor'd,
Sing of thy mercies manifold:
Let Zion-mount be fill'd with joy,
When all her woes and wars are gone,
And all her foes, who would deſtroy
Thy temple there, are overthrown.

3 Ariſe, O Lord, againſt the camp
Of thoſe who riſe againſt thy hill;
Eternal deſolations ſtamp
On thoſe who riſe thy ſaints to kill.

4 Thine

4 Thine enemies by thouſands roar
Amidſt th' aſſemblies of thy ſons:
Where all was holineſs before,
Their enſigns now pollute the ſtones.

5 In famous days of Jerubaal,
An high renown was fairly won,
By hewing down the groves ſo tall,
Where foul idolatry was ſhown;
6 But now, at once, with might and main,
With axes, hammers, they break down
The carved myſt'ries, which contain
The ſymbols of the Holy One!

7 Thine holy place, with fiery flame,
They have demoliſh'd and laid waſte:
The dwelling of thy glorious name,
Down to the ground is baſely caſt.
8 Within their ſanguine hearts they ſaid,
Let us deſtroy them all at once:
God's ſynagogues in aſhes laid,
They leave, where-ever they advance.

9 We ſee no more our wonted ſigns;
There is no prophet any more;
There is no perſon who divines,
How long 'tis ere this ſtorm be o'er.
10 How long ſhall theſe malicious ones
Blaſpheme thy holy name, O God,
And ſneer at our moſt piteous groans,
While we ly weeping on the clod?

11 O why withdraweſt thou thine arm,
Thine everlaſting arm, O Lord?
O ſtretch it forth, and ſend th' alarm
Of death upon them by thy ſword:
12 For God is mine eternal King,
Who works ſalvation in the earth;
Who proud King Pharaoh down did bring,
That mourning Jacob might have mirth.

13 Thou didſt by ſtrength divide the ſea,
And cruſh the dragons in the flood:
14 Leviathan was ſlain by thee,
And on the fowls beſtow'd for food.
15 Thou didſt the mighty Jordan cleave,
And to her fountains drive her flood;
The waters did their channels leave,
And, rear'd aloft, like walls they ſtood.

16 The day is thine, and thine the night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the light and ſun;
Thou mad'ſt the moon to rule by night;
Thou bad'ſt the ſtars their circles run.
17 Lord, thou haſt all the borders ſet
Of heav'n and earth, from end to end:
The winter's cold, and ſummer's heat,
From thee on high do both deſcend.

18 Remember this, that we confeſs,
And give to thee thy glory due;
Which heathens, in their fooliſhneſs,
Do attribute their gods unto:
O Lord, they have reproached thee,
And wickedly blaſphem'd thy name.
19 O do not thou deliver me,
Thy Turtle-dove, my God, to them:

Forget not thou th' aſſembly dear
Of thy dejected poor for aye;
20 But for thy covenant appear,
And cheer us with thy dawning day:
For, lo, thy dark, benighted lands,
Which ly in death's moſt diſmal ſhade,
Are full of cruel, bloody bands,
Who ev'ry-where deſtruction ſpread.

21 O, when thy poor, oppreſſed, mourn,
And fly to thee, the Lord their God,
Aſhamed let not them return;
But let them ſing thy praiſe abroad.

22 Arise, O God, and vindicate
The cause which thou hast made thine own:
See how the foolish people hate,
And counteract thy ways each one!

23 Forget not thou the swelling voice
Of all thine enemies, O Lord;
The tumult and the rising noise
Of those who rush upon thy sword:
Destroy, by thine almighty strength,
Thy foes who cause thy saints to weep;
That we may sing to thee at length,
The Lord for ever truth doth keep.

PSALM LXXV.

PARALLEL to Psal. ci. and others quoted in the margin, and spoken all in one person, is evidently spoken by the Lord the Messiah, as appears from ver. 3. 'The earth and all the inhabitants 'thereof are dissolved: *I bear up the pillars of it.* 'Selah.' Who dares say this, but he who upholdeth all things by the word of his power?

Behold, THE SON, *the Heir of all,*
By whom all things were made,
Upholding all things great and small;
The sov'reign Lord and Head.
He gives the retribution due,
To ev'ry son of man;
The kingdom to the faithful few;
Death, to each faithless one!

1 TO thee, O God, our harps we tune,
And sing unto thy name;
For, lo, thy name appearing soon,
Thy wondrous works proclaim:
For all the signs are hast'ning on
Which speak Messiah near;

While

While we are muſing ev'ry one,
Behold Meſſiah here!

2 When I the kingdom ſhall receive,
Impartial, pure, and free,
Juſtice to ev'ry one I'll give,
As God appointed me.
3 The world, to wild confuſion gone,
Diſſolv'd in ruin lies;
But I its pillars bear alone,
Upholding earth and ſkies.

4 I to the fooliſh people ſaid,
Do not deal fooliſhly;
And to the wicked, Be not glad,
Nor lift your horn on high:
5 Lift not your horn on high, nor breathe
6 Out haughtineſs; but know,
Promotion flows not from beneath,
Like winds which come and go:

7 But God is judge; he puts down one,
And ſets another up;
8 And from the hand of God alone
Each man muſt take his cup:
The wicked drink the blood-red wine
Of his unmingled wrath;
For he ſhall all of them conſign
Unto eternal death.

9 But I for ever will declare,
And ſing of Jacob's God;
Whilſt all my ſaints with me ſhall ſhare
My ſong, and my abode.
10 All horns of wickedneſs I'll wrench,
And ſtamp them with my foot;
But righteouſneſs, with budding branch,
Shall bear eternal fruit.

PSALM LXXVI.

SIMILAR in ſubject, ſpirit, and expreſſion, to Pſalm xlvi. xlviii. *&c.*

Who was, and is, and is to come,
The Lord, th' eternal King,
Brings all his choſen Iſra'l home,
On Zion-mount to ſing.
By him ſubdu'd, their enemies
Shall be conſign'd to hell;
But they with him, above the ſkies,
In endleſs glory dwell.

1 STRIKE ev'ry moſt harmonious ſtring,
Give all your ſpirit play,
While you announce the Lord our King,
And hail his coming day:
His name is known, our God is known,
In Judah's happy lands;
His name is great in Iſra'l ſhown;
2 His tent in Salem ſtands:

His dwelling-place in Sion is,
And there his glory ſhines;
3 There he aſſail'd his enemies,
And brake their marſhall'd lines;
The arrows, with the bended bows,
The ſhield, the ſword, the ſpear,
He daſh'd to pieces with his blows,
And finiſh'd there the war.

4 More glorious thou than hills of prey,
More excellent and fair!
5 The ſtout of heart did melt away,
And quite deſpoiled were:
They ſleep their ſleep, and waken not;
The mighty move no more:
6 At thy rebuke, upon the ſpot,
The horſemen ceaſe to roar:

When

When Jacob's God appear'd in view,
Their noiſe was huſh'd full ſoon;
The chariots, and the riders too,
Were caſt into a ſwoon.

7 Thou, thou, ev'n thou alone, O God,
Art to be fear'd by all;
For if thine anger once is ſhow'd,
The proudeſt heart muſt fall.

8 Thy judgment, Lord, from heav'n was heard,
The earth with fear did pauſe,
9 When God to ſave the meek appear'd,
And vindicate their cauſe.
10 The wrath of man, before the Lord,
With ev'ry paſſion elſe,
By him approved, or abhorr'd,
To praiſe him he compels—

The remainder thereof reſtrains,
To ſhew his ſov'reign will,
Whoſe hands almighty guide the reins
With wiſe unerring ſkill.

11 Vow to the Lord your God, and pay
The vows that you have vow'd;
Your off'rings on his altar lay,
And round about him crowd:

For he alone is to be fear'd,
And prais'd for evermore,
Meſſiah's ſelf, our King rever'd,
Whom heav'n and earth adore.

12 Earth's proud rebellious princes all,
Who ſcorn to hear his word,
Deſtroy'd by him, ſhall ſurely fall,
And know that he's the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII.

THE same as Psal. lxxxviii. and cxliii. with their parallels; whose illustrations see, especially the cxliii. with the general preface.

Who came to save us, from on high,
By his almighty pow'r—
In day of his deep agony,
And in the darkest hour,
While death and hell possess'd his soul,
Bereft of ev'ry joy—
His desolations to console,
He thought on THE MOST HIGH.

1 MY voice to God I'll early raise;
My cry to God I'll send;
And he shall hear the voice of praise,
For he shall me defend.

2 When trouble sore upon me lay,
In day of my distress,
To God my Saviour I did pray,
Nor found my trouble less;

I sought the Lord, and yet my sore
Did run the live-long night:
When shall this darkness all be o'er?
When shall I see the light?
My soul refused to have ease;

3 I thought on God the while;
Yet this increased not my peace,
My Father would not smile;

My spirit, broke with moans and sighs,
Complaineth heavily,
While floods of terror o'er me rise,
With billows swelling high.

4 Thou makest sleep forsake mine eyes,
My pain drinks up my speech;
My rest, like cloud-made shadows, flies;
Yet I'll not thee impeach.

5 For

5 For I conſider days of old,
The years of ancient time,
Before creation did unfold
Thy purpoſes ſublime:
I call to mind my glory then,
When thou poſſeſſedſt me,
Rejoicing in the ſons of men,
Ere they began to be.

6 I think upon my ſong and joy,
And thus I ſpend my night;
My meditations me employ;
My ſpirit waits the light.
7 What, will the Lord for ever ſtay?
And favour me no more?
But turn his countenance away,
Which ſhin'd on me before?

8 What, are his bowels ever gone?
His promiſe turn'd to lies?
9 His kind compaſſions ſunk to none?
Has mercy fled the ſkies?
Hath he in anger ſhut the ſpring
Of his eternal love?
And will my Father never bring
Me to his joys above?

10 I argu'd thus, and eas'd my ſmart;
My faith ſuſtained me;
My hope poſſeſſed all my heart,
That I ſhould ſoon be free:
For this is mine *infirmity*,
The taſk appointed me,
Thro' *weakneſs* for my flock to die,
O God, by thy decree:

I give my life at thy command,
And *in my fleſh* I die,
To riſe by thine almighty hand,
And live eternally:

I there-

I therefore will remember ſtill
The years of thy right-hand,
When I did, ere theſe thy worlds were,
Before thy preſence ſtand.

11 I'll too record thine acts, O Lord,
Which were of former days,
Since thou began to ſhew to man
Thy wond'rous works and ways.
12 Thy works, O God, I'll think upon,
And talk of all thy ways;
13 All holineſs thy ways are known:
O God, how great's thy praiſe!

14 Thou art our God, the God who doſt
In glorious deeds excel;
Thy pow'r and miracles we'll boaſt,
And all thy wonders tell.
15 Thou haſt, with thine outſtretched arm,
Redeem'd thy people, Lord;
And ſaved Jacob's ſons from harm,
By thine avenging ſword.

16 The waters, Lord, perceived thee;
The waters ſaw thee well,
And at thy preſence they did flee;
The deeps in labour fell.
17 The clouds in floods were pour'd abroad,
Sound loudly did the ſky,
And ſwiftly thro' the world, O God,
Thine arrows fierce did fly.

18 Thy thunder's voice tremendouſly
Alongſt the heavens flew;
Thy lightnings flaſh'd thro' all the ſky;
The earth affrighted grew.
19 Thy marching was amidſt the ſea,
Thy footſteps in the wave;
Th' affrighted waters then did flee;
No trace thy foot did leave.

20 Thou

20 Thou didſt thy people lead, O God,
And guard thy paſture-ſheep,
By Moſes and by Aaron's rod,
Who truth doſt ever keep:
Thou wilt them feed for evermore,
By thy Meſſiah's ſkill,
Secure from all the blaſts that roar—
O Zion! on thy hill.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HISTORICAL and commemorative; ſpoken in the perſon of Chriſt concerning thoſe things, which happened unto the people of old for enſamples unto us; that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have great conſolation, who have fled for refuge to the hope ſet before us. See Pſalm xlix. parallels, and references.

Behold, the things of ancient days,
Which were of old conceal'd,
The ways of God, in ſongs of praiſe,
Are clearly here reveal'd!
They were enſamples unto us,
(For God is ſtill the ſame),
Who occupy'd our Father's houſe
In days of ancient fame.

1 ATTEND, my people, to my law;
Incline your ears to me;
Receive my words with godly awe:
My words ſhall make you free.
2 My mouth ſhall hidden wiſdom tell,
And parables ſhall ſing;
My ſpirit is a living well,
Whence truth doth ever ſpring:

3 The

3 The ſayings dark of former days,
Which patriarchs of old
Have handed down in ancient phraſe,
I clearly will unfold:
4 The doctrines we have heard and learn'd,
The ſame our fathers taught,
Which we have weigh'd, and well diſcern'd,
With deep inſtruction fraught,

We will not from their ſons conceal,
But will declare abroad;
And to the lateſt race reveal
The glorious praiſe of God.
The Lord Almighty is our ſtrength:
His wondrous works of pow'r
We will record, and ſhew at length,
And ſing them o'er and o'er.

5 For he eſtabliſhed his word,
His teſtimony ſure,
A monument of Jacob's Lord,
In Iſra'l to endure:
Which he enjoin'd our fathers all,
Unto their race to ſhow,
That all the people, great and ſmall,
Might learn their God to know.

6 And that the nations to be born,
The children to ariſe,
Might to the Lord their God return,
And hear inſtruction wiſe;
7 That they might ſet their hope in God,
And ſuffer not to fall,
The glorious works that he hath ſhow'd,
Out of their minds at all;

8 But might his holy will obſerve,
Nor, like their fathers, be
A race rebellious, who did ſwerve,
And from his precepts flee:

A ge-

A generation baſe and vile!
Accurs'd of God they were;
Their hearts were full of fraud and guile,
Altho' their ſpeech was fair.

9 The ſons of Ephraim well array'd,
Equipt with ſword and bow,
Revolted from the Lord, afraid
To march againſt the foe.
10 They broke the covenant of God,
They broke their plighted faith;
They turned from the royal road
Into rebellion's path:

11 His works and wonders ſoon forgot,
His miracles of fame,
Altho' they prais'd him on the ſpot,
His praiſe they turn'd to ſhame.
12 His marvellous and glorious deeds,
Their fathers joy and praiſe,
In Egypt and in Zoan's meads,
For trophies he did raiſe.

13 He ſaid unto the roaring ſea,
Divided be thy waves,
And make my choſen race a way,
The race my favour ſaves:
He made the waters ſtand aloft,
Like tow'ring mountains high,
And ſafely thro' his Iſra'l brought,
Upon the channel dry.

14 By day he wrapt them in the cloud,
And made a cool retreat,
From burning blaſts their heads to ſhroud,
And from the ſultry heat:
And all the live-long dreary night
The pillar'd flames aſpir'd,
To ſhed a glorious beaming light,
Until the ſhades retir'd.

15 He

15 He clave the rocks in desert land,
And forth deep waters burst,
Then thousands, thousands, 'longst the strand,
Did quench their grievous thirst.
16 He brought the waters from the rock,
And pour'd the floods along:
The rivers served Judah's flock,
With all the mingled throng.

17 And yet, though freed from their distress,
They sinned still the more,
The Lord most high, in wilderness,
Provoking very sore.
18 Thus they began to tempt their God,
Within their hearts unjust,
And with reproaches him to load
By asking meat for lust.

19 Yea, said they, in presumptuous mood,
Gainsaying God the Lord,
Can he a table stor'd with food,
In wilderness afford?
20 We own, indeed, he smote the rock;
The waters gush'd amain,
And overflowing rivers broke
In floods along the plain:

But can he also furnish bread;
And can he flesh provide;
That so his people may be fed,
So well with drink supply'd?
21 The Lord did hear, and was displeas'd;
And fore his anger burn'd;
The flaming fire 'gainst Jacob blaz'd,
And wrath on Isra'l turn'd;

22 Because they had not faith in God,
Nor hoped in his love,
Though he his glory clearly show'd,
Reveal'd from heav'n above.

23 Yet he commanded, ſpeedily,
The ſkies to pour their ſtores;
And then the heavens from on high
Did open all their doors:

24 He rained on them *manna* down,
And fill'd the fields around,
That they might eat, and not diſown
The goodneſs they had found.
25 He gave them of the heav'nly corn,
And fill'd their ſoul with good;
And man that was of woman born
Did eat the angels food.

26 He caus'd an eaſt-wind ſwiftly blow,
And in the heav'ns it flew;
And by his pow'r the ſouth-wind, ſo
As he inclin'd it, blew.
27 He rained fleſh upon their head
As thick as duſt or hail;
And feather'd fowls on fowls ſucceed
In ſwarms upon the gale:

28 They fell amidſt their camp, and round
Their tents on ev'ry ſide,
Like ſand for number on the ground,
About them far and wide:
29 So they did eat, and filled were
With their own *dear* deſire:
For he their ill-adviſed pray'r
Did grant them in his ire.

30 They from their luſt were not eſtrang'd;
But, while their meat they chew'd
Within their mouths, the ſcene was chang'd,
And death their feaſt purſu'd:
31 The wrath of God upon them came,
And flew along like fire,
And wrapt them in a fearful flame
Of indignation dire:

He ſlew the fatteſt of them all,
And ſmote their choſen men,
Then Iſra'l did by thouſands fall,
Who ne'er ſhould riſe again.
32 Yet, for all this, they ſinned ſtill;
And, diſbelieving God,
They perſever'd in their own will,
For all the works he ſhow'd.

33 Therefore he did their days conſume
In vanity and ſhame;
And did their years to trouble doom,
Till death upon them came.
34 But when he ſlew them, then they pray'd,
And ſought him earneſtly,
Touch'd by his hand, and ſore afraid
Of future miſery:

35 Then they remember'd God, their Rock,
And their Redeemer high,
Who ſav'd them from the cruel yoke
Of Pharaoh's tyranny.
36 Yet, ne'ertheleſs, they poured out
But feigned pray'rs to God;
With flatt'ring tongues they went about
And utter'd lies abroad.

37 For they with him were not ſincere;
They erred from the truth;
His covenant they could not bear;
Their heart bely'd their mouth.
38 But, full of pity, he forbore,
And long he ſuffer'd them,
And paſs'd their high tranſgreſſions o'er,
Nor ſlew them for the ſame:

Yea, many a time he turn'd away
The fierceneſs of his wrath,
And ſpar'd them in the evil day,
And ſav'd their ſouls from death.

39 For that they were but fading clay,
To mind he did recal;
A wind that paſſeth ſoon away,
And not returns at all!

40 How often, in the wilderneſs
Did they provoke their King;
And grieve him, in their lonelineſs,
Who hid them with his wing?
41 Yea, in their hearts they turned back,
And tempted God, and ſaid,
Is not the God of Iſra'l ſlack?
Or limited? or ſtaid?

42 For they remember'd not his hand,
Nor thought upon the day
When he redeem'd them from the land
Of Pharaoh's iron ſway;
43 Nor how he rear'd his enſigns high,
And made his foes to yield,
In Egypt's land, (ſo glorioufly!)
And how in Zoan's field.

44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,
Their ponds to clotted gore:
That when the thirſty ſought the flood,
They could not drink it more.
45 Ten thouſand various tribes of flies,
Arm'd with devouring ſtings,
He pour'd among them from the ſkies,
With death in all their wings.

And ſwarming frogs, from lake and fen,
And where the Nile doth flow,
Againſt thoſe proud ungodly men,
With miſſion'd vengeance go.
46 He gave their increaſe to the worm,
Their toil to locuſts teeth:
And death devour'd in ev'ry form
The men ordain'd to death.

47 He slew their vines with fire and hail,
Their sycamores with frost:
48 Their flocks and herds along the dale,
With thunder-bolts he tost.
49 The fierceness of his fury fell
On them like burning flame,
And wrath and anger, hot as hell,
With evil angels came.

50 His anger, like a roaring flood,
Out o'er their souls made way;
He spared not their rebel-blood,
But bade destruction slay.
51 The pestilence devour'd their life;
All Egypt's first-born fell:
The *death of Ham* did end his strife
With thy God, Israel!

52 Jehovah brought his people forth,
And led them safe along
The wilderness, with joy and mirth;
And Miriam led the song.
53 They had no foe to raise their fear;
Their fears the Red-sea drown'd:
Jehovah in his wings did bear
And cover them around.

54 He brought them to his holy court,
Where Judah's daughters sing,
Mount Zion, where the tribes resort
To praise their conqu'ring King.
55 He drove the heathen from their face,
And cast them out of sight;
And gave by line their pleasant place
To Isra'l his delight.

56 Yet Isra'l still did more provoke
And tempt the Lord most high;
The tender ties of love they broke,
Revolting wickedly;

57 His

57 His teſtimonies they abhorr'd,
And baſely turn'd aſide;
And dealt unfaithful with the Lord,
Like to a whoriſh bride:

For they had learn'd their fathers' ways,
And had forgot their God,
Like a deceitful bow, that ſtrays,
Whoſe arrows miſs their road.
58 For they provok'd, with hill and grove,
His love to jealouſy;
And with their images did move
His anger from on high.

59 When he beheld their ſhameful ways,
And heard the veh'ment cry
Of their tranſgreſſion, in thoſe days,
He turn'd away his eye—
60 Then he forſook his holy place,
And left thoſe wicked men;
And *Shiloh* ſaw no more his face,
Where he had wont to reign.

61 Then he his ſtrength delivered
Unto the enemy;
Whoſe hand the ark and glory led
Into captivity.
62 He gave his people over to
The all-devouring ſword;
Then flew deſtruction fiercely thro'
The portion of the Lord.

63 With fire their young men he conſum'd,
Forlorn their maidens ſigh'd;
64 Their prieſts unto the ſword were doom'd;
Their widows heard—and dy'd.
65 But lo, when Iſra'l well-nigh fail'd,
And almoſt was no more,
Then, giant-like, the Lord aſſail'd
Their foes, and quell'd their roar.

66 He smote his en'mies in the rear,
And drove them headlong down,
That none of them durst more appear,
On Israel to frown.
67 But he refused *Joseph*'s house,
Nor would with *Ephraim* dwell;
68 But did the tribe of *Judah* chuse;
Mount Zion he lov'd well:

69 And there he built his palace high,
On his own holy hill;
Which, like the earth, perpetually
The Lord establish will.
70 His servant David he did chuse,
And took him from the fold,
From following of the pregnant ews,
The kingly reins to hold.

71 He set him on his royal throne,
And bade him Jacob feed,
The people he took for his own,
Isra'l his chosen seed.
72 So faithfully the flock he fed,
And watch'd by night and day;
So skilfully the sceptre sway'd,
His throne shall last for aye.

Behold, THE SON, MESSIAH, reigns,
God blessed over all:
Let all his blest and high domains
Before him lowly fall.

PSALM LXXIX.

A second part, as it were, of Psalm lxxiv. similar to, and explained by Psalm xliv.

Although

Although we are brought very low,
And very low muſt ly;
Our kingdom is not here, we know,
But high beyond the ſky.
Our high Redeemer pleads our cauſe,
And ſaves us by his pow'r:
But thoſe who trample on his laws,
His wrath ſhall quick devour.

1 O GOD, the heathen all invade
Thine own inheritance!
And o'er thy houſe, in ruins laid,
Triumphantly they dance.
2 Jeruſalem they've laid on heaps,
And o'er the bodies dead
Of thy dear ſaints, the vulture leaps,
And beaſts of prey do tread.

3 Their blood like water flow'd abroad,
Around Jeruſalem,
And none to give a friendly clod
Of earth, to bury them.
4 We are become a dire diſgrace,
Reproach'd by all the earth;
To ev'ry vile abandon'd race
Deriſion, joy, and mirth!

5 How long, Lord, wilt thou angry be?
O! can it be for aye?
When ſhall thy burning jealouſy
From us be turn'd away?
6 Shall not thy wrath be poured out
On thoſe who us confound;
And all the kingdoms round about,
Thy praiſe who ne'er reſound?

7 For they have Jacob all devour'd,
Laid waſte his dwelling-place,
And all their indignation pour'd
Upon thy choſen race.

8 Againſt

8 Againſt us, O remember not
The ſin done long ago;
Let love prevent us on the ſpot,
For we're brought very low.

9 O God of our ſalvation, thou,
For glory of thy name,
Deliver us, and purge us now
From all our ſin and ſhame.
10 Why ſhould the proud inſulters ſay,
Where is their God now gone?
Is he for ever gone away?
Or had they never one?

Let him be known, the God of Hoſts,
'Mong heathen in our ſight,
By vengeance dire in all their coaſts,
Who ſhed our blood with ſpite.
11 O let the pris'ners ſighs aſcend
Before the Lord on high:
According to thy pow'r, defend
Thoſe who are doom'd to die.

12 And to our neighbours, ſevenfold,
Into their boſom, Lord,
Their vile reproaches lewd and bold
'Gainſt thee, be now reſtor'd.
13 So we, thy people, and the ſheep
Within thy paſture fed,
Shall everlaſting jub'lees keep,
In our Meſſiah glad.

PSALM LXXX.

THIS moſt beautiful, allegorical Pſalm, the ſpirit and meaning whereof are more obvious than any thing that could be advanced for their illuſtration, is evidently, by the Holy Ghoſt, its author, put into the heart and mouth of the one, true, and faithful

faithful church of Chriſt, to the praiſe of her God, her Shepherd, Huſbandman, and King.

Almighty Father, Shepherd, King,
Who reigneſt in thy love divine,
To make our hearts for ever ſing,
Behold and viſit ſtill thy vine!
Thine hand upon THE SON OF MAN,
THE BRANCH, *which thou haſt made our Strength,*
In perſon perfect, ev'ry one,
O make us, Lord, like him at length!

1 O Iſra'l's Shepherd, lend thine ear,
Who leadeſt Joſeph like a flock;
Thine own diſtreſſed people hear,
And break the tyrant's cruel yoke:
Shine glorious from thy dwelling-place,
Forth from thy cherubim of pow'r;
And let thy preſence fiercely chaſe
The wolves away that us devour.

2 Ariſe, and fight before our van,
O Lord, and all our ſlayers ſlay:
Ephraim, Manaſſeh, Benjamin,
Shall then revive, and lead the way.
3 O turn again, turn us again,
And cauſe thy face, O God, to ſhine;
And ſave us from the ſhame and pain
Which make thy tribes to mourn and pine.

4 O Lord, thou God of armies, how—
How long wilt thou be angry thus,
Againſt our pray'rs? and make us bow
Our necks to thoſe who tread on us?
5 Our bread thou leaven'ſt with our tears,
And with our tears thou mak'ſt us drunk:
6 Our foes againſt us roar like bears,
And gambol round when we are ſunk!

7 Turn

7 Turn us again, O God of Hosts,
And cause thy face on us to shine;
That peace may dwell in all our coasts,
And that our sun may ne'er decline.
8 Thou hast a vine from Egypt brought,
And rooted all the heathen out,
To plant it on the promis'd lot,
And guard and fence it round about.

9 Thou hast prepar'd a fair and large,
And pleasant place, for it to grow,
That far and wide around might verge
Its branch above, its root below.
10 It fill'd the land on ev'ry side;
The hills were cover'd with its shade:
Its boughs outvy'd, in lofty pride,
The goodly cedars God hath made.

11 She sent her boughs beyond the sea,
Her branches to the river's end—
12 Why hast thou torn her hedge away,
And made her glory to descend?
The ruffian bands, that pass the way,
Do pluck and tear her honours down:
Her blossoms wither and decay;
Her fruit and beauty both are flown!

13 The foaming boar, out of the wood,
Doth stamp and lay thy vineyard waste:
See, how it lies expos'd, and trod
By ev'ry wild devouring beast!
14 Return, return, O mighty God,
Look down from heav'n; behold and see,
And visit this thy vine, down trod
By ev'ry foe to it and thee.

15 The vineyard thy right-hand did plant,
Thy strengthen'd Branch, thy sceptral Rod—
How raging flames do o'er them flaunt!
They perish, smitten by their God!

They

They fall indeed before the fire,
And ſeem to periſh in the flame;
But thou wilt make the flame retire,
And from their aſhes raiſe their fame.

16 O let thy hand be ſtill upon
The Man of thy right-hand, O God;
The SON OF MAN, the choſen One,
Thy ſtrengthen'd BRANCH, thy ſceptral Rod!

17 So will we not go back from thee,
Nor turn from thee, O Lord, at all;
When we, with him, ſhall quicken'd be,
Then we by him on thee will call.

18 Turn us again, Lord God of Hoſts,
And cauſe thy face on us to ſhine;
That light and life, in all our coaſts,
May ever reign by love divine.

PSALM LXXXI.

FULL of praiſe and divine expoſtulation with the ſons of men—the meaning obvious.

The ſhadows all for ever o'er,
Believing Greek, believing Jew,
O praiſe the Lord for evermore!
O praiſe the Lord with ſpirit new!—
Behold the humanized heart,
That fed the ſympathiſing tear
Of Jeſus—when the tender part
He acted o'er the city dear!*

1 SING, ſing aloud to God our Strength;
Sing Pſalms of joy to Jacob's God;
2 Take up the ſong, and ſound at length
The ſwelling notes of praiſe abroad.

* Luke xix. 41. And, when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it.

3 The

3 The ſigns ſhall in the ſubſtance ſink;
The ſhadows ſoon ſhall fly away:
When we the promis'd new-wine drink,
We'll ſing to God a newer lay.

But hand me, now, the timbrel here,
The pleaſant harp, the cymbal ſweet;
Blow up the New moon trumpets there:
Let all be gladneſs when we meet.

4 Let us obſerve our ſtatutes now;
Let Iſra'l joy in Iſra'l's law;
Let Zion's daughters pay their vow,
And nigh to God let Judah draw.

5 This, he in Joſeph did ordain,
For a memorial firm and ſure,
When, marching through th' Egyptian plain,
He ſaw the ills they did endure.
I heard their lewd barbarian tongues;
Their ſpeech I did not underſtand,
When I avenged Iſra'l's wrongs,
And brought him from the curſed land.

6 I mov'd his ſhoulder from the yoke;
His hands I looſed from the pot;
His proud oppreſſors there I broke,
And daſh'd, like potſherds, on the ſpot.

7 Oppreſſed, thou didſt call on me,
And I deliver'd thee anon;
In ſecret I did anſwer thee:
Oh, hadſt thou heard my voice alone—

When thunders roll'd above thine head,
And lightnings flaſh'd before thine eyes!
When I of thee a trial made,
Where, Meribah, thy ſtreams ariſe!

8 O thou, my people, give an ear;
Lo, I will teſtify to thee,
To thee, O Iſra'l, if thou'lt hear,
And wiſely hearken unto me.

9 In midſt of thee there ſhall no more
Be any ſtrange god found at all;
Nor unto any god unknown
Thou, bowing down, from hence ſhalt fall.
10 I am the Lord thy God, thy guide,
Who brought thee from the ſtranger's land:
Open thy mouth, and open't wide;
I'll feed thee with my lib'ral hand.

11 But yet, my people to my voice
Would not—would not attentive be;
Ev'n Iſra'l, whom I made my choice,
He would have none—have none of me!
12 So then I yielded them unto
The luſts of their own fooliſh hearts;
And, lo, they wander'd to and fro,
Aſtray from me, in deſert parts.

13 O that my people had me heard!
That Iſra'l had my counſels choſe!
14 I had their en'mies ſoon debarr'd,
And turn'd my hand upon their foes:
15 The haters of the Lord to him,
Submiſſion lowly ſhould have feign'd;
But as for them, th' accepted time
Should have for evermore remain'd.

16 He ſhould have fed them, to their will,
With fineſt of the choſen wheat;
Of honey from the rock, thy fill
I ſhould have made thee freely eat.
Behold, deſcrib'd, Meſſiah's reign!
Meſſiah reigns for evermore,
God Bleſſed over all, *amen*.
Let loyalty and love adore.

PSALM LXXXII.

DESCRIPTIVE of the glory of THE SON OF GOD, and giving inſtruction to rulers. See John x. 34. and Pſal. ii.

Among the gods the Lord is God:
Advance his praiſe on high!
Let all the princes kiſs the rod,
And fall ſubmiſſively!—
The world's into confuſion gone,
And all its gods ſhall die;
But we adore TH' ETERNAL SON,
TH' ETERNAL GOD MOST HIGH.

1 HE ſtands THE SON OF GOD declar'd,
God bleſſed over all;
Among th' aſſembled gods, prepar'd
To judge both great and ſmall.
2 How long will ye unjuſtly judge,
Accepting perſon's vile,
And bear my holy ones a grudge,
Becauſe devoid of guile?

3 Defend the poor and fatherleſs;
Do juſtice to the weak:
4 Deliver thoſe whom men oppreſs;
Their proud oppreſſors break.
5 They know not, nor will underſtand;
They walk in darkneſs on:
All the foundations of the land
Are to confuſion gone.

6 I have pronounc'd you gods, and all
The ſons of the Moſt High;
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall,
As all the princes die.
8 Ariſe, O God, and judge the land;
For nations all are thine:
And we, thine heritage, ſhall ſtand;
For thou haſt laid our line.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIII.

OF the ſame ſpirit with Pſal. ii. and xxxv.

Behold, thine enemies advance
With roaring rage, like ſeas,
To ſwallow up thy ſaints at once,
Devouring them with eaſe,
Unleſs thou, Lord, in mercy come,
And drive them back again—
Behold, Meſſiah brings us home,
And with him makes us reign!

1 O Be not ſilent, thou our God;
O hold thy peace no more:
2 For, lo, thine enemies abroad
Like bears againſt thee roar.
They foam, and rage, and ſtamp, and ſwell,
And make a tumult high:
Ariſe, O God, the tumult quell
Of thoſe who thee defy.

3 For crafty counſels they prepare
Againſt thy hidden ones;
That they may take them in their ſnare,
And ridicule their groans.
4 Come, come, ſay they, let us deſtroy
Thoſe people, great and ſmall;
That Iſra'l may no more annoy;
Nor be a name at all.

5 For they conſpire with one conſent,
And all their pow'rs combine,
In ſworn confederacy bent,
O Lord, 'gainſt thee and thine.
6 The tents of Edom form the van,
With thoſe of th' Iſhma'lite;
Moab and Hagar, as one man,
With heart and hand unite;

7 Gebal, and Ammon, Amalek,
And thoſe of Paleſtine,
8 Againſt the Lord their wrath to wreak,
With Tyre and Aſſur join:
Lo, with a proud menacing eye,
Like death and hell they frown,
And lift aloft their hand on high,
To ſmite thy people down.

9 Do to them as to Midianite,
Who fell beneath thy rod;
Like Sifera and Jabin ſmite,
As erſt at Kiſon flood:
10 Make them as thoſe who periſhed
Where Endor's fountains riſe,
Who fell, and all on heaps were laid,
The land to fertilize.

11 Like Oreb, and like Ze-eb, now
Make thou their nobles fall,
Like Zeba, and Zalmunna too,
Make thou their princes all:
12 Becauſe they vaunted in their pride,
And boaſted to deſtroy
God's heritage on ev'ry ſide;
That they might all enjoy.

13 My God, let their foundations move,
And roll like wheels away;
And let them like the ſtubble prove,
When ſweeping whirlwinds play;
14 As fire conſumes the parched wood,
As flames the mountains fire;
15 So chaſe them with the tempeſt loud,
And whirlwind of thine ire.

16 O fill their faces, Lord, with ſhame,
And cauſe them lick the duſt,
That they may dread Meſſiah's name,
And mourn their ways unjuſt.

17 Let them, confounded and diſmay'd,
With ſhame eternal fall;
That men may ſee thy name diſplay'd,
JEHOVAH over all.

PSALM LXXXIV.

EXACTLY ſimilar in all reſpects to Pſalm lxiii. whoſe illuſtration ſee.

To manſions in our Father's houſe,
Our FORERUNNER *has gone,*
That he may them prepare for us,
And come again anon:
How pleaſant were they unto him!
How pleaſant now to us!
Our glory there ſhall ne'er grow dim;
Our gain ne'er ſuffer loſs!

1 HOW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of Hoſts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace,
How pleaſant, Lord, they be!
2 My thirſty ſoul longs veh'mently,
Yea faints, thy courts to ſee;
My very heart and fleſh do cry,
O living God, for thee.

3 My ſpirit like the ſwallow flies,
And round thine altar plays,
With anxious purpoſe, while ſhe plies
Her domicil to raiſe;
And, like the ſparrow, ever near,
She hops and ſprings about,
Within thy walls herſelf to cheer,
And bring her fam'ly out;

O thou almighty Lord of Hoſts,
Who art my God and King,
To reign with whom my ſpirit boaſts,
And boaſts of thee to ſing,
Behold, with all my ſaints I come,
(Thy love invites us nigh),
To dwell within thy heav'nly dome,
Rejoicing glorioufly.

4 How bleſt are they, and only they,
Within thy houſe who dwell!
They never ceaſe by night or day
Thy praiſes, Lord, to tell.
5 Bleſt is the man whoſe Strength thou art,
In whoſe heart are thy ways:
Thy ways revive his fainting heart:
From thee he never ſtrays.

6 Bleſt are they all who march along
By Chriſt's conducting eye:
Their ſteps they meaſure by their ſong,
And danger all defy.
While paſſing thro' the parched vales
Which lengthen out the way,
The falling rains ſupply the wells,
Their thirſty ſouls to ſtay.

7 So they from ſtrength unwearied go
Still forward unto ſtrength,
Until in Zion they ſhall know
The glorious Lord at length.
8 Lord God of Hoſts, the God of peace,
Mine interceſſion hear;
9 O God, our Shield, behold the face
Of thine Anointed Dear!

10 Within thy courts one day excels
A thouſand other where;
Within thy houſe my ſpirit dwells:
My pleaſures all are there.

11 For

11 For God the Lord 's a Sun and Shield;
He'll ſhine our fears away,
And make our foes to fly the field,
As darkneſs flies the day:

He'll grace and glory to us give,
And will with-hold no good
From thoſe who uprightly do live,
And walk in gratitude.

12 O thou almighty Lord of Hoſts,
How greatly bleſs'd is he,
In thee alone whoſe ſpirit boaſts!
So bleſt thy Chriſt ſhall be:

So bleſt thy Chriſt, and all his ſeed;
From glory, glory, they
Onwards, like riſing ſuns, proceed
Unto the perfect day.

PSALM LXXXV.

DESCRIPTIVE and commemorative, according to the ſeaſon then being, of the paſt, preſent, and future ways of the Lord God towards his people, his elected church; who indeed, as to their perſons, are innumerable, but, as to their ſpirits, are one with their Lord their Head, in whoſe name and communion, by the Holy Ghoſt who dwelleth in them all, they are authorized and led, conjunctly and ſeverally, to breathe forth their joyful ſpirits into their Father's boſom, in this glorioufly triumphant ſong of praiſe.

Behold the bleſſings, here deſcrib'd,
Of everlaſting Grace,
Whoſe reign is only circumſcrib'd
By th' utmoſt bounds of ſpace:
For truth and mercy both are one:
Juſtice hath kiſſed peace;
And God's come down to join with man
In a divine embrace!

1 THY face, O Lord, hath burſt the cloud,
And ſhin'd away our ſins;
And thy beloved land aloud
To ſing thy praiſe begins:
Jacob's captivity, return'd,
Shall ever joyful be;
2 For all our guilt, in which we mourn'd,
Is buried now by thee.

3 Thou haſt thy burning wrath remov'd,
And turn'd it all away
From us, upon thy dear Belov'd,
Thy Lamb, whom thou did'ſt ſlay.
4 Turn us, our Saviour and our God,
Conſtrain us by thy love,
And make our hearts thy firm abode,
And never more remove.

5 Thine indignation overpaſt,
And all thine anger gone,
Let not this tribulation laſt,
For which thy people groan.
6 Wilt thou not us revive again,
That we may joy in thee?
7 And by thy mercy eaſe our pain,
And ſet thy children free?

8 I'll hear what God the Lord will ſpeak:
To ſaints he ſpeaketh peace;
But let them never more betake
Themſelves to fooliſhneſs.
9 Sure his ſalvation muſt be near;
The day begins to dawn:
That glory may anon appear,
The morning-ſhade's withdrawn.

Our land ſhall ſoon be fill'd with joy,
And everlaſting peace:
Meſſiah ſhall our foes deſtroy;
He comes with truth and grace.

10 Mercy and Truth in him combine,
To bleſs the human race;
While Peace and Juſtice kiſs and twine
In a divine embrace.

11 TRUTH ſprings from earth—of woman born,
The Saviour ſhall appear;
While RIGHTEOUSNESS ſalutes the morn
Which brings the Saviour near.
12 Yea, what is good the Lord ſhall give;
Our land ſhall yield increaſe.
Juſtice to lead us while we live,
Shall go before his face.

PSALM LXXXVI.

THE ſpeaker in this Pſalm (for there is but one) finds himſelf authorized to plead his own holineſs, as the foundation of his claim to the divine favour: wherefore he ſays, ver. 2. 'Preſerve my 'ſoul; FOR I AM HOLY: O thou my God, ſave 'thy Servant that truſteth in thee.'—See parallels, Pſal. xxxv. xl. cxvi. *&c.*—Who can this be but the Lord of David?

The Father's Servant here become,
Who was in God's own form,
THE SON, *ſhall bring his choſen home,*
And all his will perform:
He boldly pleads his holineſs,
When he to God draws near;
Nor will the Lord reject the face
Of his ANOINTED DEAR.

1 BOW down thine ear, O Lord, me hear;
For I am poor and low:
In this mine hour my plaint I pour
Into thy boſom, ſo!

2 Preſerve

2 Preſerve my ſoul, and me conſole,
For I am holy, Lord:
O thou, my God, let love be ſhow'd
To him who truſts thy word.

3 The mercy ſhew to me that's due;
I daily cry to thee:
Do thou afford an anſwer, Lord,
Unto my righteous plea:
4 Rejoice my ſoul, where troubles roll;
For I'm thy Servant, Lord;
I cry to thee, do thou me free,
And ſpeedy help afford.

5 For thou art kind, to love inclin'd,
O Lord, and full of grace:
Thy mercies flow, in ſtreams, unto
All thoſe who ſeek thy face.
6 Give ear, O Lord, when I've implor'd
Attend unto my cry:
7 In day of fear, when trouble's near,
My pray'r thou'lt not deny.

8 Among the gods of wood and ſtone,
Lord, who is like to thee?
Or may the works which they have done
With thine compared be?
9 The nations all whom thou haſt made,
Shall come and worſhip thee;
And bow before the Lord their head,
And bend the pliant knee.

10 For thou art great, and great thy deeds;
Thou, thou art God alone;
Thy glory far all ſearch exceeds,
And ſcarce thy name is known.
11 But ſhew thou me thy ways, O Lord,
And I will ſhew thy truth;
My heart ſhall cleave unto thy word,
Thy name ſhall fill my mouth.

12 I will thee praiſe, O Lord, my God,
With all my ſoul and might,
And ſing thy glorious name aloud,
With moſt intenſe delight:
13 For great's thy mercy towards me;
Thou haſt delivered
And from the loweſt hell ſet free
My ſoul, by thee made glad.

14 The ſons of vi'lence, O my God,
The proud and lofty men,
In their aſſembly cloſely plod
To fill my ſoul with pain.
15 But thou, O God, art full of love,
Compaſſions in thee dwell;
Thou wilt their inſolence reprove,
And their aſſaults repel.

16 O turn to me, and mercy have,
According to thy word;
Thy Servant ſtrengthen thou, and ſave
Thine handmaid's Son, O Lord.
17 Shew me thy token for my good,
Thy promis'd pledge of love,
And reſcue from this multitude
Thy holy Turtle-dove:

That they may be aſham'd who ſee,
When thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſave
Thine own Meſſiah, glorioufly
Triumphing o'er the grave.

PSALM LXXXVII.

COMMEMORATIVE and deſcriptive of the glory of the Meſſiah's kingdom, (ſpoken in the perſon of the Meſſiah; parallel in the beginning to Pſalm xlviii. and in the latter part to the concluſion of Pſal. xxii. as appears by the margin), fully aſcer-

tains

tains its own moſt evident meaning in general, as here narrated. As to that particular paſſage in ver. 2. 'The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more 'than all the dwellings of Jacob,' which hath, upon occaſions, been moſt grievouſly abuſed, it is explained by its parallel, Pſal. lxxviii. 67. 'Moreover, he *refuſed* the tabernacle of Joſeph, and 'choſe *not* the tribe of Ephraim; but choſe the 'tribe of Judah, the mount Zion which *he loved*.'

Come, lift aloud the voice of joy!
Let praiſe and love be our employ!
Let heav'n unto the earth rebound,
And echo round the joyful ſound!
The Lord of Glory's Lord of all:
The ſons unborn ſhall hear his call,
And, hearing, they ſhall all obey,
And round him dance, and ſing, and play!

1 A Song of ſongs to God, my King,
My voice ſhall chant, my heart ſhall ſing:
Upon the hills of truth and grace,
His ſure foundations he ſhall place.
2 The Lord delights in Zion's gates,
Where Judah's praiſe for him awaits,
Where all the tribes upon him call,
More than in Jacob's dwellings all.

3 What glorious things are ſaid of thee,
And ever ſhall be ſaid by me,
O city of the living God,
Where God himſelf ſhall make abode!
4 To them who know me I'll record,
And ſing with joy before the Lord,
Of Egypt and of Babylon;
For theſe with Zion ſhall be one:

Behold, Philiſtia too, and Tyre,
To God ſhall ſmite the ſounding lyre;
And Ethiopia I will join
With them in union all divine:

And when I read my rolls of birth,
I'll mention this with joy and mirth,
This man, and that man born was there,
South, north, eaſt, weſt, and ev'ry-where.

5 I'll ſpread my church o'er ev'ry hill,
And all the world with glory fill;
For I, the Lord, am ev'ry where;
And where I am my Zion's there:
And it of Zion ſhall be ſung,
This man and that of her was ſprung;
The Lord himſelf ſhall ſtabliſh her,
And build her palaces ſo fair.

6 When God the people counts, he'll write,
This man, and that man, his delight,
Was born therein—and there, there be
Ten thouſand thouſand ſuch with thee:
7 There be that ſing, and ſweetly play,
With high triumphant joyful lay:
They play and ſing, O God, to thee,
In whom alone my well-ſprings be.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

How grievouſly have the authors of the Weſtminſter Confeſſion of Faith and Catechiſms (which, by the way, all the *miniſters* and *probationers* of the Kirk of Scotland have ſworn to and ſubſcribed, as the confeſſion of their faith, as well as the *Seceders* and *Relief-people*, with the *writer* of this illuſtration among the reſt, before he knew better, while he continued to call the kirk his mother) miſtaken the Author and Finiſher of the one divine apoſtolic faith of all God's elect, when they have ventured to advance this Pſalm *throughout*, as they word it, together with Pſal. xxii. lxxvii. and others equally foreign to their purpoſe, as proofs, that 'one 'who doubteth of his being in Chriſt, may have 'true intereſt in Chriſt, *though he be not yet aſſured thereof!*'

' *thereof!*'—They commonly say, that the Son of God himself died under a cloud; and that, in so dying, he was a pattern to his followers in all ages.—They have said, that, if the Son of God expressed two acts of faith in crying, ' My God, ' my God,' he also expressed one act of doubting and unbelief in adding, ' Why hast thou forsaken ' me?'—And many more such things with them there be.——My soul, come not thou into their counsel! mine honour, with theirs be not united! —Now, to forbear a little, and to allow them all they desire with regard to this famous Psalm: suppose that, indeed, Heman the Ezrahite, giving instruction, was, as they allow, by the Holy Ghost inspired to describe his own personal experiences, (and not those of the Messiah); and moreover, that those said experiences of Heman were meant as patterns to all other saints in time coming, and good proofs, that persons might have true interest in Christ, though not yet assured thereof, *&c.*— suppose, I say, all this, and whatever more you please in the same strain—can you also suppose, that the Holy Ghost should inspire a man to cry out at a venture without assurance, without certainty, as in the first words of this Psalm, ' O Lord ' God of MY salvation,' *&c.*—or that these words were a proof, that he might possibly have an interest in God's salvation, and yet at the same time have no assurance thereof?—O enemy! enemy! how hast thou deceived the nations!—See the parallels.—Consider the New Testament, and give God, O believer, the praise of all his glory, as it shines in the face of Jesus.—I say no more.

This song of mourning Jesus sang
In day of his extreme distress,
When war and trumpet's dreadful clang
Alarm'd his soul with fearfulness:
Thy suff'ring Lord, believer, see,
And praise the heart that bled for thee!

The

The horrors of his hell-touch'd ſoul,
From wounds of death have made thee whole!

1 LORD GOD, my Saviour, day and night
Before thee I have cried ſtill;
2 O let my pray'r come with delight
Before thee in thine holy hill:
3 Incline thine ear unto my cry;
My ſoul is full of trouble ſore;
Unto the grave my life draws nigh;
Ev'n now death's billows o'er me roar.

4 I'm counted with them that go down
Into the pit—I'm as a man
Whoſe ſtrength is to a ſhadow flown,
Whoſe body is a carcaſe wan.
5 I'm a companion with the dead,
Like thoſe who ſlain in grave do lie;
On whom the heedleſs foot ſhall tread,
Of ev'ry trav'ller paſſing by:

Me thou rememb'reſt now no more,
According to my preſent lot,
Than thoſe who liv'd the flood before,
Who ſinn'd and periſh'd on the ſpot.
6 *Me* thou haſt laid in loweſt pit,
In darkneſs, in the deeps, in hell:
7 On *me* thy wrath lies hard, and it
Makes all thy waves againſt me ſwell.

8 From *me* thou haſt put far away
My friends, and mine acquaintance all;
And only thoſe around me ſtay
Who wiſh to ſee me ſink and fall:
Me thou haſt made a ſpectacle,
An horror and a deadly fear,
To all who ever wiſh'd me well;
To *me* they dare not venture near.

9 Mine eye by mine affliction mourns;
Lord, I have daily call'd on thee;
Yet ſtill my out-ſtretch'd hand returns,
Without a wave of love, to me.
10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
Or ſhall the dead ariſe and praiſe?
Yea, verily, thou wilt indeed:
My body dead thou yet wilt raiſe.

11 Thy loving-kindneſs in the grave
Shall be diſplay'd in its full ſtrength;
Thy faithfulneſs I truſted have;
Nor ſhall I be aſham'd at length.
12 Deſtruction ſhall, indeed, aſham'd,
Into eternal darkneſs fly,
When all thy wonders have proclaim'd
Thy righteouſneſs for ever nigh.

13 For unto thee I cry'd, O Lord;
And unto thee I'll ever cry,
14 Until thou ſhalt me help afford,
And bring thy mercy to me nigh.
15 I am afflicted very ſore,
Doom'd from my very birth to die;
Thy terrors, Lord, do make me roar,
While all aſunder torn am I!

16 The dreadful fierceneſs of thy wrath
Quite over me doth daily go;
Thy terrors preſs me unto death,
They fearfully purſue me ſo:
17 For round about me ev'ry day,
Like roaring waters they do roll;
And, gathering together, they
Have compaſſed around my ſoul.

18 My friends thou doſt put far from me,
And him that doth me dearly love;
And thoſe that mine acquaintance be
To darkneſs thou doſt far remove:

But thou art ever near, O Lord,
And draw'ſt thy Servant near to thee;
For, lo, according to thy word,
From death, by death, I ſhall be free.

PSALM LXXXIX.

PRECISELY parallel to Pſal. ii. See ver. 27. 'I 'will make him, my Firſt-born, higher than the 'kings of the earth,' &c.

Deſcriptive of THE SON OF GOD,
Whoſe empire's all the world abroad,
And of the glory of his reign,
Which laſts for evermore: amen—
This ſong of high triumphant praiſe,
Let faith and love for ever raiſe!
Come, all ye ſaints, adore and ſing!
Our covenant is Chriſt our King!

1 GOD's mercies I will ever ſing;
From God alone ſweet mercies ſpring;
Thy faithfulneſs declar'd ſhall be
To generations all by me.
2 For mercy ſhall be built, ſaid I,
From age to age, eternally:
Thy faithfulneſs, ev'n in the heav'n,
Thou ſhalt build up; thy word is giv'n.

3 I with my Choſen, my FIRST-BORN,
A covenant of love have ſworn;
4 That I thy ſeed eſtabliſh ſhall,
And build thy throne to ages all.
5 The heav'ns ſhall praiſe thy wonders, Lord,
Thy faithfulneſs thy ſaints record;
In all their congregations, they
Thy pow'r and wiſdom ſhall diſplay.

6 For, whom in heav'n ſhall I compare
Unto the Lord? and who is there
Among the mighty ones to be,
O JESUS, liken'd unto thee?
7 Thou, God, art great; and greatly thou
Art to be fear'd—to thee ſhall bow,
With reverence and awe profound,
Thy ſaints, on ev'ry ſide around.

8 O Lord, the God of armies, who
Doth reign ſo great a God as thou?
Encircled in thine holineſs
With pure and perfect faithfulneſs?
9 Ev'n in the raging of the ſea,
When high ſea-billows roaring be,
Thou over it and them doſt reign;
And ſtill'ſt them with thy word again.

10 Lo, Rahab thou haſt overthrown,
And from thee ſlung her like a ſtone;
And all her Pharaohs laid at length,
Subdu'd by thine high arm of ſtrength!
11 The heav'ns are thine, and thine the earth,
With ev'ry creature breathing breath;
The world is thine, her fulneſs thine,
All founded by thy hand divine.

12 The north, the ſouth, were made by thee;
And both in thee ſhall joyful be:
Tabor and Hermon both ſhall ſing,
And bound for joy to hail their King.
13 Thou haſt an arm of mighty pow'r,
The proud oppreſſors to devour:
Strong is thy hand, thy right-hand high,
To ſave the lowly when they cry.

14 Juſtice and judgment are thy throne,
Thy habitation, Lord, alone:
Mercy and truth before thee ſhine,
The brightneſs of thy face divine.

15 O greatly bleſt the people be,
Who know the joyful ſound from thee!
They ſtill ſhall walk before thy face,
O Lord, in glory of thy grace:

16 They, in thy name, ſhall all the day
Their banners joyfully diſplay;
And, in thy righteouſneſs, they ſhall
For ever be exalted all:
17 Becauſe the glory of their might
Doth only ſtand in thy delight;
And by thy favour ſhall our horn,
And proſp'rous pow'r, be ſtill upborn.

18 The Lord is our Defence and Shield,
Who ſhall to us protection yield:
The Holy One of Iſra'l ſing:
The Chriſt of God is Chriſt our King.
19 In viſion to thy Holy One,
Thou ſpakeſt then, and ſaidſt, Upon
A mighty Saviour I have laid
My people's everlaſting aid;

A choſen One, whom I have found,
Out of the people call'd, and crown'd;
20 Ev'n David's Son, whom I have lov'd,
And with mine holy oil approv'd.
21 With him my hand ſhall ſtabliſh'd be;
Mine arm and ſtrength ſhall ſet him free:
22 On him no foe ſhall e'er exact,
Nor ſon of malice turn him back:

23 I'll beat down his malicious foes,
Before his face, with plagues and blows:
24 But I from him will ne'er remove
My pledged faithfulneſs and love;
And, in my name exalted high,
His horn ſhall flouriſh glorioufly.
25 His hand and pow'r ſhall reach afar,
And turn again the tide of war;

His

His right-hand ſhall controul the ſea;
The rivers ſhall his vaſſals be.
26 Thou art my Father, he ſhall cry,
My Rock, my God, my Saviour high;
And I to him will bow mine ear,
And, ere he cry, will bend to hear.
27 I'll make him, my FIRST-BORN, more high
Than all the kings, afar or nigh.

28 I'll ever keep my love for him:
My covenant remaineth firm.
29 His ſeed I will eſtabliſh ſure,
And make them by my pow'r endure;
And, as the days of heav'n, the throne
I will eſtabliſh of my Son.
30 But if his children go aſtray,
And from my precepts burſt away;

And in my judgments ſhall not walk,
But, wand'ring from my ways, go back;
31 If they my ſtatutes ſhall profane,
And count my high commandments vain:
32 Then will I viſit with my rod,
And mark their ſin with ſtripes and blood:
33 Yet I'll not take my love from him,
Nor will I make his glory dim.

My faithfulneſs ſhall never fail:
And who my purpoſe ſhall repeal?
34 My covenant I will not break,
Nor will I void my promiſe make:
35 Once by my holineſs I ſwore
To David—I'll repent no more:
36 His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
And his dominion firm and ſure:

Like yonder ſun, for evermore,
In brighteſt glory me before,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall ſhine,
In light and glory all divine:

37 Whatever

37 Whatever changes come or go,
They're only changes but in ſhow;
There is no change in his high name,
Like moon, or rainbow, ſtill the ſame.

38 And yet, how great a myſtry's here?
What changes do to us appear?
Thou haſt caſt off, as one abhorr'd,
Thine own Anointed One, O Lord.
39 Thou haſt been wroth, and tore the crown
Of thy belov'd dear Holy One:
His diadem is ſoil'd in duſt,
And baſely thrown away, and toſt.

40 Thou haſt his hedges vilely torn,
And all his tow'rs defac'd with ſcorn:
41 And all who paſs him ſeize the ſpoil,
And feaſt upon his grief the while.
42 Thou haſt advanc'd his foes aloft,
And made them glad at him who ſcoff'd:
43 On him thou mad'ſt the battle fall;
Nor haſt thou ſtrengthen'd him at all.

44 His glory thou haſt made to ceaſe,
And marr'd the brightneſs of his face;
Haſt thrown his throne down to the ground,
And ſcatter'd all the fragments round;
45 His days of youth haſt ſhortened,
And him with ſhame haſt covered—
46 How long wilt thou thyſelf retire?
How long ſhall burn thy wrath like fire?

47 Remember, Lord, how ſhort a time
I dwell with men in earthly clime;
Haſte, haſte, return to me again:
Thou haſt not made me Man in vain.
48 Behold, I die to do thy will;
And, after death, I'll mount thy hill:
I die for men; for who is he
That lives, and death ſhall never ſee?

And

And who, unleſs the Lord ſhould ſave,
Should free his ſoul out of the grave?
49 Remember, Lord, thy kindneſſes,
Which thou didſt ſwear to David's face;
That I ſhould riſe again, and ſing
To thee, my Father, God, and King.
50 O wipe away my ſad diſgrace,
Which I have bore for thy dear race.

51 And let thy foes, who rage and roar
Againſt thee, roar and rage no more:
For they have rais'd their horn on high,
The Lord's Anointed to defy.—
52 The praiſes of the Lord our God,
Let all the faithful ſound abroad:
The Lord and his ANOINTED reign:
Amen, for evermore; amen.

PSALM XC.

THE ſenſe is obvious.

A ſong of Moſes, man of God,
Inſpir'd with heav'nly fire,
Who for the Prince Meſſiah ſtood,
And tun'd his fateful lyre:
The days of man are but a ſpan,
And fly like ſhades away;
But ev'ry faithful-hearted one
Shall reign with Chriſt for aye.

1 LORD, thou haſt been our dwelling-place
In generations all:
2 Before thou did'ſt the mountains trace
Upon this earthly ball;
Ere thou a being did'ſt impart
To all the worlds abroad;
Ev'n thou from everlaſting art
To everlaſting God.

3 But

3 But man, ſubjected to decay,
Muſt ſad mutation know,
And fall deſtroy'd, to death a prey,
Till thou revoke the woe:
For thou wilt ſay, Return again,
Ye ſons of men, return;
The grave ſhall yield alive her ſlain,
And death bereav'd ſhall mourn.

4 But, in thy ſight, a thouſand years
Seem but as yeſterday,
Or as a watch by night appears,
When paſt and fled away.
5 Thou carrieſt them as with a flood,
Like wreck along the wave,
Till they are ſwallow'd in the *blood*-
And-*bone*-devouring grave:

They ſlumber on full many a year,
A length of time unknown,
Till thou, O glorious Lord, appear
To raiſe the overthrown:
How ſoon, O Iſra'l, is thy day,
When thou muſt drink thy cup,
And on the bed of death thee lay,
Till Chriſt ſhall rouſe thee up!

6 Man, in the morning of his day,
Is like the tender flow'r;
It ſmiles and hails the new-born ray,
And glories for an hour;
But when the fervent noon-day beams
Have beat upon its head,
It's vap'ry ſpirit flies in ſteams,
And leaves it ſunk and dead:

7 So by thine anger we're conſum'd,
And troubled by thy wrath,
Within the darkſome charnel doom'd
To be devour'd by death.

8 For thou our sins hast made the *butt*
At which thine arrows fly;
And our iniquities hast put
Direct before thine eye.

9 Therefore our days fly all away,
Pursued by thy wrath;
And leave us lone, a mangled prey,
Caught in the jaws of death:
Our days are like a tale twice told,
And like a bird that's flown;
In spending they grow stale and old,
And, spent, no more are known.

10 Our days and years, the utmost sum,
Are threescore years and ten,
Or if, by strength, there may be some
The length of fourscore gain;
Yet is their strength but labour hard,
With sorrow, pain, and toil:
We fly away, and soon are scar'd,
Like birds by fowler's guile.

11 Who knows the pow'r, Lord, of thy wrath?
If once thy wrath shall blow,
To stem the way is instant death,
And endless overthrow:
Thy wrath, according to thy fear,
Is past conception all;
12 Teach us our end in mind to bear,
And frailty to recal:

So shall we then our hearts apply
Unto thy wisdom, Lord;
And meditate continually
On thy eternal Word.
13 Return, return, O Lord, how long
Wilt thou remain away?
Come, turn our mourning into song,
And our long night to day.

14 O ſatisfy thy ſervants, thou,
Right early with thy love;
And give us conſolations now,
Which ſhall no more remove:
15 So ſhall we triumph evermore,
And all our days be glad,
When all theſe tranſient ſcenes are o'er,
Wherewith thou mad'ſt us ſad.

16 O let thy work and pow'r appear
Unto thy ſervants ſoon,
And let thy glory, bright and clear,
Unto their ſons be ſhown:
17 And let the beauty of the Lord,
Our God and Saviour dear,
Shine forth, according to thy word,
In thine accepted year:

Meſſiah, then, ſhall lead our path;
And thou, O God, approve
Our works of gratitude and faith,
Our labours, and our love.

PSALM XCI.

ALTHOUGH, by applying it directly to Chriſt, Matth. iv. 6. Satan may be ſaid to have approved himſelf a better commentator upon this Pſalm than many of his miniſters; yet it is not upon his authority, but upon that of the prophet of God, Iſ. xliii. 2. and xlix. 2, *&c.* that the following paraphraſe, and application of the whole Pſalm to the Meſſiah is built.

Beneath the high, o'er-ſhading wing
Of the Almighty, ſafely lodg'd,
Behold, ye ſaints, behold and ſing,
Your Surety juſtify'd when judg'd!
The promiſes are ſure and ſeal'd,
Confirmed in THE WOMAN'S SEED,
Whoſe bruiſed heel the Lord hath heal'd,
For bruiſing of the Serpent's head!

1 HE who doth in the bosom dwell
Of the Most High, shall safely stay,
By the Almighty's shadow well-
Protected round by night and day.
2 I of Jehovah will pronounce,
That he's my Hope, and my High-tow'r;
My God, who gives me a response,
When I to him my pray'r shall pour.

3 Assuredly he shall thee save,
And keep thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the all-devouring grave,
When subtile plagues infest the air.
4 He shall defend thee with his wing,
And vail thee with his feathers round;
And thou shalt trust in him thy King,
Whose truth 's a shield and buckler found.

5 No terror of the night shall fall,
Nor deadly horror on thee seize;
No winged arrow touch thee shall,
That flies by day-light random-ways:
6 And at the noisome pestilence,
That walks in darkness, thou shalt laugh;
Noon-day destructions get them hence,
And fly before thy face like chaff.

7 A thousand at thy side shall fall,
And at thy right-hand thousands more,
But thee it ne'er shall touch at all,
When all the rage of war shall roar:
8 Thou only with thine eyes shalt see,
And stand a safe spectator by,
When all the proud rewarded be,
Who dar'd the Lord thy God defy.

9 Because the Lord, my refuge high,
Was made by thee thy dwelling-place;
10 There shall no evil come thee nigh,
Nor plague approach thy palaces.

11 For he ſhall give his angels charge
Concerning thee in all thy ways,
Their guard around thee to enlarge,
And keep thee all thy nights and days:

12 They in their hands ſhall bear thee up,
Still waiting on their Lord alone;
Leſt th' enemy would interrupt,
And daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.
13 Upon the adder thou ſhalt tread,
And on the roaring lion ſtrong;
Thy feet ſhall bruiſe the dragon's head,
And trample on the lions young.

14 Becauſe on me he ſet his love,
I'll ſave and ſet him up on high;
Becauſe he did my name approve,
I'll make him quell the enemy.
15 He'll call on me, I'll anſwer him;
I will be with him in his pain;
His longing eyes ſhall not grow dim,
Till I ſhall raiſe him up again:

16 I'll raiſe him up with glory crown'd,
And give him everlaſting days:
Meſſiah's name my mouth ſhall ſound,
And all my works ſhall give him praiſe.

PSALM XCII.

As Pſal. ii. with its parallels. See the margin.

The ways of God are holy all,
The ways of peace and praiſe!
For joy and thankfulneſs they call:
Come, join Meſſiah's lays—
Meſſiah, like the palm-tree high,
Shall flouriſh, ever fair,
Before the Lord eternally;
Whoſe glory we ſhall ſhare.

1 HOW ſweet, how pleaſant, yea, and good,
Is it to bleſs the Lord;
And, with the voice of gratitude,
His praiſes to record!
2 I'll praiſe and ſing, O thou Moſt High,
With joy, the live-long day;
And when the ev'ning ſhades draw nigh,
I'll raiſe my ev'ning lay:

Thy faithfulneſs ſhall be my theme,
Thy love ſhall melt my ſong;
3 My muſic ſhall exalt thy name;
Thy truth my notes prolong:
My ſweeteſt cymbals I will chuſe,
With harp of ſolemn ſound;
And ev'ry choiceſt air I'll uſe,
To ſpread thy glory round.

4 For thou, O Lord, haſt made me glad,
Thro' this grand work of thine:
I'll triumph in the works were made
By thine own hands divine:
5 O Lord, how great thy wonders be,
Thy thoughts how very deep,
6 No brutiſh man can ever ſee,
No fool can therein dip.

7 For, when the wicked ſpring as graſs,
And evil-workers bloom;
It is that they may quickly paſs,
And feel a heavy doom.
8 For thou, O Lord, art God Moſt High,
The God for evermore,
Lord Paramount o'er earth and ſky;
Whom heav'n and earth adore.

9 But, lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
Lo, all thine enemies,
Shall periſh by thy furbiſh'd ſword:
They fall, and never riſe.

10 But thou my horn ſhalt high exalt,
High, like the unicorn;
Thou with freſh oil anoint me ſhalt,
And hail me thy FIRST-BORN.

11 Mine eye ſhall ſee my heart's deſire
On all mine enemies;
Mine ear ſhall hear what I require
On thoſe who 'gainſt me riſe.
12 But like the palm-tree flouriſh'd high
Shall be the Righteous One;
And cedar-like ſhall reach the ſky,
Like thoſe in Lebanon.

13 Thoſe that within the houſe of God
Are planted by his grace,
They all ſhall grow and ſpread abroad
In our God's holy place.
14 And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit ſtill forth ſhall bring;
They ſhall be fair, and rear their head,
And aye be flouriſhing:

15 To ſhew that upright is the Lord;
He is a Rock to me;
And he from failure in his word
Is altogether free:
He pledg'd his word that he would raiſe
Me and my ſaints on high:
I therefore, with my ſaints, will praiſe
His word eternally.

PSALM XCIII.

As Pſal. ii. with its parallels. See the margin.

Whoſe name's THE WORD OF GOD, *the King,*
Who comes to bring the faithful home,
Th' eternal Lord of Glory ſing!
He was, and is, and is to come:

The floods had lifted up their voice;
The floods had lifted up their waves:
He said, Be still; *and hush'd their noise:*
His people by his pow'r he saves.

1 MESSIAH reigneth; he's array'd
With majesty and glory bright;
The Lord with strength and pow'r is clad;
He girds himself about with might:
The world he poiz'd upon the flood,
That it cannot be mov'd away:
2 Thy throne, O everlasting God,
Shall unto everlasting stay.

3 The floods have lifted up aloud,
The floods have lifted up their voice;
The floods lift up their waves to God;
But he commands, and stills their noise.
4 The Lord on high is mightier far
Than many sounding waters be;
Yea, than the mighty waves that war,
Revolving, roaring on the sea.

5 Thy testimonies firm and pure,
In faithfulness and pow'r excel;
The boist'rous waves could not endure—
At thy rebuke they sunk and fell.
Lo, holiness becomes thine house,
O Lord our God, for evermore:
In mercy smile and shine on us,
That we may stand thy face before.

PSALM XCIV.

As Psal. x. with its parallels.

The eyes of God are ev'ry where,
Beholding all the world abroad:
He form'd the eye; he form'd the ear:
He rules the nations by his nod.

Confounded

Confounded ſhall the atheiſt fly,
And all the proud oppreſſors die;
In hell their open'd eyes ſhall ſee,
' MESSIAH *was the King on high!'*

1 LORD GOD, in juſt vindictive wrath,
For vengeance unto thee belongs,
Ariſe, inflict deſerved death
On thoſe who load thy folk with wrongs.
2 Shine forth, and diſſipate our fears,
Thou Judge of all the world abroad;
Preſerve thy wheat, burn up the tares,
And manifeſt thyſelf our God.

3 How long, how long ſhall wickedneſs
Triumphantly advance her reign?
How long ſhall inſolence oppreſs
Thy loyal ones in thy domain?
4 How long ſhall they pour forth their gall,
And boaſt themſelves againſt the Lord?
5 Like rav'ning wolves, on us who fall,
And give thy children to the ſword?

6 In widows and in ſtrangers blood,
How they imbrue their butch'ring hand;
While murder, like a raging flood,
O'erwhelms the orphans in the land!
7 Themſelves they flatter ne'ertheleſs,
And ſay, Jehovah ſhall not ſee;
Nor Jacob's God e'er think of this,
Nor of our actions conſcious be.

8 Ye brutiſh people! underſtand;
Fools, when will ye ſee wiſdom clear?
The Lord did plant with his own hand
The ear—and ſhall himſelf not hear?
9 The Lord himſelf did form the eye;
Shall he himſelf not clearly ſee?
He unto man brings knowledge nigh,
And ſhall himſelf not conſcious be?

10 He

10 He that the nations doth correct,
Shall he not forely chaſtiſe you;
And on your heads his vengeance wreak,
That ye may then your folly rue?
11 Man's thoughts, but froth and vanity,
The Lord doth well diſcern and ſee:
12 Bleſt is the man whom thou doſt try,
And ſcourge, to learn, O Lord, of thee.

13 Thou'lt give him, in the ruſhing ſtream
Of ſad calamity, to reſt,
Until the pit be digg'd for them
Who have thine heritage oppreſt.
14 For thou, O Lord, wilt not caſt off
Thy people, nor thy flock forſake;
Nor ſtand aloof and ſee the wolf
Fierce inroads on thy paſtures make.

15 But judgment ſhall to righteouſneſs,
My righteouſneſs divine, return,
When all my foes have fled my face,
And all my brethren ceas'd to mourn:
Then thou in juſtice ſhalt reward
The work, O God, which I have done:
And when thy love ſhall be declar'd,
The nations after it ſhall run.

16 O who will now riſe up for me,
To ſtem the tide of wicked men?
When roaring pride rolls like the ſea,
O who will turn the floods again?
17 Unleſs the Lord had been my help,
My ſoul had ſoon to ſilence fled,
When lions fierce and lion's whelp
Their mad aſſaults upon me made.

18 When I had ſaid, My foot is gone,
Thy mercy, Lord, ſupported me:
19 And when a flood of thoughts had flown
Along my ſoul, I joy'd in thee.

20 But ſhall the throne of ſin and ſhame,
The throne that's built in guilt and blood,
Which miſchief by a law doth frame,
Have fellowſhip with thee, O God?

21 In counſel they aſſemble cloſe,
And plot againſt my righteous ſoul,
To ſpill my blood on yonder croſs;
But thou, my Father, ſeeſt the whole.
22 The Lord is my Defence, and King,
My God, my Rock, my Refuge ſtrong;
To me he ſhall ſalvation bring,
And raiſe me to my throne ere long.

23 But God ſhall bring the wicked down,
And on them lay their heavy ſin:
He'll make their glory vaniſh ſoon,
And lay them low the pit within.

PSALM XCV.

INTERPRETED and improved by its Author, Heb. iii. 4. concerning *Chriſt* and the *goſpel-day*.—And ſo, for the ſame reaſon, its parallels muſt be applied.

To-day, to-day, the HOLY GHOST
Upon the ſaints doth loudly call,
In CHRIST *alone to make their boaſt,*
And lowly at his footſtool fall:
For unbelievers evermore,
Who ſin againſt the HOLY GHOST,
In outer darkneſs howl and roar,
And wail God's reſt for ever loſt!

1 O Come, let us ſing to the Lord;
And make a ſweet melodious ſound
Unto our Rock, which doth afford
Salvation when our foes ſurround.

2 Let

2 Let us before his preſence joy,
With thankſgiving and ſounding Pſalm;
3 For God the Lord is God moſt high,
The mighty King, whoſe name's I AM.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
The heights of hills are alſo his;
5 The ſea is his, and his the land;
His word has form'd the vaſt abyſs.
6 O come, and let us worſhip him
And bow before our Maker all;
For he's the Lord, our King ſublime:
Proſtrate before him let us fall:

7 For he's our God, the people we
Of his own paſture ſurely are,
And of his hand the ſheep; if ye
To-day his voice will duly hear—
8 Then harden not your hearts, as in
The provocation, on the day
Of the temptation, and your ſin,
When ye blaſphem'd at Meribah:

9 When me your fathers try'd and prov'd,
And grievouſly did ſtrive with me;
Full forty years my wrath they mov'd,
And fully did my working ſee:
10 I ſaid, This people err in heart,
My ways they never yet do know:
I ſware in wrath, and ſaid, Depart;
Into my reſt ye ne'er ſhall go.

PSALM XCVI.

SIMILAR to Pſal. ii. See the margin.

Advance, advance the voice of praiſe!
Let heav'n and earth refound our lays!
Meſſiah reigns for evermore!
Let all the world their Judge adore!

1 O To the Lord Meſſiah ſing;
Sing new ſongs to the Lord our King;
Let all the world, with joy and mirth,
Sing to the Lord of all the earth.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praiſe proclaim;
His glory to the nations ſhew,
His tidings glad, and ever new.

3 Great is the Lord, and greatly he,
Above the gods, muſt feared be:
4 For all the gods are idols dumb,
To which the blinded nations come.
5 The Lord hath made the earth and ſkies:
Above them both his glory flies:
6 The glory of his face doth ſhine
With ſtrength and majeſty divine:

The beauty of his holineſs
With glory fills his holy place;
And nought but glory ſhall appear,
Before the Lord, for ever here.
7 Aſcribe to Chriſt, the Lord your God,
All kindreds of the world abroad,
Aſcribe to Chriſt the glory due,
Who gives his glorious ſtrength to you.

8 Give to the Lord his glorious fame,
And all aloud proclaim his name:
Come, come into his courts, and bring
Yourſelves your *off'ring* to your King.
9 In beauty of his holineſs,
Unto the Lord your God confeſs:
Worſhip and fear before him, all
Ye ſons of this terreſtrial ball.

10 From pole to pole the tidings ſound,
Meſſiah reigns the world around:
The world is fix'd, and ſhall not move,
Till all the world his judgment prove.

11 All

11 All nature ſhall renew'd appear,
Before him, in th' accepted year:
The Heav'n ſhall lift aloud her voice,
And, with her ſiſter Earth, rejoice:

12 The Sea ſhall, with her fulneſs, roar,
And Thunder praiſe from ſhore to ſhore:
The joyful fields ſhall laugh and ſing;
The trees ſhall bow to hail their King:

13 Before the Lord, the univerſe,
By him reſtor'd, ſhall then rehearſe
The wonders of his kingdom all,
When he from duſt the dead ſhall call.

He comes, in his appointed hour,
To judge the earth with truth and pow'r:
He'll judge the world with righteouſneſs,
And all the folk with faithfulneſs.

PSALM XCVII.

ASCERTAINED, with all its parallels, and applied by THE FATHER to THE SON, Heb. i. 6. 'When 'he bringeth in the Firſt-begotten into the world, 'he ſaith, *And let all the angels of God worſhip 'him*'—as written in ver. 7. of this Pſalm, '*Wor-'ſhip him, all ye gods.*' See Pſal. ii. and margin.

Here in THE SON *behold and trace*
(Of all his Father's pow'r poſſeſt),
The brightneſs of his Father's face;
Jehovah's glory full expreſt!

1 JEHOVAH reigneth; let the earth,
With all her multitude of iſles,
Rejoice, and give her joys a breath;
For her Meſſiah on her ſmiles.

2 Though clouds and darkneſs round him roll,
And hide his glory for a while,
He'll make them, like a burning ſcroll,
To fly away, and ne'er recoil:

For righteouſneſs and judgment, ſtill
The habitation of his throne,
Eſtabliſh'd ſtand, like Zion-hill,
Till all his holy will be done.

3 A fire before him burns, and goes,
Devouring all his foes around;
4 His lightning's flaſh the world o'erthrows;
Th' earth ſaw, and trembled at his ſound.

5 The mountains at his preſence fled;
The hills, like melted wax, did flow:
Meſſiah comes to make us glad
With his bleſt preſence here below.
6 The heav'ns announce his righteouſneſs;
All people ſee his glory ſhine:
The Holy Ghoſt, with voice expreſs,
Atteſts his majeſty, DIVINE.

7 All who ſerve graven images,
Confounded let them ever be:
Themſelves, in idols who do bleſs,
Confounded from his face ſhall flee.
But ſee the IMAGE God hath choſe,
His brighteſt glory to diſplay;
For in him all the Godhead glows,
And beams with undiminiſh'd ray.

O angels of Jehovah, all,
Behold THE SON on throne ſublime!
Before his face with rev'rence fall,
(For he's your Lord), and worſhip him!
8 Zion did hear, and joyful ſang;
Glad, glad, thy daughters, Judah, were,
When light amid thy darkneſs ſprang,
And ſhew'd thy lov'd Meſſiah near.

9 Above all other gods, O Lord,
Thou doſt, exalted, reign on high;
By all who know thee, lov'd, ador'd,
God over all, eternally.

10 O ye that love Meſſiah, now,
Becauſe of his forgiving love,
Unto your Lord profoundly bow,
And, hating ill, from ill remove:

For he preſerv'd your ſouls from hell,
And ſaved you from Satan's pow'r:
O let not then your ſouls rebel,
Which he redeem'd for evermore!

11 Light, light, is ſown for all the ſaints,
And joy for ev'ry upright one:
Let faith and hope prevent your plaints;
Dry up your tears, and huſh your moan!

12 Rejoice, ye heirs of righteouſneſs,
The righteouſneſs of Chriſt above;
Recal to mind his holineſs,
And gratitude repay for love.

PSALM XCVIII.

INTERPRETED as the laſt Pſalm.

Let all the world with rev'rence fall
Before the Lord, the Judge of all!
He comes with thouſand thouſand ſaints,
To dry our tears, to heal our plaints.

1 O Sing a new ſong to our King,
To Chriſt the King of Zion ſing;
For he hath works of wonder done,
His right hand hath the vict'ry won.

2 He his ſalvation hath made known,
His righteouſneſs reveal'd and ſhown,
Among the heathens, in their ſight,
Now brought from darkneſs into light.

3 Now Zion ſhall no more deplore;
For grace and truth are at the door;

And

And the ſalvation of our God
Is ſeen by all the world abroad.
4 Earth, make a joyful noiſe, and ſing
New ſongs of praiſe to Chriſt your King:
He comes to fill the earth with joy,
And her deſtroyer to deſtroy.

5 With all the melody of praiſe,
6 With muſic varied thouſand ways,
We will *hoſanna* Chriſt the King,
Who makes the light from darkneſs ſpring.
7 Let ſeas revolve his glory o'er,
And each applauſive billow roar;
8 Clap, clap your hands, ye murm'ring floods,
Shout, dance, and ſing, ye hills and woods,

9 Before the Lord; behold him near,
To bring the long-deſired year;
To bring his own redeemed home,
To give the world impartial doom:
He'll judge the earth in righteouſneſs,
And all the world with faithfulneſs:
According as the tree ſhall fall,
There it remain for ever ſhall:

How bleſs'd are they his voice who hear!
But, ah! how curs'd, if ye forbear!
To-day, to-day, to-day alone,
Is th' only day to kiſs the Son!

PSALM XCIX.

THE praiſe and majeſty of Chriſt's kingdom. See Pſalm ii. *&c.*

Who was, and is, and is to be,
The ſame to-day and evermore,
The God of glorious majeſty,
Your King—ye ſaints of God, adore!

1 THE Lord Meſſiah reigns the King,
Let men with trembling awe revere;
He rides upon the Cherub's wing,
Let th'earth be mov'd, and quake with fear.
2 The Lord is great in Zion-hill,
The Lord ſupreme, God over all;
3 Thy name is high and terrible,
To be rever'd by great and ſmall.

4 Jehovah's Strength, the Lord our King,
Judgment and juſtice only loves;
Judgment to vict'ry he will bring,
Who righteouſneſs alone approves.
5 The Lord our God exalt ye high,
And low before his footſtool fall;
For he is holy; ſanctify
His holy name, and on him call.

6 Moſes and Aaron led the van
Among his prieſts, and Samuel too;
They call'd on Chriſt, nor call'd in vain;
He gave them all an anſwer due.
7 He ſpake to them amidſt the cloud,
The cloud by day, the fire by night:
They kept the ſtatutes of their God,
His ordinances all aright.

8 Thou anſwer'dſt them, O Lord our God,
Thou waſt a God that them forgave,
Tho' thou took vengeance by thy rod
Of their inventions—them to ſave.
9 Exalt the Lord, our God and King,
And worſhip at his holy hill;
The Lord our God is holy; bring
The off'rings of your heart and will.

PSALM

PSALM C.

A Pſalm of thankſgiving. See Pſal. xcv. and margin.

The Holy Ghoſt conſtrains us all
Before the Lord our God to fall,
And give to him the glory due,
Whoſe mercies are for ever new.

1 WITH one conſent, and one accord,
Let all the people praiſe the Lord:
2 Come, ſerve the Lord with joy, and ſing,
Soaring to God on lofty wing.
3 Know ye, the Lord is God indeed,
The Son of God, and David's ſeed:
'Tis he who form'd us in his love,
And gave us grace that ne'er ſhall move:

Unto ourſelves we nothing owe,
And nothing on ourſelves beſtow:
We are his work, and only his;
His both our being and our bliſs:
We are his people, and the ſheep
Whom he doth in his paſture keep:
Let us unto our Shepherd bow;
Our Shepherd's faithful, good, and true.

4 O enter then his gates with praiſe,
And in his courts his glory raiſe;
Be thankful to him, bleſs his name,
And let your ways your love proclaim.
5 For why? The Lord is always good,
His love from everlaſting ſtood;
His truth endureth evermore:
Let all the world the Lord adore.

PSALM CI.

CHRIST'S undertaking and vow. See Pſal. lxxv.

A ſong of God's beloved Son,
Which he to David did impart,
Concerning all the ways, anon
To be fulfill'd in Chriſt's own heart.

1 I Mercy will and judgment ſing;
Mercy and judgment are thy choice:
I'll ſing to thee, my God, my King,
And all my ſubjects ſhall rejoice.
2 With perfect wiſdom I will act,
Within my church, my houſe, my home;
And with a perfect heart will walk:
To me, my God, when wilt thou come?

3 I will endure no *Belial* thing
To be at all before mine eyes:
I hate the works of thoſe who ſwing
With ev'ry guſt of wind that flies.
4 No froward heart to me ſhall cleave,
But from me ſhall depart away:
No faithleſs perſon I will ſave,
Nor hear the wicked when they pray.

5 Whoſo ſhall ſlander privily
His neighbour, I will cut him off:
The proud and domineering eye,
Unknown by me, ſhall ſtand aloof.
6 Upon the faithful of the land
Mine eye ſhall look, and always ſmile:
The man who walks in thy command,
My Servant, yea, my Son, I ſtyle.

7 But he that worketh baſe deceit
Within my houſe ſhall never dwell;
Nor ſhall he tarry in my ſight,
Who wicked wanton lies will tell.

8 I will deſtroy the curſed tares,
As faſt as they ſhall fill the ground;
My zeal no evil-doers bears
To be within God's city found.

PSALM CII.

IN this Pſalm we behold the ſufferings of Chriſt, as expreſſed in his own perſon, by the Holy Ghoſt, from the beginning to verſe 12. contraſted with the following glory, as declared by the ſame Spirit in the perſon of the Father, from verſe 12. to 23. Then, from the 23. to the middle of verſe 24. the dialogue is again renewed, as at the beginning of the Pſalm, in the perſon of the Son—to whom, from the middle of ver. 24. to the end of the Pſalm, the Father is again repreſented, as replying according to the former manner, mentioned from ver. 12 to 23.: for ſo this Pſalm, ver. 25, *&c.* is expreſsly applied and interpreted by the Holy Ghoſt, Heb. i. 'Unto the Son he ſaith, Thy throne, O God, is for 'ever and ever—And thou, Lord, in the beginning, haſt laid the foundation of the earth; and 'the heavens are the works of thine hands,' *&c.* —'And they ſhall be changed: but thou art the 'ſame, and thy years ſhall not fail.'

A pray'r of God's afflicted SON,
With anguiſh well-nigh overwhelm'd—
When to the Lord he pour'd his moan,
He found his ſpirit all becalm'd.

1 LORD hear my pray'r, and let my cry
Aſcend into thine ear and heart;
For by thine arrows pierc'd I lie;
My ſpirit's drunk by fire and dart.
2 Hide not thy face from me, when I,
In my calamity and pain,
Mourn, Lord, to thee; O ſpeedily
To this my call an anſwer deign.

3 My

3 My days are all conſum'd to ſmoke,
My bones are burnt up as an hearth;
4 My heart, with grief and anguiſh broke,
Like graſs, is wither'd on the earth:
My ſoul forgets and loaths her bread,
My Father's wrath poſſeſſeth me;
I'm almoſt number'd with the dead;
Yet death from me doth daily flee.

5 By reaſon of my groaning voice,
My ſkin adhereth to my bones;
My fleſh is fled with all my joys,
And nothing left but ſighs and moans.
6 I'm like the mournful pelican,
Alone in wilderneſs, and lorn;
Or, like the deſert owl, a man
Of all my fellow-men the ſcorn.

7 I like a mateleſs ſparrow am,
That watches on houſe-top alone;
No man regardeth whence I came;
No man regardeth when I'm gone.
8 I'm like a lamb among the wolves;
My foes devour me all the day;
In mad-ſworn wrath, each one reſolves
Who ſhall be firſt my ſoul to ſlay.

9 I've eaten aſhes for my bread,
And mingled all my drink with tears;
10 But 'tis thine anger makes me bleed;
Thine anger fills my heart with fears:
For thou haſt lifted me on high,
And daſh'd me fiercely down again;
My heavy fetters, Lord, untie,
And looſe me from my weighty chain.

11 My days are as a vapour flown,
And like a ſhadow fled away:
I'm wither'd like the graſs, and blown
About, the ſport of ev'ry day.—

12 But

12 But thou, O Lord, when this thy day
Of ſad calamity and tears
Is wholly ſpent, and blown away,
Shalt live an endleſs length of years:

Thou ſhalt for evermore endure,
Thy memory thro' ages all
Shall, like the ſun, be bright and pure,
Nor any blot ſhall thereon fall.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and mercy have
Upon thy Zion, in the day
When thou ſhalt triumph o'er the grave,
And unto death, BE SLAIN, ſhalt ſay:

Behold, the time of favour comes,
The very time which thou haſt ſet:
Jeruſalem thy glory blooms;
Zion, thy God is at thy gate.
14 Thy ſons take pleaſure in thy ſtones,
O thou belov'd Jeruſalem:
Zion, thy God hath heard thy groans,
He comes from duſt to raiſe thy name.

15 So ſhall the nations round thee fear
Thy name, O Chriſt, my holy King;
So ſhall the kings their glory dear,
With all their off'rings, to thee bring.
16 When thou, O Lord, ſhalt Zion build,
Thou in thy glory ſhalt appear;
And be thyſelf their Sun and Shield,
A Sun and Shield for ever near.

17 The pray'rs of all the deſtitute
Their High-prieſt never will deſpiſe;
For he himſelf was cloth'd about,
With all the like infirmities.
18 This ſhall be wrote for future times,
Thro' generations all to come;
For people in remoteſt climes,
Whom their Creator ſhall bring home.

19 They

19 They ſhall record his glorious praiſe,
And ſing the wonders of his way;
For he from heav'n beheld their ways,
And ſaid, I'll ſave them in their day:
20 I'll hear the groaning priſoner,
And looſe the children doom'd to die,
21 To ſhew the Lord is ever near,
A ready help when trouble's nigh.

The Lord in Zion ever dwells,
And in Jeruſalem his name;
His name o'er ev'ry name prevails,
And over praiſes all, his fame:
22 Behold the people gather'd round,
Thro' all the world to ſerve the Lord,
Aſſembled at the joyful ſound,
The tidings of th' Eternal Word!—

23 My ſtrength he weaken'd on the road,
He lopt away my future days;
24 I cry'd, O ſpare thou me, my God,
And let me live to ſhew thy praiſe.—
Thy years thro' ages all ſhall laſt,
When time itſelf ſhall be no more,
25 When heav'ns and earth, O Lord, are paſt,
Which both were founded by thy pow'r:

26 They all ſhall periſh from thy ſight,
Lo, as a garment they wax old,
But thou ſhalt live and change them quite,
And as a veſture roll and fold:
They ſhall be chang'd, and paſs away;
27 But thou remaineſt ſtill the ſame:
Thy years are an eternal day,
And an eternal throne thy claim.

28 The children alſo of thy love,
A faithful, loving, choſen race,
Shall never from thy foot remove,
But ever dwell before thy face.

PSALM

PSALM CIII.

THIS and the following Pſalm need no illuſtration.

A ſong by God's Meſſiah ſung,
When floods of light, from darkneſs ſprung,
Began to ruſh into his ſoul,
Where waters deep before did roll.

1 O Thou my ſoul, ariſe, and ſing;
Bleſs God thy Lord for evermore;
And all within me, hail thy King;
His holy name bleſs and adore:
2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the Lord thy God,
And, ever mindful of his love,
Proclaim his holy name abroad;
And all thy pow'rs within thee move.

3 Sing to the Lord, and boldly tell,
The Lord doth all thy ſins forgive;
All thine infirmities doth heal,
And ſaith to thee, FOR EVER LIVE:
4 The Lord redeems thy life, that thou
Within the pit ſhalt not remain;
With loving-kindneſs crowns thy brow;
And high exalts thy head again:

5 The Lord with goodneſs fills thy mouth,
And makes thy heart with gladneſs ſing;
The Lord again renews thy youth,
And makes thee ſoar with eagle's wing.
6 The Lord, to all oppreſſed ones,
Will juſtice pure and judgment give;
For he hath heard my dying groans,
And bid me, in his mercy, LIVE.

7 His ways to Moſes he did ſhow,
And unto Aaron in their day;
Iſra'l he made his acts to know;
And Iſra'l ſang with joyful lay.

8 The

8 The Lord is kind and gracious;
He is to wrath and anger slow;
In mercy he is plenteous;
In him compassions always flow.

9 He will not always chide; nor will
He keep his anger evermore:
10 He hath not recompens'd our ill,
But kindly blotted out the score:
11 For as the heav'n, in all its height,
The earth surmounteth very far,
So great to those, who do delight
In him, his tender mercies are:

12 For as the east is distant from
The west, so far hath he remov'd
Our sins from us, and made them come,
In their full weight, on *his Belov'd.*
13 Such pity as a father's heart
Feels for his tender children dear;
Like pity does the Lord impart
To those who worship him in fear:

14 For he remembers we are grass,
And he our fading frame well knows:
15 Frail man, his days like shadows pass;
As flow'r in field he buds and grows:
16 For over it the wind doth pass,
And it away is ever gone;
And, of the place where once it was,
It shall no more at all be known.

17 But as for those who know his name,
And of his righteousness approve,
Who found his everlasting fame,
He shall to everlasting love.
18 To such as keep his covenant,
And only walk in wisdom's ways,
A full supply for ev'ry want,
His love almighty still conveys.

19 The Lord in heav'n hath built his throne;
His kingdom ruleth over all:
20 Ye angels, bleſs him, ev'ry one,
And lowly at his footſtool fall;
For therefore ye in ſtrength excel,
That ye his high beheſts may bear,
And execute his pleaſure well,
When ye his mighty mandates hear.

21 Bleſs ye the Lord, all ye his hoſts,
Who faithfully perform his will:
Let ev'ry thing which being boaſts,
Join in the ſong with various ſkill.
22 Bleſs, bleſs the Lord, ye great and ſmall,
In his dominions, ev'ry-where:
Bleſs thou the Lord, my ſoul; and all
His glory evermore declare.

PSALM CIV.

SEE the laſt, with parallels on margin of both.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The one eternal God alone,
Prais'd by the ſaints, and heav'nly hoſt,
For all his works of wonder done!

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the Lord Moſt High:
My God, thou art exceeding great;
With honour thou and majeſty
Art clothed, as with robes of ſtate!
2 Thou dwell'ſt in unapproached light,
Which, as a garment, thee arrays;
And ſpread'ſt the ſky, thy curtain bright,
To ſhade th' inſufferable blaze.

3 His palace-beams, in airy floods
Above the firmament, he lays;
He makes his chariot of the clouds,
And of the winged winds his ways.

4 He makes his angels ſpirits pure,
His miniſters a flaming fire:
5 He makes the founded earth endure,
And ſays, *Thou never ſhalt retire.*

6 Thou coveredſt the earth with waves,
As with a garment ſpread along;
The deep, above the mountains heaves
Its head, with waters fierce and ſtrong:
7 At thy rebuke the waters fled,
Affrighted at thy thunders, lo,
8 They from the mountain-tops recede,
And down the hollow valleys flow.

They haſted from thy voice away,
And found their own appointed place:
9 Thou didſt a bondage on them lay,
That they ſhould never more tranſgeſs:
When they perceived in the cloud,
Thy faithful covenant of peace,
No deluge more ſhould be allow'd,
They ſank their head, and kept their place.

10 Into the vales he ſends the ſprings,
Which run among the little hills,
11 Drink to afford all living things;
Wild aſſes drink, and bleſs the rills:
12 By them the fowls of every wing,
Which ſing among the branches, dwell;
Which to the God, who feeds them, ſing:
To God of heav'n their notes they ſwell.

13 He from his chambers ſends the rain,
And opens all his reſervoirs,
To water both the hill and plain,
According as their need requires:
He ſhow'rs his goodneſs on the earth;
The earth is grateful to his love:
The world is fill'd with joy and mirth;
All breathing life his bounty prove.

14 He

14 He makes the graſs for cattle grow,
And herb to ſtay the heart of man;
That he may cauſe the food to flow
From earth, which ſatiates ev'ry one.
15 The wine that cheers the human heart;
The oil that makes their faces ſhine;
The bread which ſtrength to man imparts,
All-bounteous God, are gifts of thine!

16 The trees of God are full of ſap;
The cedars tall of Lebanon,
The Lord, their Planter, doth adapt
Unto the ſoil they tow'r upon:
17 The birds beneath their ſhadow dwell;
The fir-tree is the ſtork's delight:
18 The wild-goats love the mountains well;
The conies court the rocks' ſteep height.

19 For ſeaſons, he appoints the moon,
Who walks majeſtic through the clouds;
He taught the ſun to know his noon,
And when to plunge him in the floods.
20 Thou makeſt darkneſs, and 'tis night:
Then all the beaſts of foreſt creep,
In ſilent abſence of the light,
Afraid to ſee the morning peep.

21 The lions young roar for their prey,
And make the rocks around them yell;
They cry to God, both night and day,
For meat to quench their hunger fell:
22 But when the ſun doth gild the clouds,
And pour his beams along the plains,
Then ſavage monſters of the woods,
Retire and ſlink into their dens.

23 Man to his labour goeth forth,
To occupy the given day;
And let him work with joy and mirth,
Before the Lord, till th' ev'ning-ray.

24 How grand, how various, are thy works!
In wiſdom haſt thou made them all:
No want, no blemiſh, in them lurks;
No incidents unſeen befal.

The earth is with thy riches ſtor'd:
25 So is this vaſt and ſpacious ſea;
There, worlds of wonders are explor'd;
There, ſmall things creep, and monſters play;
26 There, ſails the gallant, ſtately *pine;*
There, that magnificence of God,
Flounces and gambols in the *brine*,
The mighty whale, who rules the flood.

27 Theſe all arrang'd before thee wait,
And crave of thee their proper food;
Thou giveſt them to ſatiate
Their longing appetites with good:
28 They gather what thou ſcattereſt,
And greedily the ſame devour:
Thine hand thou open'ſt, they are bleſt,
And bleſs the bounties of thy pow'r.

29 Thou hid'ſt thy face from them again;
Thou wrap'ſt them in the ſhades of death:
They gaſp, and periſh in their pain,
And turn to duſt, depriv'd of breath.
30 Thou ſendeſt forth thy Spirit, ſtill
Creating others in their room:
The earth, renew'd by thy good-will,
Shall with eternal verdure bloom.

31 Thy glory, Lord, ſhall ever ſhine,
A bright and undiminiſh'd blaze;
And thou, in all thoſe works of thine,
Be glad, and glad them with thy rays.
32 If thou upon the earth but frown,
The ſame ſhall tremble all, and quake;
If thou but touch the hills, anon
They ſmoke, and from their baſes break.

33 I'll

33 I'll bleſs the Lord as long's I live,
And all his praiſes loudly ſing;
Yea, while I am, I'll glory give
To thee, my Lord, my God, my King.
34 My meditation ſhall be ſweet;
For in my God I will be glad:
Let them go mourn, for whom 'tis meet;
Let ſinners in the earth be ſad:

35 Let all the wicked be conſum'd,
And let the ſinners be no more;
For they, to endleſs ſorrow doom'd,
In outer darkneſs ſhall complore:
But thou, my ſoul, O bleſs the Lord:
Let all *the bleſs'd* with thee combine,
To bleſs the LORD, with one accord,
With hallelujahs all divine!

PSALM CV.

HISTORICAL, commemorative, and monitory; ſetting forth the ways of the Lord towards his people, and their conditions before him—ſerving for examples to us. See 1 Cor. x. 4. 'Now theſe things 'were our examples,' *&c.*—and, Rom. xv. 4. 'For whatſoever things were written aforetime, 'were written for our learning,' *&c.*

O thanks and praiſe be to the Lord
For all his holy ways,
Whoſe mercies ſtand upon record
To everlaſting days!

1 O Give ye thanks unto the Lord;
And call upon his name;
Let all the world his deeds record,
And ſound aloud his fame.

2 O ſing to him with ſong and Pſalm;
Tell all his wondrous ways;
3 And glory in his holy name,
Exulting in his praiſe.

4 Your heart ſhall live who ſeek the Lord,
O ſeek him and his ſtrength;
Seek ye his face, and ſearch his word,
And ſing his praiſe at length.
5 Remember all his marv'llous ways,
His works of wonder done;
His judgments that, in ancient days,
Forth from his mouth have gone.

6 Ye ſeed of Abraham his friend,
Ye Jacob's choſen race,
7 He is the Lord your God; your end
Shall be eternal peace.
8 He hath recall'd to mind his truth,
His covenant of love;
The ſame he ſware to Jacob's youth,
Which never ſhall remove:

9 His covenant was Abraham's joy,
His oath was Iſaac's claim;
10 That he thro' Jacob would convey
His everlaſting name:
11 They heard the ſure confirmed law,
I'll give you Canaan's land;
My hand for you the lot ſhall draw;
Your heritage ſhall ſtand.

12 While yet they were but very few,
A number very ſmall,
Their deſolate condition drew
His eyes upon them all:
13 From kingdom unto kingdom they
Sojourn'd, a little band;
From place to place compell'd to ſtray,
Strangers in that ſtrange land:

14 Yet,

14 Yet, ne'ertheleſs, he ſuffer'd not
A man to do them wrong;
But camp'd around his choſen lot,
With angels thouſands ſtrong:
15 He for their ſakes great kings reprov'd,
And ſaid, Thou ſhalt not harm
My ſaints, nor 'gainſt my prieſts belov'd
Preſume to lift an arm.

16 For famine on the land he call'd,
He brake the ſtaff of bread;
With hunger then they ſtood appal'd,
And lamentation made:
17 But he before them ſent a man,
Ev'n Joſeph, whom they ſold
To Iſhma'litiſh caravan,
For twenty pieces told:

18 His feet they gall'd with fetters ſtrong;
He was in irons laid,
Until by fiery trial long
His patience was diſplay'd:
19 The word of God unto him came;
By that word he was try'd,
When he, expounding Pharaoh's dream,
Jehovah magnify'd:

20 The king, o'er-ruled by the Lord,
Sent his command abroad;
Ev'n Pharoah give his royal word,
To looſe the man of God:
21 The ruler of the people freed,
And gave him high renown;
And by perpetual law decreed,
He ſhould ſit next the crown:

22 He made him Lord of all his houſe,
And ruler of the ſtate,
To bind his princes, or to looſe,
With high deciſive fate:

And

And to inſtruct his judgment-ſeat,
And teach them wiſdom's law;
For God controul'd th' Egyptian ſtate,
And fill'd their hearts with awe.

23 Then Iſra'l into Egypt came,
And left the promis'd land;
And Jacob dwelt in land of Ham,
By God's ſupreme command.
24 The Lord his people much increas'd;
He ſpread them far and wide,
And by them humbled the high creſt
Of Egypt, land of pride!

25 He turn'd their heart to hate his flock,
And ſubtilly to deal;
That they might wreathe their heavy yoke
On Jacob's common-weal.
26 He ſent his ſervant Moſes, then,
And Aaron whom he choſe,
To ſhew the ways of God to men,
And to confound his foes.

27 They ſhewed them his word and ſign,
God's miracles in Ham;
That they might know his name divine,
His wondrous name, I AM!
28 Be dark, he ſaid, and dark it was;
The darkneſs ſoon obey'd:
For night and day, ſworn to his laws,
Perform what he hath ſaid.

29 He gave his edict to the flood;
Abroad the mandate flew:
Then all the rivers roll'd with blood,
And all their fiſh he ſlew.
30 Their land brought croaking frogs in ſwarms,
With monſtrous creeping things,
Which caus'd in Egypt great alarms,
In chambers of her kings.

31. He

31 He ſpake, and there came divers ſorts
Of odious lice and flies;
Through all their coaſts, and royal courts,
In ſwarms they did ariſe.

32 He gave them burning hail for rain;
And flaming fire there flew
In floods, along th' Egyptian plain,
Which men and cattle ſlew:
33 He ſmote their vines; their fig-trees fail'd,
With all their trees abroad;
Their daughters for the vintage wail'd,
And trembled at the rod.

34 He ſpake, and then the locuſts came;
And caterpillars ran,
With worms of ev'ry various name,
To eat the hope of man:
35 They prey'd on ev'ry tender herb,
(A fierce devouring band!),
And ev'ry bloſſom'd tree, ſuperb,
They ſtript through all the land.

36 But that which laid them low and lorn,
And ſlew their ſtrength indeed!
He ſmote their glory, their firſt-born:
All Egypt's veins did bleed.
37 He alſo brought his people forth
With ſilver much, and gold;
Then Iſra'l ſang with joy and mirth,
And danc'd both young and old:

There was no languor in their tents,
Nor feeble in the throng;
For God, their King, remov'd their plaints,
And led the tribes along.
38 Egypt was glad when they were gone;
And fear upon her fell,
When ſhe beheld what God had done
For his lov'd Iſrael.

39 He

39 He made his cloud their canopy,
To screen them from the light;
And pillar'd flames, high in the sky,
To shine on them by night.
40 They asked, and he brought them quails,
And manna, heav'nly food,
To still their grievous cries and wails,
When murmuring aloud.

41 He opened the flinty veins,
And clave the rock in two:
Then waters gush along the plains;
Floods through the desert flow:
42 For he remember'd, then, his love
To Abraham his friend;
His covenant that should not move,
To love them to the end:

43 And so he led his chosen flock,
With joy and mirth along;
The children dear of Abra'ms stock,
Who march'd with dance and song.
44 He gave them then, with his own hands,
Their special lot and line;
For heritage, the heathen lands,
By providence divine;

45 That they his statutes might observe,
And keep his holy laws.
Praise ye the Lord, and never swerve
From your Messiah's cause.

PSALM CVI.

A continuation of the last; shewing the rebellion of the people against God, and concluding with mercy triumphing over judgment; ending, as it begins, with *Hallelujah*. See the margin.

High

High hallelujahs ſound to God,
For all his love to rebels ſhow'd!
For they againſt him proudly ſtrove;
But he ſubdu'd them by his love!

1 O Praiſe the Lord, and thankful be;
And for his goodneſs thanks give ye:
The Lord is good, whom we adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
2 O who can utter half his praiſe,
Or ſhew forth all his mighty ways?
3 How bleſs'd are they who do his will;
Who keep his holy precepts ſtill!

4 Remember me, O Lord my God,
With favour on thy ſaints beſtow'd;
And viſit me with tender love,
And cauſe me thy ſalvation prove;
5 That I thy choſen's good may ſee,
And joyful with thy nation be;
And glory with thy children dear,
When all thy glory ſhall appear.

6 We, with our fathers, have tranſgreſs'd;
(And Iſra'l's ſins ſhall be confeſs'd);
We have done very wickedly,
And baſely wrought iniquity.
7 Our fathers never underſtood
His wonders by th' Egyptian flood;
And they remember'd thee no more,
Nor thy love at the Red-Sea ſhore.

8 Yet ne'ertheleſs he ſaved them,
Ev'n for the ſake of his own name,
For all their provocation ſhown,
To make his mighty pow'r be known.
9 The Red-Sea, then, at his rebuke,
Her channel inſtantly forſook;
And, dry'd up to the very rock,
Prepar'd a paſſage for his flock:

And

And so he led them through the deep,
As shepherds lead their pastur'd sheep;
He brought them to their resting-place,
And watch'd them in the wilderness.
10 Redeemed from the hostile bands,
He saved them from robbers hands:
11 The waters cover ev'ry foe;
Ten thousand billows o'er them flow.

12 They then believ'd the word they saw,
And for a while were struck with awe;
They joined Moses in his praise,
And sang of all God's mighty ways.
13 But, ah! his works they soon forgot,
And did not for his counsel wait:
14 They lusted much in wilderness,
And tempted God in desert place.

15 He gave them their request, 'tis true;
But to their souls sent leanness too.
16 They envy'd Moses in the camp,
And Aaron, saint of God, did damp.
17 The yauning earth asunder flew,
And shew'd a fearful thing and new—
Dathan, alive, she swallow'd then,
And clos'd on all Abiram's train:

18 The Lord perceiv'd their discontent,
And kindled fire among them sent;
Then death and dire destruction came,
And burnt with fierce devouring flame.
19 They made a calf in Horeb too,
And to the molten god did bow:
20 And thus, their glory and their god,
(According to th' Egyptian mode),

Most vainly chang'd, and imag'd they,
Like to an ox that eateth hay:
21 Thus God their Saviour they forgot,
In Egypt who such wonders wrought:

22 His wond'rous works in land of Ham,
To their remembrance never came;
Nor all the pow'r he did diſplay,
In dreadful acts, at yon Red-Sea.

23 Therefore he ſaid, he would deſtroy
Thoſe rebels, and his ſword would cloy
With drinking their degen'rate blood;
If Moſes had not for them ſtood:
Moſes was choſen, by his grace,
To fill the Mediator's place;
He ſtood before him in the breach,
Before his wrath could Iſra'l reach;

He acted th' interceſſor's part,
And ſpoke Meſſiah's very heart:
Meſſiah only was their Lord,
And Moſes only ſpake his word.

24 But they deſpiſed both the Lord,
And Moſes who proclaim'd his word;
For they deſpis'd the pleaſant land,
And ſaid, His promiſe would not ſtand:

25 Murm'ring, and deaf unto the Lord,
They diſbeliev'd and ſcorn'd his word:
26 Therefore he lifted up his hand,
T' o'erthrow them in the deſert land;
27 To make their haughty ſpirits fall,
And ſcatter them through nations all.
28 To baſe Baal-peor's ſhame they fell,
And ſacrific'd to ſouls in hell.

29 Thus, with their lewd inventions ill,
They rous'd his wrath againſt them ſtill;
And then, with hot-conſuming ire,
The plague brake in on them like fire:
30 Till Phineas roſe, and Zimri ſlew;
And forthwith then the plague withdrew:
31 And that was reckon'd evermore,
For righteouſneſs, to Phineas' ſcore.

32 And at the waters, where they ſtrove,
To anger they provok'd his love;
So that with Moſes it went ill,
Becauſe of their moſt wayward will:
33 For they provok'd his ſpirit ſo,
That unawares from him did flow
Words unadviſed, in the ſtrife,
For which the Lord cut ſhort his life.

34 The nations they deſtroyed not,
Concerning whom a charge they got;
35 But, mingling with the heathen, they
Did learn their evil works and way.
36 They ſerv'd their idol gods, which were
To them, and to their ſeed, a ſnare:
37 Their ſons and daughters, tender names!
They threw to devils 'midſt the flames.

38 The very blood of their own ſons
And daughters, heedleſs of their groans,
They poured out to ev'ry god,
And fill'd the land with guiltleſs blood.
39 Thus, by their own device defil'd,
With baſe inventions lewd and wild,
They went a-whoring from the Lord,
And fell by his devouring ſword:

40 His wrath upon them burſt abroad;
The rebels were abhorr'd of God:
41 He gave them to the heathens ſword,
Who his inheritance devour'd.
42 He brought them under bondage vile,
And all their haters laugh'd the while;
Their foes oppreſs'd them grievouſly,
And gall'd their hearts with cruelty.

43 He many times deliver'd them,
And ſtill they turned to their ſhame,
And mov'd him with their counſels ſo,
That in his wrath he brought them low.

44 Yet, ne'ertheleſs, he heard their cry,
When ſore oppreſs'd with miſery:
45 And then deliver'd them again,
Becauſe his mercy did remain.
46 He made them to be pitied
Of all who had them captive led,
And they obtained favour great
In ev'ry kingdom and eſtate.

47 Save us, and gather us, O God,
From 'mong the nations all abroad;
To triumph in thy holy name,
And gratefully thy praiſe proclaim.
48 Bleſs'd be Jehovah, Iſra'l's God,
Who ruleth all the world abroad;
Let all the people ſay, Amen;
And ever praiſe Meſſiah's reign.

PSALM CVII.

'GIVING thanks always for all things unto God 'and our Father, in the name of the Lord Jeſus 'Chriſt.' See Pſal. xxxiii.

O, to the Lord, that men would give,
As all the ſaints of God will do,
Unto the Lord by whom we live,
The juſt returns of glory due!

1 O Give ye thanks unto the Lord,
For he is good and gracious;
His mercies ſtand upon record,
For ever ſure and plenteous.
2 Let God's redeem'd ſay ſo, whom he
From death's devouring jaws hath freed,
And gather'd out from ſea to ſea,
Eaſt, weſt, ſouth, north, a choſen ſeed.

3 Thro' waſte and howling wilderneſs,
They ſtray'd and roam'd for an abode;
But never found a reſting-place,
Until they found their reſt in God:
4 No city was for them allow'd,
In all their deſert pathleſs way;
That they might ſojourn, as they ſhould,
Pilgrims and ſtrangers all their day:

5 With thirſt and hunger pained ſore,
Their fainting ſouls would often fail;
6 And then they would the Lord implore,
Who ſoon forbade them more to wail:
7 He led them forth by proper ways,
That they might to a city go,
Where all their pray'rs ſhould turn to praiſe,
And they no more mutation know.—

8 O men, if ye your duty knew,
And obligations to your God,
To render him the glory due,
For all his love on you beſtow'd!
9 For he it is who fills the ſoul,
The longing ſoul, with joy and good;
Who doth the fierceſt pangs controul,
When gnawing hunger calls for food.

10 See how the ſons of darkneſs mourn,
And low'r beneath the wing of death,
Bound in affliction's heavy iron,
Still dreading more impending wrath!
11 Becauſe they haughtily rebell'd
Againſt the counſel of their God,
And all his words in contempt held,
He ſmote them with his iron rod.

12 He brought their heart down very low,
With labour, pain, and grievous toil;
They look'd around for help, and, lo,
There was no eye on them to ſmile:

13 They

13 They then began to think on God;
They call'd upon his name amain;
He heard them, and remov'd his rod,
Then pluck'd their ſoul from death and pain.

14 For darkneſs, light around them ſhone,
Their bands at once aſunder flew;
Death's ſhadow, in a moment gone,
Evaniſh'd ere their ſouls well knew—
15 O men, if ye your duty knew,
And obligations to your God,
To render him the glory due,
For all his love on you beſtow'd!

16 For he hath burſt the gates of braſs,
And broke the iron bars in twain;
That death and hell away might paſs,
With ſin and ſorrow in their train.
17 Becauſe of their tranſgreſſion, fools,
Who tread the paths of ſin and ſhame,
Whom Satan makes his ſilly tools,
Muſt mourn in anguiſh for the ſame:

18 Their ſouls abhor all kind of food,
And they draw near the gates of death;
19 To God they lift their voice aloud,
And he reſtores again their breath:
20 He ſent his word and healed them,
When with diſtreſs their hearts did bleed;
His inſtantaneous mercy came,
And them from dire deſtruction freed.—

21 O men, if ye your duty knew,
And obligations to your God,
To render him the glory due,
For all his love on you beſtow'd!
22 O do ye ſacrifices bring,
Your ſacrifice of joy and praiſe;
Yourſelves preſent before your King,
And ſing of all his wondrous ways.

23 They who go down upon the sea
In ships, transacting bus'ness there,
Where waters great and roaring be,
Cry, Lord, how great thy wonders are!
24 These see the doings of the Lord,
And all his marvels in the deep:
25 For he commands, and at his word
The stormy winds the surges sweep:

26 Lifted aloft, the billowy waves,
Like mountains heaving to the sky,
Descend again to see the graves
Where thousands dead below them ly:
They mount to heav'n, they sink to hell,
Their soul is melted like the wave,
The howling winds around them yell,
And seem to knell them to their grave:

27 They sink, they cry, they roar, they rave,
In trouble to and fro they reel;
Like drunkards, whom their senses leave,
What dire confusions do they feel!
28 Their wisdom's swallow'd up by fear,
Until they cry unto the Lord;
The Lord anon their cry will hear,
And hush the tempest with a word:

29 He makes the storm obey his nod;
And ev'ry boist'rous wave is still;
The sea is hush'd, and, hearing God,
Stands chidden for her wayward will.
30 Then, then the mariners respire,
Because they feel themselves alive,
And gladly at their port aspire,
Until he makes them safe arrive.—

31 O men, if ye your duty knew,
And obligations to your God,
To render him the glory due,
For all his love on you bestow'd!

32 In your aſſemblies him extol,
And praiſe him where the people be,
Among the elders lift your ſoul,
And, all ye elders, praiſe him ye.

33 He makes the wilderneſs to flow
With floods of water ev'ry-where.
And water-ſprings again to grow
Dry ground, with ſand and channels bare.
34 The fruitful land he ſows with ſalt,
And turns it into barrenneſs,
Becauſe the dwellers are in fault,
And grieve him with their wickedneſs.

35 He turns the rock into a flood,
And dry-ground into water-ſprings,
Exchanging often ill and good,
By ſtrange viciſſitude of things.
36 He makes the hungry with him dwell,
Where he their city hath prepar'd;
They ſow the fields, and plant them well;
Much increaſe ſhall their toil reward.

37 He alſo greatly will them bleſs,
And pour them all abroad like floods;
Their cattle ſhall not feel decreaſe,
Nor wolf, nor murrain, ſeize their goods.
38 Again they are diminiſhed,
When waves and winds adverſely blow;
Then ſtrong affliction bows their head,
And lays them down in ſorrow low.

39 He on great princes contempt pours,
And cauſes them in deſerts ſtray;
To ſpend their ſolitary hours
From human footſteps far away.
40 Yet ſetteth he the Poor on high,
And after much affliction frees;
And builds him tow'ring to the ſky,
While all the world with wonder ſees:

41 The

41 The righteous shall behold, and sing;
Iniquity shall stop her mouth;
And all the earth shall hail her King,
Who comes with glory, grace, and truth.
42 Whoso is wise, and will these things
Observe with judgment, and record,
Ev'n he shall lurk beneath the wings
Of love, with Jesus Christ the LORD.

PSALM CVIII.

SPOKEN by the Holy Ghost in the person of the Messiah. Parallel to Psal. xviii. 49. is the 3d verse of this, explained by the apostle, of the Lord Jesus Christ, Rom. xv. 9. 'That the Gentiles might 'glorify God for his mercy, as it is written, For 'this cause I will confess to thee among the Gen-'tiles, (or nations), and sing unto thy name.' See Psalm lx. and margin.

Christ's praise let all the nations sound,
Till heav'n and earth his praise rebound!
He comes from heav'n to claim his own,
And raise on earth his glorious throne!

1 MY heart is fix'd; I'll rise and sing;
I'll early rise to praise my King:
The earth shall echo with his praise,
And all the heav'ns adopt my lays:
My tongue, my glory, shall excel,
Where thousand tongues his glory tell:
I will preside in all their praise,
And sing the grandeur of his ways.

2 Awake, my song, awake, my lyre;
Diffuse thy pure celestial fire;
I will myself awake, and sing
My early praises to my King.

3 Among

3 Among the people I'll proclaim,
And to the nations ſound thy fame:
4 Thy mercy's great above the ſky;
Thy truth doth reach the heav'ns ſo high!

5 Be thou exalted, Lord, alone;
'Bove heav'n and earth thy glory's gone.
6 That thy beloved ones may be
Exalted, O my God, with me,
Give me an anſwer in thy love,
Salvation never to remove;
Let all my ſaints with me ariſe;
Lo, 'tis thine own Meſſiah cries.

7 God in his holineſs hath ſpoke,
(Nor ſhall his word be ever broke),
I'll glory in my noble line;
I'll ſeize my heritage divine:
Thee, Shechem, I'll divide with pleaſure,
And Succoth's valley I will meaſure:
8 All Gilead I claim as mine;
Manaſſeh falls to me by line;

And Ephraim ſhall be my life-guard;
Judah ſhall have a high reward;
He ſhall for me announce my laws,
And ſtand defenſive in my cauſe:
9 I'll Moab's menial office uſe,
To do the ſervice of my houſe;
And Edom, though a hoſtile land,
On thee my friendly foot ſhall ſtand:

Philiſtia, I'll tread thee down,
And firm attach thee to my crown—
10 Who, now, will lead me to the war,
And bring me my triumphal car,
That I to Edom's tow'rs may fly?
11 O, wilt not thou, my God Moſt High,
Who haſt not with our armies gone,
But left us to be overthrown?

12 In

12 In vain to man we ſhould apply:
13 Through God we ſhall do valiantly;
'Tis he who treads down all our foes;
'Tis he before our banners goes;
His trumpet ſounds the grand alarm,
Which all the heathens ſhall diſarm:
Sound, ſound the trumpet; ſound abroad
The goſpel of the pow'r of God.

PSALM CIX.

THAT the ſpeaker in this Pſalm is one, and that the Lord Jeſus Chriſt is he, is evident not only from the bare reading thereof, and from all the parallels, but alſo from the expreſs application of the curſes, uttered therein, to Judas, the betrayer of Jeſus. See Acts i. 'Men and brethren,' ſays Peter, 'this Scripture muſt needs have been ful-'filled, which the Holy Ghoſt, by the mouth of 'David, ſpake before concerning Judas, which 'was guide to them that took Jeſus—For it is 'written in the book of Pſalms,' (Pſal lxix. 25.), 'Let his habitation be deſolate, and let no man 'dwell therein; and' (Pſal. cix. 8.) 'his office let 'another take.'—Such being the Holy Ghoſt's interpretation of this Pſalm, let men beware of uſurping the words of Jeſus, and wreſting them to the moſt diabolical of purpoſes, namely, the breathing out the private malice and revenge of their own wicked hearts; as once a certain *mutineer*, condemned to be ſhot, thought proper to venture into eternity, ſinging this Pſalm, and applying all the imprecations therein to his GENERAL.—It ought, however, to be obſerved, that, from ver. 6. Judas ſeems to be conſidered as a father, according to the Hebrew idiom; that is, an example, or ſign, to all the following unbelieving Jews, and others of the ſame ſpirit, who are ſaid to be his children.

Let

Let Judas ſtand upon record,
A beacon here to all
Who, Judas-like, betray their Lord:
Like Judas, too, they fall.

1 O GOD, the God of all my praiſe,
Hold thou no more thy tongue:
2 For wicked mouths againſt me raiſe
Fell accuſations ſtrong:
The mouths of deep deceit expand
Their wide-devouring jaws,
And compaſs me; a lying band!
Foreſworn againſt my cauſe.

3 They compaſs me about with words
Of hatred, fraud, and guile;
And fight with tongues and lies, like ſwords
And jav'lins, all the while.
4 For my pure love, they are my foes;
But I revile them not:
5 My good they recompenſe with woes;
Hatred for love I've got.

6 But I will now denounce his doom,
That other men may fear:
Let Satan's hand upon him come,
And aye be ſtanding near:
7 And, when a pannel he ſhall be,
Let him go forth condemn'd;
And let his pray'r be turn'd from thee,
Since mercy he contemn'd.

8 Few be his days, and void his place;
His charge another take:
9 His children, write thou *fatherleſs;*
His wife a widow make.
10 A vagabond and begging race,
Let all his children be;
And always, to ſome deſert place
For thirſt and hunger flee.

11 Let

11 Let proud extortioners catch all
That ever he poſſeſs'd;
And ſtrangers on his ſubſtance fall,
Wherein himſelf he bleſs'd.
12 Let there be none at all to ſhew
Mercy to him or his;
And let his orphans ſoon be few,
Without a taſte of bliſs.

13 Nay, let his race be quite undone,
And, in the age to come,
Let there be never found a one,
In whom his name ſhall bloom.
14 His father's ſin, for evermore
Remember'd with the Lord,
Be added to his mother's ſcore,
And ſtand upon record:

15 Let them remain, before the Lord,
An everlaſting debt,
Until their memory, abhorr'd,
He from the world eject;
16 Becauſe he no remembrance had
Of mercy, when 't was due,
But, adding ſorrow to the ſad,
The broken-hearted ſlew.

17 As curſing was his chief delight,
Let curſing to him cleave;
As bleſſing was his ſcorn and ſpite,
No bleſſing let him have:
18 As he with curſing, full-array'd,
Hath wrapt himſelf around,
With curſing let him ſtill be clad;
Let curſing him confound:

Let it into his bowels go,
Like water, in a flood;
And ſink, like oil, his bones into,
And mingle with his blood:

19 Let curſing be his daily wear,
A garment never caſt,
And like his girdle, ever near,
Surround him firm and faſt.

20 Let this be found their wages due,
And paid them by the Lord,
Who dare my guiltleſs ſoul purſue
With deathful-aiming ſword.

21 But, O my Lord, my God, do thou
In mercy plead my plea;
For thy name's ſake, I ſuffer now;
Let thy name ſet me free:

22 For I am weak, and ſore afraid,
Amazed with my ſmart;
I'm with thy terrors all-array'd:
I'm wounded in my heart.

23 I'm gone like a declining ſhade,
That ſinks away apace,
Till from the world, in darkneſs laid,
The ſun withdraw his rays:

I'm like a feeble locuſt toſt,
And ſtraggling in the wind,
When, all her pow'rs of motion loſt,
She 's left alone behind.

24 My knees with often-faſting fail;
My heart, my heart is torn:

25 My brethren me with contempt hail,
And ſhake their heads with ſcorn.

26 Help me, O Lord my God, and ſave
Me, in thy tender love,

27 That they may know, that this I have,
Since I thy laws approve.

28 Let them me curſe; but bleſs thou, Lord;
And, when they ſhall ariſe,
Let them aſhamed flee thy ſword,
That I may then rejoice.

29 Let all my foes be cloth'd with ſhame;
And let confuſion fill
Their heart and face, and cover them,
As with a mantle, ſtill.
30 Then I will greatly praiſe the Lord,
And with my mouth I will
His praiſe among my ſaints record
With all my pow'r and ſkill.

31 The Lord ſhall ſtand at my right-hand,
To ſave my ſoul alive,
When all my foes, amid my woes,
Shall death for me contrive.
Let Zion now rejoice and ſing,
And hail the Lord of might,
Who all her foes ſhall forward bring,
And ſlay them from his ſight!

PSALM CX.

As you think of Chriſt, ſo you will think of this Pſalm. It is entitled, A Pſalm of David: and the Lord is witneſs, that it was David in Spirit that ſpake it, not of himſelf, but of his Lord and Son. See margin.

Thus ſang King David, in his day,
Who led the ſong of Zion's hoſt,
Of Prince Meſſiah and his way,
Inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord hath ſaid,
Ariſe, aſcend, and reign with me,
On my right-hand, till I have made
Thy foes a footſtool, Lord, for thee.
2 The Lord ſhall ſend thy ſceptred ſtrength,
Thy rod of everlaſting pow'r,
Which ſhall ſubdue the earth at length,
From Zion, at th' appointed hour:

The

The joyful tidings of thy reign
Shall ſpread abroad from land to land,
Until thy grace and truth conſtrain
The world to bow, and kiſs the hand:
Rule thou in midſt of all thy foes,
And rule thou evermore by me;
My wiſdom ſtill before thee goes,
To gain thy kingdom, Lord, to thee.

3 Thy people ſhall be willing all,
When they ſhall hear thy joyful ſound,
And inſtantly obey thy call,
And flock about thy ſtandards round:
The pow'r and wiſdom of thy day
Shall be the glory of thy reign,
When thou thy banner ſhalt diſplay,
Thy ſubjects by thy word to train:

In beauty of thy holineſs,
Thy children ſhall around thee ſhine;
Thy righteouſneſs their royal dreſs;
Thy peace their glory all divine:
Their number as the ſparkling dew,
Beſpangling all the flow'ry fields,
Whoſe peerleſs radiations ſhew
The luſtre which thy morning yields:

They ſhine the glory of thy youth,
Diffus'd o'er all the earth abroad;
Born of the womb of grace and truth,
Begotten by thy word, O God!

4 The Lord himſelf an oath hath ſwore,
And never will the ſame recal,
Thou art, MY SON, for evermore
A prieſt, when Aaron's line ſhall fall:

Of th' order of Melchiſedec,
My King of Righteouſneſs and Peace;
Thee, with thine off'ring, I'll reſpect:
Thy ſacrifice ſhall gain my grace.

5 Thou glorious, high, and mighty Lord,
On my right-hand! in anger fierce,
Shalt, with thy keen two-edged ſword,
The hearts of kings, withſtanding, pierce.

6 Thou ſhalt among the nations judge,
And fill the world with bodies dead
Of murmurers, who fret and grudge;
And in all lands the ſerpents tread:
Thou ſhalt achieve a glorious war,
And ſeize a noble god-like prize,
And mount in thy triumphal car
To God, thy glory in the ſkies.

7 The brook that runneth in the way
With drink and ſtrength ſhall thee ſupply:
Thy *Godhead* ſhall ſupport thy *clay*,
Until thou liſt thine head on high.

PSALM CXI.

A Pſalm of praiſe, ſimilar to Pſalm xxxiii. *&c.*

The honourable glorious things,
Achiev'd by Chriſt, the King of kings,
Let his redeem'd for ever ſound,
With holy rev'rence all around!

1 SING *hallelujahs* to the Lord:
With my whole heart he is ador'd:
And ſo he ſhould, in Zion's tents,
Among th' aſſemblies of his ſaints.

2 Jehovah's works are very great,
And all who love them will relate,
And ſing of them with joy and mirth,
And ſearch them out in all the earth.

3 His work is finiſh'd, and replete
With majeſty and glory great:
His everlaſting righteouſneſs
Reſults in everlaſting peace.

4 He

4 He hath his wondrous works and ways,
Made to be thought upon with praiſe;
The Lord is full of grace and truth,
And mercy iſſues from his mouth.

5 He gives his people food divine,
And makes their face with glory ſhine:
For he is mindful of his love,
His covenant, which ſhall not move.
6 He hath his glorious pow'r diſplay'd,
And all his people joyful made
With works of love which he hath done,
That he might ſave them ev'ry one.

7 His work is our inheritance;
His work alone he will enhance:
His works are truth and judgment ſure;
All his commandments ſhall endure:
8 They ſtand for ever firm and true;
O give him truth and glory due:
9 He ſends redemption to his folk,
And ſaveth all his choſen flock.

His covenant ſhall ever ſtand,
Confirm'd and ſeal'd by his own hand:
Meſſiah's teſtament is good,
Confirm'd and ſeal'd in his own blood.
Holy and Rev'rend is his name;
Let all the ſaints his praiſe proclaim:
Let all his hoſts before him fear,
And, tremblingly, his name revere.

10 Wiſdom's beginning is God's fear;
Good underſtanding, pure and clear,
Have they who do his holy will;
Whoſe work of praiſe endureth ſtill.

PSALM CXII.

THE Lord Emmanuel is, without all controverſy, the alone ſubject of this Pſalm: for proof whereof, beſides what has been ſaid upon Pſalm i. *&c.* the evidence is direct, and perfectly concluſive from 2 Cor. ix. 9, 10. where the apoſtle, from the example of Chriſt Jeſus, enforceth the obligation upon Chriſtians to cheerfulneſs and liberality in almſgiving, ſaying, 'As it is written,' (in this Pſalm), 'he hath diſperſed abroad; he hath given 'to the poor: his righteouſneſs remaineth for 'ever,' *&c.* 'Thanks be unto God for his un-'ſpeakable gift!'

The Lord, the quick'ning Spirit, *ſee,*
Who comes the living ſouls *to free!*
In Adam, now, we'll mourn no more;
The Lord from heav'n ſhall all reſtore.

1 HIGH hallelujahs to our King!
Meſſiah is the name we ſing:
How bleſt is he, and he's the man,
Who can Jehovah's judgments ſcan!
He in Jehovah's law delights,
And therein all his ſoul unites;
And he tranſmits his righteouſneſs
Unto the children of his grace.

2 His ſeed, ſo glorious on the earth,
Mighty and noble, like their birth,
Bleſs'd in their royal Father's love,
Shall claim their thrones with God above.
3 His houſe is full of wealth and ſtore:
His righteouſneſs laſts evermore:
To thoſe who love his righteouſneſs,
Light ſhall ariſe in darkeſt caſe.

4 He's pitiful and gracious,
Compaſſionate, and righteous:

5 He's

5 He 's good, and lends to great and ſmall,
Expecting no return at all.
He his affairs diſcreetly guides,
6 And therefore evermore abides;
While, like his righteouſneſs, his name
Is held in everlaſting fame.

7 He ſhall no evil tidings fear;
His heart is bent the Lord to hear:
8 His heart no evil ſhall forebode;
His heart is fixt, and truſts in God:
He ſhall behold his own deſire
On thoſe againſt him who conſpire;
Becauſe they ſcorn'd Jehovah's ways,
And could not bear Meſſiah's praiſe.

9 Meſſiah hath diſpers'd and giv'n,
Unto the poor, the goods of heav'n:
His righteouſneſs endureth ſtill;
His horn with glory God ſhall fill.
10 The wicked ſhall behold, and ſee;
Shall ſore afraid and grieved be;
Shall gnaſh his teeth, and melt away,
Like darkneſs at the morning-ray.

So periſh all thine enemies,
When thou, O Lord our God, ſhalt riſe,
The Sun of Righteouſneſs, to ſhine
With healing in thy wings divine!

PSALM CXIII.

'SING, O barren, thou that didſt not bear;
'break forth into ſinging, and cry aloud, thou
'that didſt not travail with child: for more are
'the children of the deſolate, than the children of
'the married wife, ſaith the Lord—For thy Ma-
'ker is thine Huſband—As the bridegroom re-
'joiceth over the bride, ſo ſhall thy God rejoice

'over

'over thee;' Isa. liv.—Explained by the apostle, Gal. iv. 28, *&c.* 'Now, we brethren, as Isaac 'was, are children of the promise—So then, brethren, we are not children of the bondwoman, 'but of the free—Stand fast, therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and 'be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage.'—For the Lord our Redeemer, as it is written in this Psalm, now fulfilling in his mercy to the church, gathered from all nations, 'maketh 'the barren woman to keep house, and to be a 'joyful mother of children. Praise ye the Lord.'

Chant, chant aloud, O church, thy joy;
Let praise and love be thy employ;
Thy Lord, thy Husband, makes thee shine,
And reign with him in light divine!

1 YOUR hallelujahs still advance,
And praise Jehovah in the dance;
O ye, Jehovah's servants, praise
And sing Jehovah's name always.
2 O bless the Lord, and him adore,
From this time forth, for evermore,
From rising of the morning-sun
Unto his place of going down.
3 The Lord is to be praised still;
And so he shall on Zion-hill.
4 The Lord 's above all nations high;
His glory soars above the sky.
5 Who is like to the Lord our God,
Who dwelleth in his high abode?
6 Who humbly deigns himself to see
The things on earth and heav'n that be.
7 He raises from the dust the poor,
And lifts the needy, where they low'r,
8 From dunghills; that he may them set
With princes of his people great.

9 He

9 He makes the barren ſing for joy;
And all her ſhame, which did annoy,
He wipes away, a tender ſpouſe!
And builds by her his royal houſe.

This ſhall be ſeen in future days,
When all the world ſhall ſound his praiſe;
When Gentiles ſhall by thouſands flee
To Chriſt their Rock. O praiſe him, ye.

PSALM CXIV.

THE redemption of Iſrael from the land of Egypt, and from the houſe of bondage, here deſcribed, was a pledge and token of the eternal redemption of all the Iſrael of God from the bondage of ſin, death, and hell; perfectly to be fulfilled, when all the ranſomed of the Lord, in one body, ſhall come to Sion with ſongs, and everlaſting joy upon their heads.

As mountains, ſeas, and rocks, give way,
When Jeſus led his choſen race;
So ſin, and death, and hell, to-day,
Before the brightneſs of his face.

1 WHEN Iſra'l out of Egypt came,
And fled the land of curſed Ham,
When Jacob did his dwelling change,
And left the tents of language ſtrange;
2 Then Judah was his holy place,
And Iſra'l dwelt before his face;
The camp was holineſs to God,
And there he dwelt in his abode:

3 The ſea perceiv'd, and fled away,
And frighted Jordan could not ſtay;
The ſea with all her billows fled,
And Jordan fought her fountain-head:

4 The

4 The mountains ſkipp'd away like rams,
The little hills like friſking lambs.—
5 What ail'd thee, O thou boiſt'rous ſea,
That thou ſo haſtily didſt flee?

What, Jordan, made thee check thy courſe,
And roll thy ſtreams back to their ſource?
6 Why, mountains, did ye ſkip like rams?
Ye little hills, why friſk like lambs?
7 Tremble, thou earth, the Lord before;
The preſence of thy God adore,
8 Who turn'd the rock to water ſtill,
The flint into a living rill:

He comes the world anew to range,
And all the face of nature change;
To turn the wicked into hell,
But with his children aye to dwell:
Meſſiah comes, the Lord our King,
Let all the earth before him ſing:
Hoſanna to the Prince of Peace,
Who comes with glory, truth, and grace!

PSALM CXV.

PARALLEL to the ſong of the angels, 'Glory to 'God in the higheſt, and on earth peace, good-'will towards men,' Luke ii. 14. and to the apoſtolic confeſſion, 'We are the circumciſion, which 'worſhip God in the ſpirit,' (explained by the next words), 'and rejoice in Chriſt Jeſus,' (who is the Lord the Spirit, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the only Way to the Father), and have 'no confidence in the fleſh;' Phil. iii. 3.

To God alone the glory be,
From whom all grace and glory ſpring!—
From ev'ry idol, now, ſet free,
Ye ſaints, to God your Saviour ſing!

1 LORD,

1 LORD, not to us! Lord, not to us!
But to thyſelf the glory take:
The work is finiſh'd on the croſs,
And finiſh'd for thine own name's ſake;
The work wherein our hearts rejoice;
The work of grace and glory pure;
The work which opes for us the ſkies;
Becauſe thy mercies aye endure.

2 Why ſhould the ſcoffing heathen ſay,
Where is their God, their Glory, gone?
3 But our God in the heav'ns doth ſtay;
The work that pleas'd him he hath done.
4 Their idols ſilver are and gold,
The work of human framing all;
The canker eats them, they grow old,
And ſoon into corruption fall:

5 Their mouth, their eye, their ear, their noſe,
6 Nor ſpeaks, nor ſees, nor hears, nor ſmells;
7 Their hand or foot no motion knows,
Their tongue nor good nor evil tells:
8 Their makers are the ſame as they;
They neither hear, nor feel, nor ſee;
And all who to them truſt and pray,
Muſt only ſtocks and marble be.

9 O Iſra'l, truſt thou in the Lord;
He only is thy Help and Shield:
10 O Aaron's houſe believe his word;
He only can ſalvation yield:
11 All ye who love the Lord, confide
In what the Lord your God will do;
Your Help and Shield he will abide,
Nor will he e'er relinquiſh you.

12 The Lord of us hath mindful been,
And he will bleſs us evermore;
His bleſſing Iſra'l ſhall obtain,
And Aaron ſhall his love adore:

13 The

13 The Lord shall bless them great and small,
Who reverence his holy name;
14 And more and more increase you all,
You, and your children, and your fame.

15 The Lord, who made the earth and heav'n,
Hath made you blessed by his love:
16 The Lord to men the earth hath giv'n,
But dwells himself in heav'ns above.
17 The dead, the dead, to silence gone,
Who wallow'd in their shameful ways,
To them the Lord was never known;
They, therefore, never sang his praise.

18 But we from henceforth, evermore,
Will praise and bless the Lord our God:
Let all the world the Lord adore,
And sound Messiah's praise abroad.

PSALM CXVI.

In this Psalm, the voice of the Messiah sings: and, if so, how brutishly have they turned the glorious things of God to downright jargon and farce, who, without any eye to the sufferings and following glory of Christ, have applied it to what they call *the churching of women!* Just with as much propriety as the woman is supposed to say in ver. 16. 'I am the *son* of thy handmaid.'—See the parallels in the margin, but especially (which is perfectly decisive) 2 Cor. iv. 13. where, as appears by the connection, the apostle asserts, that he himself, with his brethren, had the same spirit of faith with Jesus, (the due measure of the infinite fulness of whose spirit was, in a limited proportion, communicated to them); 'As it is written,' (Psal. cxvi. 10.), 'I believed, therefore have I spoken; we 'also believe, and therefore we speak.'—The next verse also of this Psalm, 'I said in my haste,' (or agony of spirit to fulfil my Father's law), 'all

'men are liars,' is greatly illuſtrated, as to the haſte, agony, or preſſure of ſpirit, therein mentioned, by theſe expreſs words of the Lord Jeſus, 'I have a cup to drink, and a baptiſm to be baptized with—and how am I ſtraitened,' (or rather, as the margin reads, *pained as a woman in travail*, haſtening to be delivered), 'until it be accompliſhed!' Luke xii. 50.—and the latter clauſe, by the words of the apoſtle, 'Let God be true, and 'every man a liar.'

Thus ſang Meſſiah of his day,
And ſpake of what he knew;
That all his ſaints might join the lay;
A ſong for ever new!

1 I Love the Lord, becauſe he heard
My voice and mournful cries;
Becauſe my tears he did regard,
And number'd all my ſighs:
2 I'll therefore in my troublous days,
While ſorrow is on me,
To him my lamentation raiſe,
Until my ſorrows flee.

3 Death's ſorrows me environed,
The pains of hell me bound;
The waves of wrath flew o'er my head,
I grief and trouble found:
4 I called then upon the Lord,
O Lord, deliver me;
Salvation, Lord, to me afford,
And let my ſoul go free:

5 Moſt gracious is the Lord our God,
The righteous cauſe he pleads;
Let ſinners ſound his praiſe abroad,
His heart with pity bleeds:

6 The Lord preſerves the meek and mild;
I was brought very low;
Then me he bore up as a child,
And made my joys o'erflow.

7 Return unto thy reſt, my ſoul,
And wrap thee in his love;
His love alone did thee conſole,
When thou did'ſt ſorrow prove:
8 For he from death redeemed thee,
Thine everlaſting ſtay,
He kept thy feet from falling free,
He wip'd thy tears away.

9 In land of life, before the Lord,
I'll walk for evermore;
10 I ſpoke, for I believ'd his word;
I was afflicted ſore:
11 In day of my fierce agony,
As near to death I drew,
'All men are liars,' I did cry;
'But God alone is true:'

12 What ſhall I render to the Lord
For all his love to me?
13 Thy loving-kindneſs I'll record,
And ever call on thee:
I'll hand around the cup of joy,
That all my friends may taſte;
I'll pledge my Spirit to convoy
Them ſafe to land of reſt.

14 This is my vow; I'll make it good
Before the Lord of Hoſts:
I'll fill the land with gratitude
And joy in all her coaſts.
15 Dear, in the eſtimate of God,
Are all his holy ones:
Behold, how precious is their blood;
How dear their dying groans!

16 Thy

10 Thy Servant, Lord, thy Servant, Lord,
Thine handmaid's Son, I come;
That men from death may be reſtor'd,
Myſelf ſhall fill the tomb:
Thou alſo wilt my bonds untie,
And looſe me from the grave;
For thou, among the dead to ly,
Thy ſervant wilt not leave:

17 I'll riſe, and live, and pay my vow
Of everlaſting praiſe;
18 And all my ſaints with me ſhall bow,
And ſing thy glorious ways.
19 Within the courts of thine own houſe,
Zion, in midſt of thee,
Before the Lord, we'll pay our vows:
Praiſe to the Lord give ye.

PSALM CXVII.

EXPLAINED, Rom. xv. 11. of all the kingdoms of the earth becoming the kingdom of the Lord, and of his Chriſt; which ſhall be completely fulfilled, when all the people of all tongues, kindreds, nations, and languages, ordained to eternal life, ſhall, through the everlaſting goſpel, preached to every creature under heaven, by the miniſtration of the Holy Ghoſt, the rod of his great power, be added to the Lord.

Gathered from the world around,
Let all the churches loudly ſound
The praiſes of the Lord their King,
Who gives them this new ſong to ſing!

1 O ALL ye nations, ſound abroad
The voice of joy and praiſe to God;
Exult, ye people all, and ſing
Hoſanna to the Lord our King.

2 His mercy rolleth like a flood,
To wash away our sins in blood:
His truth endureth evermore.
Messiah for his grace adore.

PSALM CXVIII.

'THIS is the stone which was set at nought of 'you builders, which is become the head of the 'corner: neither is there salvation in any other; 'for there is none other name under heaven given 'among men, whereby we must be saved;' Acts iv. 11. and Mat. xxi. 42.—See this Psalm, ver. 22. with all the marginal references.

Thus in his day Messiah sang;
To whom the church, re-echoing, rang
Responsive to his glorious praise,
Down to the present gospel-days:
And, to his second coming, they,
Who shall be born, prolong the lay.
Then we shall shine in light divine,
Like suns, which never shall decline.

1 EXALT the voice of gratitude,
And bless the Lord; for he is good:
For ever and for ever last
His mercies, wherewith we are blest.
2 Let Isra'l now, rejoicing, sing
The tender mercies of her King;
The mercies wherein she is blest;
The mercies which for ever last.

3 Let Aaron now advance and sing
Th' eternal mercies of his King,
And celebrate, in highest strains,
His priesthood, which for aye remains.
4 Now let them all, who love the Lord,
With heart and voice, in sweet accord,
Join in their own Messiah's praise,
And say, His mercy ne'er decays:

5 For,

5 For, lo, in day of my diſtreſs,
When ſorrow did me ſore oppreſs,
I call'd upon the Lord, and he
Immediately did anſwer me:
He ſet me in a ſpacious place,
And made me dwell before his face.
6 Jehovah ſtands upon my ſide;
I'll laugh at human rage and pride.

7 Jehovah taketh part with thoſe
Who ſtand for me againſt my foes;
I therefore my deſire ſhall ſee
On all the proud who fight with me.
8 'Tis better on the Lord to truſt,
Than to confide in *human duſt*:
9 'Tis better on the Lord to ſtay,
Than to rely on *royal clay*.

10 All nations me environed,
But ſoon before my preſence fled:
For, in the name of God the Lord,
I drove them all before my ſword:
11 They me environed, I ſay,
And all around beſieging lay;
But, in the name of God the Lord,
I drove them all before my ſword:

12 They me environed like bees,
By myriads ſwarming in the breeze;
Till quenched as the flaſhy flame,
When thorns all fiercely crackling gleam:
For, in the name of God the Lord,
I made them fall before my word:
So ſhall it fare, when they ariſe,
With all my raging enemies.

13 With vi'lent thruſting, thou haſt ſtrove
To make me from my ſtanding move,
Proud haughty foe! but then the Lord
Ran to my help, when I implor'd.

14 The Lord's my ſong, the Lord's my Strength,
He's my ſalvation now at length:
The tempeſt now has ceas'd to roar,
Though all my day the ſtorm I bore.

15 The voice of joy, the voice of praiſe,
And ſweet ſalvation I will raiſe,
Within the tents of all the Juſt,
Who in the Lord Jehovah truſt:
The right-hand of the mighty God
All valiantly hath valour ſhow'd:
16 The right-hand of the Lord is high,
And ever does moſt valiantly.

17 I ſhall not die, but live, and tell
God's works, in glory which excel:
18 He hath indeed chaſtis'd me ſore,
But not to death deliver'd o'er.
19 Open to me th' eternal gate
Of righteouſneſs: behold, I wait;
I'll enter in by righteouſneſs;
And there Jehovah I'll confeſs.

20 This is Jehovah's royal gate,
The Juſt ſhall enter in thereat;
In ſtate and glory high they ſhine,
Who enter by this gate divine.
21 I'll ſing and praiſe thy name, O Lord,
Becauſe thou haſt my ſoul reſtor'd—
22 That Rock of ages, God's Elect,
Which Jewiſh builders did reject,

The Lord hath made head Corner-ſtone,
To found and rear his church thereon:
23 This work is God's, which we admire,
Our whole ſalvation and deſire:
24 This day his wonders ſignalize;
Let ſhouts of triumph rend the ſkies.
Ye children, catch the joyful lays,
Leſt ſtones ſhould rival you in praiſe;

With

With olive branches ſtrew the road,
And bow the knee before your God:
25 Hoſanna to our King moſt high;
Jehovah, ſend proſperity;
Let peace with heav'n attend his reign,
And glory in the higheſt ſtrain.
26 He comes! he comes! in God's great name,
Our ſouls to ſave! ſound loud his fame:

We, from the houſe of God the Lord,
Pronounce you bleſſed by his word.
27 God hath made light to us ariſe;
To th' altar bind the ſacrifice.
28 Thou art my God, thy name I'll raiſe;
Thou art my God, I'll ſpread thy praiſe;
29 Thy goodneſs ſound on ev'ry ſtring,
And thy eternal mercy ſing.

PSALM CXIX.

THAT this glorious Pſalm is all ſpoken in one perſon, is evident from the bare reading of it; and that the SON OF GOD, 'made of the woman, 'made under the law,' is the ſpeaker, appears equally plain from the whole ſtrain and complexion thereof. To paſs by the evidences ſupporting this aſſertion, contained in every one of the other verſes of the Pſalm beſides, conſider impartially ver. 115. 'Depart from me, ye evil-doers'—and ver. 139. 'My zeal hath conſumed me'—(the Hebrew, according to the margin, reads, *hath cut me off*)—compared with the New-Teſtament application of theſe remarkable paſſages in Matt. vii. 23. John ii. 17.—See alſo Pſal. i. with all its parallels, and the marginal references.—*N. B.* As to the interpretation given in the following paraphraſe, particularly of ver. 9. 67. and 167. of this Pſalm, the univerſe of God is hereby challenged

to

to overturn the ſame, if it can be overturned, while the analogy of faith is allowed to ſtand.

The exerciſes, hopes, and fears,
Expoſtulations, pray'rs, and tears,
Confeſſions, thankſgivings, and praiſe,
In various views, and various phraſe,
Of JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD,
Bending beneath the heavy load,
Which God his Father laid on him,
Under the law for human crime!

ALEPH. PART I.

1 BLESSED are they who undefil'd,
In ſemblance as a little child,
Abſtaining perfectly from ſin;
Who to the law's perfection win:
2 Bleſſed are they who walk ſecure;
Who keep his teſtimonies pure;
Who ſeek the Lord with their whole heart;
Who never from his ways depart:

3 They no iniquity muſt do,
But muſt the perfect path purſue:
4 So thou commandeſt us to keep
Thy perfect ways, though ſtrait and ſteep.
5 O then direct my heart and ways,
To keep thy ſtatutes all my days!
For, lo, thy ſervant, Lord, ſhall be
Subjected wholly unto thee:

6 And then I ſhall not be aſham'd,
When I my due reward have claim'd,
Eternal life and happineſs,
When I have done thy righteouſneſs:
7 Then I will praiſe thee uprightly,
When I have learned faithfully
To yield obedience to thy word
By ſuff'ring all thy judgments, Lord:

8 For

8 For I determine in my heart,
That from thy yoke I will not ſtart,
Till I perform thy ſtatutes all:
My God, uphold me leſt I fall:
And, though thou frown on me a while,
Again revive me with thy ſmile;
And do not utterly deſert
The man who for thy love doth ſmart.

BETH. PART II.

9 By what means ſhall that choſen Son,
Who comes his Father's ways to run,
Direct his ſteps, and keep his path?—
By hearing what his Father ſaith:
The words which from thy mouth proceed,
My Father, wing my feet with ſpeed;
They alſo keep me in the way,
And point my ſteps by night and day.

10 With my whole heart I've ſearch'd for thee,
O fly not thou away from me;
I'll trace thee in thy beaten path,
And liſten to thy word of faith.
11 Within my heart I've hid thy word,
That I offend not thee, my Lord:
12 Bleſſed art thou, O Lord my God:
O teach me with thy word and rod.

13 I've with my lips declared all
The judgments from thy mouth that fall:
14 I've in thy ways rejoiced more
Than miſers do in hoarded ſtore.
15 I'll in thy precepts meditate,
And all thy ways before me ſet:
16 I'll in thy ſtatutes greatly joy,
And make thy word my whole employ:

Thy words, thy ways, thy judgments all,
For my whole ſoul and ſpirit call;

And

And I will ever perſevere
To lend my God mine heart, mine ear.

GIMEL. Part III.

17 Thy bounty to thy ſervant ſhow,
That I may live and pay my vow:
I vow to keep thy holy word;
And ſhew perfection to my Lord.
18 Unſeal mine eyes, and I ſhall ſee
The wonders in thy law that be:
19 I am a pilgrim in the land;
Hide not from me thy juſt command.

20 My ſoul within me melts away,
With veh'ment longing, night and day,
Which love unto thy judgments pure,
O Lord, conſtrains me to endure!
21 The curſed proud thou haſt chaſtis'd,
Who all thy precepts have deſpis'd:
22 Roll thou away reproach and ſhame
From me, for I have lov'd thy name.

23 The princes all aſſembled round,
From ev'ry mouth againſt me ſound;
But I, thy Servant, evermore,
Unmov'd, thy ſtatutes, Lord, explore.
24 Thy teſtimonies, Lord, I ſhall
For ever to my counſel call:
They always counſel me aright;
They only are my heart's delight.

DALETH. Part IV.

25 My ſoul unto the duſt adheres,
For love unto thy word it bears:
According to thy pledged word,
Raiſe from the dead thy Servant, Lord.
26 I have declared my deſire,
With all my ways, before my Sire;

And

And thou hast heard me in my day:
Teach me thy statutes, Lord, I pray.

27 The way of all thy precepts make
Thy Servant know, for thy name's sake:
On that sole theme my heart shall dwell,
And all thy glorious wonders tell.
28 My soul dissolves, and falls as snow,
If flaming fire, for wind, should blow,
Beneath thy flaming wrath, O God,
With floods of death and hell o'erflow'd:

Be thou my strength and fortitude,
That I at length may stem this flood,
And turn away thy wrath from men,
Restored by thy word again.
29 Remove from me the way of lies,
And grant thy law before mine eyes:
30 I've chosen, Lord, the way of truth,
T' explore the judgments of thy mouth.

31 I to thy testimonies cleave;
To shame, O Lord, do not me leave:
32 I'll run the way of thy commands,
When thou hast loos'd my heart and bands.

HE. PART V.

33 Teach me, O Lord, thy holy ways,
And I'll observe them for thy praise:
34 Give me to understand thy law,
Which I regard with perfect awe:
I'll keep it in a perfect way;
My heart shall never go astray:
35 Give me to tread in thy foot-path,
Wherein my soul her pleasure hath.

36 My heart, O Lord, incline unto
Thy testimonies pure and true;
For sin, in ev'ry form and guise,
Is the aversion of mine eyes.

37 O

37 O turn thou, Lord, mine eyes away,
When vanities before them play:
Mine eyes are only fix'd on thee;
Lord, in thy way, receive thou me:

38 Confirm to me, devoted, Lord,
Unto thy fear, thy plighted word;
39 And turn away my fear and shame,
For glory of thy holy name:
40 Behold, thy precepts I've desir'd;
And by thy precepts I am fir'd,
In righteousness to do thy will;
Lord, quicken me when men shall kill.

VAU. PART VI.

41 O let thy mercies to me come,
And raise me from the rueful tomb,
According to thy faithful word,
That I may boast in thee, O Lord:
42 So shall I have wherewith I may
The speech of my upbraiders stay:
Because I've hoped in thy word,
And lying vanities abhorr'd:

43 O never take thy word away,
Nor disannul the word I say;
For in my mouth thy judgments dwell,
Which I to all my brethren tell.
44 So shall I keep for evermore
Thy laws, and con them o'er and o'er:
45 And I will walk with God at large,
Because I keep his holy charge.

46 I'll of thy testimonies sing
Before the proudest swelling King;
Nor will I ever be asham'd
When I have God my Father nam'd:
47 I'll glory in my goodly theme,
And all thy glorious ways proclaim;

For I have lov'd, and ever will,
Thy holy laws, which I fulfil:
48 I'll lift my hands up to thy laws,
Which I have lov'd, and made my cauſe;
I'll meditate upon thy will,
Which is my ground of glorying ſtill.

ZAIN. PART VII.

49 Remember, Lord, thy gracious word,
Which thou haſt pledg'd to me;
Which is my only hope, O Lord,
My only ground of plea:
50 Thy word 's my comfort on my croſs,
Thy word ſhall quicken me:
51 The proud have trod on me as droſs,
But to thy law I flee.

52 I call'd to mind thy judgments all,
O Lord, and was rejoic'd;
53 For horrors deep on me did fall,
When men thy law deſpis'd.
54 Thy ſtatutes, Lord, are aye my ſong,
In houſe of pilgrimage;
And all my weary night ſo long
My ſorrows they aſſwage:

55 For all my days and nights, O Lord,
I think upon thy name;
Thy laws and name, by me ador'd,
Are evermore my theme:
56 This comfort was beſtow'd on me,
Becauſe I've kept thy ways:
Thy precepts kept have made me free,
And fill'd my mouth with praiſe.

CHETH. PART VIII.

57 Thou art my portion, O my God;
I've ſaid, I'll keep thy word:

O let thy love to me be ſhow'd,
As thou haſt promis'd, Lord.
58 I thought upon my ways, O Lord,
My ways appointed me;
59 And turn'd my feet unto thy word,
As I was led by thee:

60 I haſten'd me without delay,
To keep thy holy will;
But wicked bands did me belay,
And fought my ſoul to kill:
61 They robbed me in fearful guiſe,
With raging wrath and pride;
Yet ſtill thy laws, before mine eyes,
Suſtain'd me till I dy'd:

62 But I, in midſt of darkeſt night,
Aroſe to give thee praiſe:
Becauſe I lov'd thy judgments right,
Thou didſt thyſelf me raiſe.
63 I am the friend of ev'ry one
Who loves thy holy name,
Who glories in what thou haſt done,
And ſounds abroad thy fame.

64 The earth is with thy mercy ſtor'd;
Teach me thy ſtatutes ſtill:
So ſhall I found thy name, O Lord,
From Zion's holy hill.

TETH. PART IX.

65 Well haſt thou with thy ſervant dealt,
According to thy word, O Lord;
Thy conſolations which I've felt,
I'll regiſter, and aye record.
66 Goodneſs, and truth, and knowledge, Lord,
O teach thou me in all my ways:
For I the precepts of thy word
Believe, and live by all my days.

67 Till

67 Till I aſſum'd my *humble ſtate*,
I walk'd before the Lord at large;
Now, bound by my afflictions great,
I bind myſelf to keep thy charge.
68 Good thou thyſelf, and doing good,
Teach me thy ſtatutes, O my God:
So, fill'd with pureſt gratitude,
I'll fill with praiſe thy world abroad.

69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,
And held conſpiracies on me;
Their contradictions I deſpiſe,
And praiſe thee on *th' accurſed tree*.
70 Their heart is waxen fat and groſs,
With worldly eaſe, and wealth, and pride;
But I will glory in my *croſs*,
And joyfully in God confide.

71 'Tis good for me my croſs to bear,
That I may ſoon be fill'd with joy:
I'll tread and bruiſe the ſerpent there,
And ſin, and death, and hell deſtroy.
72 The law that from thy mouth does flow,
Flows to my heart a living well;
Thy laws are all the joy I know,
Gold's glitt'ring glory they excel.

JOD. PART X.

73 Thy hands have made and framed me;
Give me thy will to underſtand;
Let all my members, form'd by thee,
Obſequious be to thy command.
74 The lovers of the Lord ſhall ſee,
And when they ſee they ſhall be glad,
For all the glory giv'n to me,
Becauſe thy word my hope I made.

75 I know, and will acknowledge, Lord,
Thy judgments all are righteouſneſs;

Thou haſt, according to thy word,
Afflicted me in faithfulneſs.

76 Now, let thy mercy to me come,
And give me conſolation ſweet,
When I have undergone my doom,
And fallen at thy mercy's feet.
77 Let thy ſure mercies to me come,
And quicken me within the ground;
That I may live, and leave my tomb
As empty as the ſame I found:

For I've delighted in thy law,
And its conditions all have done;
My righteouſneſs without a flaw,
Let promis'd life reward anon:
78 So ſhall the proud aſhamed be,
Unjuſtly who've condemn'd thy Son,
Alive-preſented, when they ſee
Me juſtify'd, with all I've done:

I've made thy ways perpetually
My meditations night and day;
That I thy righteouſneſs ſo high
Might duly to the world diſplay.
79 Let thoſe who love thee turn to me,
And thoſe who've waited for my day;
For lo, my God, I come to thee,
And am to thee the only way:
80 Sound in thy ways let me be found,
That I may never be aſham'd,
Nor any of my ſaints around,
To whom thy ways I have proclaim'd.

CAPH. Part XI.

81 My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints;
But faith in thee my ſoul prevents:
For I have hoped in thy word;
Nor ſhall I be aſham'd, O Lord.

82 Mine

82 Mine eyes have fail'd to ſee fulfill'd
Thy word, for which my blood is ſpill'd:
When wilt thou come and comfort me,
And make me thy ſalvation ſee?

83 I'm like a bottle in the ſmoke,
My beauty's gone, my heart is broke;
Yet I retain the precious wine
Of all thy ſtatutes, Lord, divine.
84 How many are thy ſervant's days?
And, Lord, how various are thy ways?
When wilt thou make mine eyes to ſee
Thy doom on thoſe condemning me?

85 The proud have digg'd for me a pit,
Againſt thy law, for keeping it:
86 All thy commands are faithfulneſs;
Lord, help thou me when men oppreſs.
87 They thought they had me quite conſum'd
From earth, when they my death had doom'd;
But I abandon'd not thy way,
When they aroſe my ſoul to ſlay.

88 After thy loving-kindneſs, Lord,
My blood, now drunk up by the ſword,
O gather thou, and quicken me:
Upon thy word I found my plea.

LAMED. PART XII.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
In heav'n ſhall ſtand thy faithful word,
Firm as thine own eternal throne;
Fixt as thyſelf who ſitt'ſt thereon.
90 Thy faithfulneſs for ever ſhall
Endure through generations all.
The earth, eſtabliſhed by thee,
Remaineth ſtill, by thy decree.

91 Lo, all thy works, O Lord, ſhall ſtand,
According to thy juſt command:

They ſtand to-day, and ever ſhall,
Becauſe they are thy ſervants all.
92 Unleſs thy everlaſting law,
My pearl of price without a flaw,
Had been my joy and ſole delight,
I'd ſunk by my affliction's weight.

93 For ever, and for evermore,
Thy precepts, Lord, I will explore;
For they have been the life of me,
Thro' them I was reſtor'd by thee.
94 To thee, my God, I bend me low;
Down to the ſhades of death I go,
To ſhew how much I love thy word;
From duſt and death O ſave me, Lord.

95 My bitter foes in ambuſh lay,
And waited on, my ſoul to ſlay:
But I thy teſtimonies ſtill
Conſider'd have, and ever will.
96 An end of all perfection, I,
Within the reach of human eye,
Have ſeen, and ponder'd well, O God;
But, oh, thy law 's exceeding broad:

So broad, ſo long, ſo high, ſo deep,
No man can know, no man can keep;
But I, for honour of thy name,
Will honour it, and keep the ſame.

M E M. Part XIII.

97 O how I love thy law! It is
My meditation night and and day:
It is my only ſource of bliſs
While priſon'd in this cage of clay:
98 Than all my foes, I'm wiſer far
Made by this holy law of thine;
For I, by it, ſhall end this war
With victory and peace divine.

99 In

99 In underſtanding I excel
The ſcribes and elders ev'ry one,
Becauſe thy teſtimonies dwell
Within my heart, and they alone.
100 The ancients all are fools to me,
For I thy precepts keep alone;
But they have gone aſtray from thee,
And teach traditions of their own.

101 From ev'ry evil way my feet
I have refrained, through thy love,
That, with obedience, I might meet
Thy perfect precepts from above.
102 I have not from thy precepts ſwerv'd,
Becauſe thou haſt inſtructed me:
Let my obedience, my deſerv'd
And ſure reward, receive from thee.

103 More ſweet unto my taſte thy truth,
Than honey from the comb that flows,
Deliciouſly it fills my mouth,
And down into my belly goes.
104 I, through thy ways of truth and love,
My underſtanding all acquire;
Therefore, from falſehood I remove
My heart and foot, as from the fire.

NUN. PART XIV.

105 A lamp unto my foot thy word,
A light and guide unto my path,
Direct me conſtantly, O Lord,
To keep the way of perfect faith.
106 Lo, I have ſworn; and will do more,
I will perform, before the Lord,
With faithfulneſs, the oath I ſwore,
That I will keep his holy word.

107 I am afflicted very ſore;
But I will not draw back from thee:
Behold,

Behold, thy mercy I implore;
Lord, ſend thy word, and quicken me.
108 Accept, accept, I thee beſeech,
The free-will off'ring of my mouth,
O Lord; and me thy judgments teach,
And fill me with thy word of truth.

109 In battle's fiery front I ſtand,
And am beſieged very ſore;
My life is always in mine hand;
Yet ſtill mine eyes thy laws explore.
110 The wicked laid for me their ſnare,
And lurk'd, like leopards, for their prey;
Yet never caus'd my ſoul to err,
Nor fray'd me from thy laws away.

111 Thy teſtimonies I have choſe
For me, an heritage divine;
And they, amidſt my bitt'reſt woes,
Do glad my ſoul like heav'nly wine.
112 I have inclin'd my heart unto
Thy teſtimonies, Lord, alone,
And ſaid, that I the ſame will do,
Till thou ſhalt ſay, THE WORK IS DONE.

SAMECH. PART XV.

113 A vain device my ſoul abhors;
But loves thy law, and it explores:
114 Thou art my Hiding-place and Shield;
Thy word 's my treaſure in my field.
115 Depart from me, ye ſinners all;
For ye were deaf when I did call:
My blood fulfill'd the law of God;
But ye upon my blood have trod:

Your own blood, therefore, reſt on you,
Becauſe ye ſcorn the work I do;
Your ſin ſhall ly at your own door,
Becauſe my goſpel ye abhor.

116 Thy

116 Thy word, my God, ſhall be my prop,
That I may live, and, in my hope,
May glory now, and evermore;
While ſinners, all aſham'd, complore.

117 Suſtain thou me, and I ſhall ſtand
Solaced ſtill by thy command.
118 Thou treadeſt down the ſinners all:
Their lies and folly on them fall.
119 Thou haſt remov'd the earthy droſs,
The wicked en'mies of my croſs:
Therefore I love thy righteous laws,
And glory, glory in thy cauſe.

120 Although my fleſh, with grief and fear,
Trembles, O Lord, when judgments near
Oppreſs and overwhelm my ſoul,
As all thy billows o'er me roll;
Yet ſtill I cleave more cloſe to thee,
The more my ſoul 's oppreſs'd in me:
My Father, now receive thy Son;
Behold, *Thy work is fully done!*

A I N. PART XVI.

121 I juſtice have and judgment done;
O do not thou abandon me
To thoſe who would oppreſs thy Son:
My Father, lo, to thee I flee.
122 Be Surety to my ſoul for good;
And let the proud oppreſs no more;
That I may ſing my gratitude,
When thou haſt ſtill'd their mad uproar.

123 Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail,
And for thy word of righteouſneſs:
124 In mercy with thy ſervant deal,
And ſhew me, Lord, thy faithfulneſs.
125 I am thy Servant; thou, my Lord,
Give underſtanding unto me,

That

That I may know and keep thy word,
According to thy ſure decree.

126 'Tis time for thee, O Lord, to riſe,
(For they have diſannull'd thy law),
And ſhew thy work before their eyes;
That all the world may ſtand in awe.

127 Therefore, I love thy precepts, Lord,
Above the pureſt Ophir-gold;
My ſpirit dwells upon thy word,
Exploring treaſures manifold:

128 Thy precepts, therefore, which I love,
Concerning all thy holy ways,
Themſelves unto my heart approve;
My heart abhorring folly baſe.

P E. Part XVII.

129 Thy teſtimonies, marvellous,
How greatly I reſpect!
The rules and ſtatutes of thy houſe
My motions all direct.

130 The entrance of thy word gives light
And wiſdom to the fool:
To order all my ways aright,
Thy word's the only rule.

131 With open mouth, I pant and run,
Like hart before the hounds,
Until my lawful prize be won,
For which my ſpirit bounds:
The prize I ſeek's thy holy law,
That I may reach the ſame;
A pearl of price, without a flaw,
The glory of thy name.

132 Behold thou me, O Lord my God,
Thou maſter of the race!
And let my due reward me load,
According to thy grace;

As

As thou haſt pledg'd thy word to me,
To fill my mouth with praiſe,
When I preſent, O Lord, to thee
My perfect righteouſneſs.

133 Direct my goings by thy word;
And no iniquity
Shall have dominion, O my Lord,
O'er me, or come me nigh.
134 From man's oppreſſion me redeem,
So I will keep thy way;
For all thy precepts I eſteem,
And never from thee ſtray.

135 Upon me make thy face to ſhine;
Thy ſtatutes teach thou me;
And ſo my ſteps ſhall ne'er decline,
O Lord, my God, from thee.
136 Rivers of waters down mine eyes
Continually do flow,
Becauſe vile men thy laws deſpiſe;
Thy laws they do not know.

TSADDI. PART XVIII.

137 How juſt art thou, O Lord, my God!
Thy judgments how upright!
138 Thy teſtimonies thou haſt ſhow'd,
How faithful all, and right!
139 My zeal hath broke my ſpirit down,
And eat my fleſh away;
Becauſe my haters all are gone,
Lord, from thy words aſtray.

140 Thy word is like the pureſt gold,
In fiery furnace fin'd;
Thy Servant, therefore, faſt doth hold
And lodge it in his mind.
141 I'm ſmall, and much deſpis'd, yet I,
O Lord, remember thee;

For

For daily to thy word I fly:
O Lord, remember me.

142 Thy righteousness is righteousness
Which everlasting is:
Thy law, thy truth, thy faithfulness,
Repleniſh me with bliſs.

143 Trouble and anguiſh have me found,
And taken hold on me;
The bands of Belial me ſurround;
Yet I forſake not thee.

144 Eternal righteouſneſs is in
Thy teſtimonies all:
Let me by them the vict'ry win,
And ever live I ſhall.

KOPH. PART XIX.

145 With my whole heart I've cry'd to thee;
O Lord, give audience unto me:
So I will keep thy ſtatutes all,
And never from thy precepts fall.

146 I've invocated thee, O Lord;
Preſerve me through thy holy word,
And draw me from the hoary deep;
For I thy teſtimonies keep.

147 I roſe before the morning-ray,
And prayed long before the day;
I cry'd to thee, my God, my Lord,
Behold, my hope is in thy word.

148 Mine eyes the watches of the night
Have oft prevented with delight;
That I might meditate, with joy,
Upon thy words which never cloy.

149 According to thy mercy, hear,
And lend me, Lord, thy gracious ear;
According to thy judgments, raiſe
My ſoul from death, to ſing thy praiſe.

150 Far,

150 Far, far eſtranged from thy law,
The ſons of miſchief nigh me draw;
151 But thou, my Lord, my God, art near:
All thy commands are pure and clear.

152 From everlaſting I have known
Thy teſtimonies, clearly ſhown,
That thou haſt founded them for ever,
Becauſe thy mercy faileth never.

RESH. PART XX.

153 See mine afflictions, ſave me, Lord;
For I remember ſtill thy word:
154 Plead thou my plea, and me redeem;
Thy laws I more than life eſteem.
155 Salvation's from the wicked far,
For they with me have wag'd their war;
156 Great are thy mercies, Lord, to me,
Let me by them revived be.

157 My perſecutors many be,
And mighty too, who war with me:
Yet from thy teſtimonies I
Have never turned, Lord, awry.
158 I've ſeen the wicked hypocrites,
With will-worſhip and human rites,
Tranſgreſſing grievouſly thy word,
Which griev'd me ſore before the Lord:

159 But ſee how I thy precepts love;
Thy juſtice muſt my cauſe approve;
According to thy plighted word,
O quicken me again, O Lord:
160 Thy word is truth, from firſt to laſt,
The future, preſent, and the paſt;
Thy righteous judgments all are ſure,
And ſhall for evermore endure.

SCHIN. Part XXI.

161 Princes have wreſted all their laws,
To wreſt, O Lord, my righteous cauſe:
Herod and Pontius both combine;
Yet from thy laws I ne'er decline.
162 Thy word makes me exult and ſmile,
As one that findeth hills of ſpoil:
163 I lying vanities deſpiſe,
But in thy law my treaſure lies.

164 Full ſeven times, and ſeven more,
A-day, my God I will adore,
Becauſe of all thy righteous ways,
Mine everlaſting joy and praiſe.
165 Great peace have they thy law who love,
Whoſe converſation's all above;
No ſtumbling-block ſhall them offend,
Nor ſhall they to the pit deſcend.

166 For thy ſalvation, Lord, I long,
For mercies which to me belong:
Becauſe I've done thy holy will,
I wait to ſee thy holy hill.
167 My ſoul thy teſtimonies keeps:
For love to them ſhe mourns and weeps:
168 I'll keep thy precepts all my days;
Behold before thee all my ways.

TAU. Part XXII.

169 Near let my cry before thee come,
O Lord my God, unto thee home:
Give underſtanding unto me,
According to thy ſure decree.
170 O let my ſupplication riſe,
And grateful ſeem before thine eyes:
Deliver me in mercy, Lord,
According to thy faithful word.

171 My lips ſhall utter all thy praiſe,
When thou haſt taught me all thy ways;
172 Thy words alone ſhall fill my mouth;
For all thy words are perfect truth.
173 O let thine hand give help to me,
For I have always clung by thee.
174 I've long'd for thy ſalvation, Lord,
And always clave unto thy word.

175 Let my ſoul live, to give thee praiſe,
And keep thy judgments all my days
For ever and for evermore,
The Lord, my Shepherd, I'll adore.
176 I've ſeen thy people all aſtray,
Wand'ring in deſert pathleſs way;
But I have all their paths explor'd,
To bring them back to thee, O Lord:

I've left the righteous ninety-nine,
Thine angels, who in glory ſhine,
Elect, confirm'd, around thy throne;
And all in queſt of ſinners gone:
I've trac'd their wand'rings foot by foot,
I bear their name, I bear their blot;
I am a Man! behold thou me!
For all their ſins I'll anſwer thee:

I am thy Servant, ſearch my cauſe,
And judge me, Lord, by all thy laws:
I come to glorify thy name;
Lord, wipe away my ſin and ſhame:
The ſin and ſhame thou laidſt on me,
Altho' from both my ſoul is free;
Behold, I bear the ſins of men,
To bring them to thy fold again.

For men, thy law I magnify;
For men I live, for men I die;
For men I riſe, aſcend, and reign,
Till all things are reſtor'd again:

Let men receive the joyful found,
And fill the world with joy around—
My Lord, my God, *thy work is done!*
My Father, glorify thy Son.

PSALM CXX.

THIS Pſalm, with the following fourteen, is entitled *A Song of degrees*, and is, like all of them, eminently picturesque, and deſcriptive of the gradual progreſs and advancement of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Prince of Peace, the Captain of Salvation, going forwards, by the due degrees appointed of the Father, to the heavenly kingdom and glory.—Parallel to Pſal. cxviii. *&c.*

The Lord of Life, the Prince of Peace,
Among his bitter foes ſojourns—
How ſad, how deſp'rate is the caſe
Of him who at the Saviour ſpurns!

1 IN my diſtreſs I rais'd my cry,
When low before the Lord I lay;
He heard me from his place on high,
And quickly did his love diſplay:
2 O Lord, deliver thou my ſoul
From lying lips and guileful tongue,
When floods of malice riſe and roll
Againſt me, with a tide ſo ſtrong!

3 O thou deceitful, deadly tongue,
What ſhall be added unto thee?
What portion ſhall to thee belong,
Thy due reward for ſmiting me?
4 Behold, I will denounce thy doom;
Sharp arrows ſhall thee cut in twain;
Fierce fiery flames ſhall thee conſume,
And fill thee with eternal pain.

5 Wo,

5 Wo, wo is me, that I ſojourn
With Meſech's wicked ſons ſo long;
And in the tents of Kedar mourn,
Among ſo lewd a Belial throng!
6 My ſoul hath ever loved peace,
My tongue hath ever ſpoken truth;
But, ah! the baſe degen'rate race
Have gnaſh'd at me with venom'd tooth.

7 Thus, thus they uſe the Prince of Peace,
And always are for battle keen;
When I proclaim my Father's grace,
They hear my words with rage and ſpleen.
What mighty matter, then, if ye
Who are my ſons and ſervants all,
In ſpiteful ways, reproached be,
Your Lord when Beelzebub they call!

PSALM CXXI.

SPOKEN partly by, and partly of, the Prince Meſſiah, the Shepherd of Iſrael; whoſe ſtate and ſafety, in connection with his followers, by the way of dialogue and chorus, are here declared and deſcribed.—Parallel to Pſalm xvi. xci. &c.

Our Shepherd, Father, Lord, and God,
Our Guide and Guardian evermore,
Shall lead us to his own abode;
For Chriſt our Captain goes before.

1 SHALL I to mountains lift mine eyes,
For armed hoſts with ſword and ſpear?
From whence ſhould aid to me ariſe,
When dangers preſs me front and rear?
2 From whence, but from the Lord of Hoſts,
Who made the heav'ns and earth abroad,
In whom my Spirit boldly boaſts,
Who is my everlaſting God?

3 And, 'Boaſt thou may'ſt,' I hear him ſay,
Thy God ſhall never ſhame thy ſoul;
When hell ſhall all her batt'ries play,
Thou ſhalt the rage of hell controul.
He will not ſuffer thee to ſlide,
Nor let thy foot be mov'd away—
He is Jehovah who 's thy guide,
Who ſlumbers not by night nor day.

4 Behold, he that keeps Iſrael,
He ſlumbers not, nor ſleeps at all;
5 Jehovah guides and guards thee well,
On thy right-hand a brazen wall.
6 His ſhadow hides thee from the heat,
When ſultry ſun-beams fiercely play,
And veh'mently reverberate,
With burning peſtilential ray;

The moon ſhall never ſmite thy head;
Nor touch thee a malignant ſtar;
Nor evil influence on thee ſhed,
The elements that round thee war:
7 Thus, ſafe by night, and ſafe by day,
Jehovah keeps thee from all ill;
He keeps thy ſoul in all thy way,
Until thou reach his holy hill:

8 From henceforth, and for evermore,
Thy goings out and in he'll keep—
The wolves may howl, the lions roar;
God keeps the Shepherd and the ſheep.

PSALM CXXII.

CHRIST is the ſpeaker of this Pſalm; and his angels expreſs the ſpirit of it, while they ſing, with glory ſhining all around, 'Glory to God in the 'higheſt! peace on earth! good-will towards 'men!'

O,

O, glory, glory, glory ſound,
Jeruſalem, unto thy God!
Let heav'n and earth thy ſong rebound!
For grace and peace are thine abode.

1 MY heart within me danc'd and ſprang,
And lightly bounded like a roe,
When choriſters around me ſang,
Lo, to the houſe of God we'll go.
2 Jeruſalem, within thy domes
Our feet ſhall ſhortly ſtanding be;
Behold, the Lord of glory comes,
With all his hoſts, to enter thee:

3 Jeruſalem a city ſtands,
Compactly built of living ſtone;
Yea, built by God's eternal hands,
The everlaſting Rock upon:
4 Lo, thither go the choſen tribes,
The God of glory on their van;
His glory all the hoſt imbibes,
And ſpreads his praiſe from man to man.

They ſing his praiſes, ever new,
With heav'nly ſymphony ſolemn,
The praiſe to Iſra'l's Fountain due,
In midſt of thee, Jeruſalem:
5 Lo, there the thrones of judgment ſet,
Meſſiah with his princes all!
Upon his nod the nations wait,
Lowly before his feet to fall.—

6 Pray, that Jeruſalem may ſhine,
With peace and fair proſperity:
God bleſs them all with peace divine,
Who wiſh to ſee thee tow'ring high!
7 Peace be within thy walls! I'll ſay;
And proſp'rous be thy palaces!
Let truth, like ſun-beams, on thee play,
Thy God, thy glory, and thy grace!

8 Now,

8 Now, for my friends and brethrens ſake,
Peace, peace to thee, I'll ever ſay;
In my own blood thy peace I'll make,
And none thy peace ſhall take away:
9 Becauſe thou art the houſe of God,
My ſoul in thee ſhall ever dwell:
I'll ſeek the good of my abode,
And make thee, like thy Lord, excel!

PSALM CXXIII.

HERE the Lord, the alone ſpeaker in this Pſalm, intercedes for himſelf, and for all his followers, in whoſe afflictions he is afflicted, with the feeling of whoſe infirmities he is touched; leaving us an example, that we ſhould follow his ſteps.

Lo, thus Meſſiah intercedes,
And acts the ſympathiſing part:
His grieved heart for 's brethren bleeds,
And all their ſorrows wound his heart.

1 O Thou who dwelleſt in the heav'n,
I lift my wo-worn eyes to thee,
Till thy ſalvation ſhall be giv'n,
To ſet my ſoul from ſorrow free.
2 As ſervants eyes explore and trace
The motions of their maſter's hand,
When ſketching o'er, with care and grace,
Some rare deſign which he hath plann'd;

As hand-maid's eyes her miſtreſs view,
With expectation eager, keen,
When pointing out ſome ſervice new,
And which ſhe ne'er before had ſeen:
Ev'n ſo our eyes, O God, do live
And dwell upon thy Providence,
Till thou thy promis'd mercy give,
Our painful toil to recompence.

3 Exceed-

3 Exceedingly, with ſore contempt,
Our ſoul repleniſh'd, wails and mourns;
Of all thy ſaints, no one exempt
From pain before the Lord ſojourns.
Have mercy, Lord, have mercy now,
Have mercy on thy ſervants dear;
Bring thy *new* covenant to view,
And let the *old* one diſappear:

4 Our ſoul is fill'd exceedingly
With ſcorn of thoſe that dwell at eaſe,
And with the contempt of proud, high-
Swoln, lofty-minded phariſees.

PSALM CXXIV.

THE church delivered, and triumphing with her Lord.

Th' almighty Lord, upon our ſide,
(Avaunt ye all malicious foes!)
Roll'd back again the ſwelling tide,
When death and hell againſt us roſe.

1 HAD not the Lord eſpous'd our cauſe,
God's Iſra'l now with joy may ſing,
When men aroſe our name to raze,
Defying Iſra'l, with her King:
2 Had not the Lord eſpous'd our cauſe,
God's Iſra'l, now eſcap'd, may tell,
When they aroſe againſt his laws,
With all the raging pow'r of hell;

3 Then they had ſwallow'd us alive,
Conſumed by their flaming wrath;
4 And made their billows o'er us drive,
And roll'd us down the ſteeps of death:

5 Then

5 Then had the sea's devouring waves,
O'erwhelming us, gone o'er our soul;
The waters proud had been our graves,
Which fiercely round us then did rowl.

6 Blest'd be the Lord, who gave us not
Unto their rav'nous teeth a prey;
But quell'd their rage upon the spot,
And made them, screaming, fly away!
7 Our souls escaped as a bird
Out of the fowler's deadly gin;
The snare is broke—they were absurd
Who thought to keep our soul therein:

8 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who made the earth and high heav'ns too:
Messiah's he who both did frame:
To God and his Messiah bow.

PSALM CXXV.

THE stability of God is the stability of his saints, but the overthrow of his enemies.

As Zion-mount for ever rears
Her height and glory o'er the plain;
So all her sons, through endless years,
Who trust in God, with God shall reign.

1 THOSE in Jehovah who confide,
Like Zion-mount, shall ne'er remove;
But shall for evermore abide,
Establish'd in Jehovah's love.
2 As round about Jerusalem
The everlasting mountains stand,
Jehovah so surroundeth them
Who faithful are in Zion's land:

3 For,

3 For, lo, the rod of wickedneſs
On Zion's lot ſhall not remain;
Leſt thoſe who love her righteouſneſs
Aſſociate with the wicked train.

4 Do good, O Lord, to thoſe who love
To ſee thy grace and glory ſhine;
And thoſe who in their hearts approve
Of truth and righteouſneſs divine.

5 And as for thoſe who go aſtray,
And love the bateful ways of hell;
The Lord for hypocrites ſhall ſlay;
But peace ſhall be on Iſrael.

PSALM CXXVI.

THE eternal redemption of the church of God, with her Redeemer on her Head, leading captivity captive, deſcribed and praiſed in heavenly ſtrains of gratitude and joy.

Let earth ariſe, and meet the ſkies!
The Lord he comes again
From yonder ſkies, and ſays, Ariſe,
Ye dead, with me to reign.

1 WHEN Zion's bondage God recall'd,
We were like men that dream'd;
So in a moment diſinthrall'd,
It ſcarcely real ſeem'd.

2 With laughter then he fill'd our mouth,
Our tongue burſts out and ſings—
The heathens all exclaim, 'Of truth,
'God does for them great things!'—

3 Great things God does for us indeed!
For which we praiſe his name;
Lord, perfect all thy works with ſpeed,
Thy works of noted fame:

4 Lord,

4 Lord, call thy whole election home,
Recal our bondage all;
Lord, all in ſtreaming glory come,
And us to glory call.

5 They ſow in tears, who reap in joy,
Before the Lord their God;
Whoſe glory none can e'er enjoy,
Unchaſten'd by his rod:
6 O bleſs'd is he, who, going forth,
And, mourning as he goes,
With ſtreaming eyes bedews the earth,
While precious ſeed he ſows:

Bearing his baſket bath'd in tears,
You ſee him for a time;
But, lo, with joy he turns, and bears
His ſheaves along with him:
So came Meſſiah, friend of men!
(A Man of ſorrows he!)
To fight with grief, and tears, and pain,
That we might conqu'rors be;

Behold, he comes the ſecond time,
To wipe away our tears,
And takes us all along with him,
For everlaſting years.

PSALM CXXVII.

READER, if thou art one Spirit with the Lord, does not thy very heart within thee burn and glow with holy indignation and ſhame, for the groſs proſtitution, and moſt unhallowed application, of this and the following divinely delicate Pſalms, to the ordinary purpoſes of *a breeding wife, with a parcel of children about her in a man's houſe!*—How groſsly have they inſulted the Spouſe of Chriſt! The Lord, her Huſband, vindicate his glory.

Chriſt's children are his heritage,
Whom he himſelf creates:
And for her ſons, in ev'ry age,
The church his ſeaſon waits.

1 EXCEPT Jehovah build the houſe,
The builders build in vain!
Except Jehovah watch for us,
The watch-men loſe their pain:
2 'Tis vain for you to riſe betimes,
Or late from reſt to keep,
To feed on tears, and fears, and crimes:
God gives his children ſleep.

3 Lo, children are the heritage
Of Jeſus Chriſt the Lord;
The womb's fruit is his deareſt pledge,
Begotten by his word:
4 As arrows in ſome hero's hand,
So are the ſons of youth,
Before the Lord, a joyful band!
The ſons of grace and truth:

5 O bleſſed be the Holy One
Whoſe quiver's fill'd with thoſe!
EMMANUEL, *God* conjoin'd with *man*,
By them confounds his foes:
They, unaſhamed in the gate,
Their en'mies ſhall ſubdue;
For God, the mighty Lord and great,
Their vigour ſhall renew:

Behold in this a myſt'ry deep,
Unplumb'd by human line;
But thoſe within the veil that peep
Shall ſee it all divine:
For he who buildeth all is God;
His people are his houſe,
Wherein he maketh his abode;
His church his wedded ſpouſe:

'Tis Chriſt himſelf who calls his ſons,
And builds his houſe alone,
Of fair and poliſh'd living ſtones,
Th' Eternal Rock upon:
The Lord Almighty is our Rock;
The Lord alone be prais'd;
The pow'rs of hell ſhall never ſhock
The Church that Chriſt hath rais'd.

PSALM CXXVIII.

See the laſt Pſalm, general preface, and margin.

The glory of our Father's houſe,
With which the world ſhall ring,
The Lord Redeemer, and his Spouſe,
The Spirit bids us ſing.

1 HOW bleſs'd is he that loves the Lord,
That walketh in his ways!
2 Thy labour ſhall thee meat afford,
And pleaſure all thy days:
3 O bleſſed ever ſhalt thou be!
Thy wife a fruitful vine,
By thy houſe ſides thine eyes ſhall ſee
Her blooming branches twine:

Like olive plants thy children, too,
With glory all divine,
For ever blooming in thy view,
Around thy table ſhine:
4 Behold, thus bleſſed ſhall he be
Who keeps Jehovah's law:
But who of Adam's ſons is he
Whoſe love's without a flaw?

Behold, the ſecond Adam ſee!
In pure perfection ſhine!

Each

Each ſaint of God's an olive-tree,
His church a fruitful vine.
5 The Lord ſhall bleſs thee, SON OF GOD,
From Zion evermore;
Thine eyes ſhall ſee Jerus'lem's good,
For ever thee before:

6 Yea, thou ſhalt ſee an endleſs train
Of children's children riſe,
Who ſhall with God their Father reign,
And thee, above the ſkies:
Peace, peace on Iſra'l thou ſhalt ſee,
And thou ſhalt be their peace:
Eternal praiſe, O Chriſt, to thee,
For all this truth and grace.

PSALM CXXIX.

'CHRIST alſo ſuffered for us, leaving us an ex-'ample that we ſhould follow his ſteps. 1 Pet. ii. 20, 21.

The Lord for us a pattern left,
The Shepherd for his flock:
Of ev'ry human prop bereft,
He lean'd on God his Rock.

1 MUCH from my youth, may Iſra'l ſay,
Have they afflicted me;
2 Much from my youth, and all my day,
May Iſra'l ſing to thee;
For thou, O Lord, haſt ſtill prevail'd,
And prov'd thyſelf her God;
To ſave her, when ſhe mourn'd and wail'd
Beneath th' afflicting rod.

3 The plowers plow upon my back,
And long their furrows draw;

On me fierce ſcourges leave their track,
Becauſe I keep thy law.
4 But thou, O Lord, ſhalt righteouſly
Lift thy avenging ſword;
And make their yoke in pieces fly,
With bondage of their cord.

5 Let Zion's haters all be ſham'd,
Confounded and undone;
Becauſe the cruel taſk they claim'd
To wound th' afflicted One:
6 Let them be as the ſtraggling graſs
Upon the high houſe-top,
Which, wither'd, all away ſhall paſs,
And ne'er become a crop:

7 The mower ſhall not fill his hand,
But think he graſps the air;
Who binds the ſheaves ſhall empty ſtand,
Nor fill his boſom there:
8 Nor ſhall the trav'llers by the way,
When they behold them, cry,
'God's bleſſing reſt on you, we pray;
'God bleſs you from on high.'

But Zion ſhall rejoice, and ſing
This ſong in future days,
Meſſiah did by ſuff'ring bring
To us this joy and praiſe.

PSALM CXXX.

NEVER Pſalm has been more groſsly and groundleſsly abuſed than this: It is the famous *De profundis* of the Papiſts; it has alſo been laid by the notable and, in many reſpects, great Dr. Owen as the grand foundation-work of his deep myſterious *ſomething* concerning faith and repentance,

ance, which he ſuppoſed to lie ſomewhere hereabouts, which yet he could never perfectly define, nor clearly diſcover where it was really to be found: it has been offered by the modern Phariſees as a remarkable and eminent ground for *minting at* what they call *believing*, &c.—But if Chriſtians are allowed to be complete in Chriſt, without the complement of monaſtic dreams, old wives tales, and the additional work of fond hypocritical fancies, which make void the word of God, the Pſalm of itſelf is as plain as the ſufferings of CHRIST, and the following glory.

From deeps profound, lo, Jeſus cries—
(Where we deſerv'd to lie);
That he might raiſe us to the ſkies,
To ſing with God on high.

1 LORD, from the deeps to thee I cry'd,
And mourned night and day;
Lord, in thy mercy I confide:
Lord, hear me now, I pray.

2 If thou, O Lord, ſhould mark the ſin
Of men to their account,
No ſon of Adam e'er ſhould win,
Lord, to thy holy mount:

3 For while for them thy ſervant bleeds,
Thy billows o'er me roll;
My head is wrapped in the weeds;
Deep waters fill my ſoul:
I am amazed very ſore,
And troubled unto death;
Within my heart I mourn and roar,
For anguiſh of thy wrath—

But, lo, my ſoul the ſtorm has brav'd!
Apace my ſorrows flee;
The ſnare is broke!—The Surety ſav'd,
Shall ſet the pris'ners free!

4 Behold, forgiveneſs is with thee,
That men may hold thy grace,
When a conſuming fire they ſee
Their God in Jeſus' face.

5 My ſoul hath waited for the Lord,
My ſoul hath waited long;
I plac'd my hope upon his word;
Nor did I place it wrong:
6 Yea, more than they the dawn who wait,
My ſoul hath watch'd for thee;
Than they who watch at Zion's gate,
The morning light to ſee:

7 Let Zion in Jehovah hope,
And ſtill remember me;
Behold, I come to raiſe you up:
Your own Meſſiah ſee!
Mercy and truth, for evermore,
Shall with Jehovah dwell,
And of redemption's plenteous ſtore,
For all his Iſrael:

8 Let Zion take the cup of praiſe,
And to her Father ſing,
Redeem'd from all her evil ways,
By Chriſt, her Lord and King!

PSALM CXXXI.

From henceforth, and for evermore, let the doating annotators, with their fairy tales, about David, with his ſpeeches and patterns, in this Pſalm, be ſtared out of countenance by the following New Teſtament text, *viz.* 'Let this mind 'be in you, which was alſo in Chriſt Jeſus: who, 'being in the form of God, thought it not rob-'bery to be equal with God: but made himſelf 'of no reputation, and took upon him the form 'of a ſervant, and was made in the likeneſs of 'men:

'men: and, being found in faſhion as a man, he 'humbled himſelf, and became obedient unto 'death, even the death of the croſs. Wherefore 'God alſo hath highly exalted him, and given 'him a name which is above every name; that at 'the name of Jeſus every knee ſhould bow, of 'things in heaven, and things in earth, and 'things under the earth; and that every tongue 'ſhould confeſs, that Jeſus Chriſt is Lord, to the 'glory of God the Father.' Phil. ii. 5, &c.

The lowlineſs of Jeſus ſee
In colours deep diſplay'd:
All meek and lowly, as was he,
In duſt let us be laid.

1 I Walk not with a haughty heart,
Nor with a lofty eye;
Nor act a proud and lordly part,
Nor deal in things too high:
But, lo, I come to do thy will,
O thou, my Lord and God,
And perſevere to do it ſtill,
Submiſſive to thy rod.

2 Behold, I have myſelf behav'd
With ſpirit meek and mild;
Until the Lord my ſpirit ſav'd,
'Twas like a weaned child:
Like child of mother wean'd, I laid
Me quietly down to reſt;
My ſpirit on thy word was ſtaid,
And lean'd upon thy breaſt.

3 O Zion, henceforth, evermore,
Behold thy King and Lord:
His deep humility explore,
And hope thou in his word:
If Chriſt was humbled all ſo low,
Let pride be baniſh'd earth!

For

For down to hell his ſoul did go,
To fill our ſouls with mirth!

PSALM CXXXII.

MESSIAH reigning on his father David's throne, expreſsly called the throne of Jehovah, 1 Chron. xxix. 23. and 2 Chron. ix. 8. See Pſal. ii.

Peace, peace on earth, good-will to men!
Hoſanna to our King!
Chriſt is our peace: th' eternal reign
Of grace and mercy ſing!

1 REmember, Lord, thy WELL-BELOV'D,
In his afflictions all:
His oath, which never can be mov'd,
To mem'ry, Lord, recal;
2 How he, from everlaſting days,
Rejoicing thee before,
In view of all thy future ways,
To thee, Jehovah, ſwore;

As prophets, ſince, by thee inſpir'd,
Have publiſh'd all abroad;
That he, with zeal eternal fir'd,
Hath vow'd to Iſra'l's God;
3 Within my tabernacle, lo,
My foot ſhall never be,
Nor to my royal couch ſhall go,
Till I have found for thee,

4 Before mine eyes ſhall ſlumber ſee,
An everlaſting dome,
5 An habitation, Lord, for thee,
And for thy ſaints an home.—
6 Lo, Ephratah, we heard the ſound
Of Shiloh all in praiſe,
Till all the fields and woods around
Reſounded Shiloh's lays:

7 We'll

7 We'll now into God's temple go,
And round his footſtool fall,
While all the prieſts, in many a row,
Shall for his glory call:
8 Ariſe, O Lord, poſſeſs thy reſt,
Thou and thy glory all—
The Lord hath heard his own High-Prieſt:
He'll hear us when we call.

9 With righteouſneſs thy prieſts array;
With joy thy ſaints around;
That we, in chorus, loudly may
Diffuſe the joyful ſound.
10 Now, for the ſake of thy BELOV'D,
Thine own Anointed Dear,
Thy Servant, whom thou haſt approv'd,
Let Chriſt our King appear.

11 The Lord himſelf to David ſwore,
In truth and mercy great,
Upon thy throne, for evermore,
Thine offſpring I will ſet:
12 And, if his children ſhall obſerve
My faithful covenant;
Nor from my teſtimonies ſwerve,
Which in their hearts I'll plant;

I'll make them all, a glorious train!
The partners of my throne,
For evermore along to reign
With mine ETERNAL SON.
13 The Lord of Zion hath made choice,
For ever there to dwell:
14 This is my reſt; here I'll rejoice,
For I do love it well:

15 Her meat ſhall be my manna fine,
Her drink, the water pure,
That iſſues from my Rock divine,
To ſatiate all her poor:

16 Her

16 Her prieſts, I'll wrap them round and round,
With my ſalvation high;
Her ſaints for joy ſhall dance and bound,
And ſhout eternally:

17 There, my BELOVED's horn ſhall ſpring,
And bud forth pleaſantly:
I'll make the ſtrength of Zion's King
To ſhine forth glorioufly:
18 His glory, ſhining like the ſun,
Shall ſhame his en'mies all;
For on the head of Chriſt, my Son,
The crown aye flouriſh ſhall.

PSALM CXXXIII.

BROTHERLY love.—'A new commandment I 'give unto you, that ye love one another; as I 'have loved you, that ye alſo love one another.' John xiii. 34.

The NEW *command of Chriſt our King!—*
With one divine accord,
Let all the Brethren ſweetly ſing,
One ſpirit with the Lord!

1 BEhold, how comely 'tis and good
For children, lovingly,
To dwell together (as they ſhou'd)
In mutual harmony.
2 'Tis like the precious oil that flows,
And fills the temple round;
Down Aaron's head and ſkirts it goes,
Bedewing all the ground:

3 'Tis like the dew on Hermon-hills,
That reſts eternally,
And feeds ten thouſand cryſtal rills,
That glide down pleaſantly:
As heav'nly dew on Zion-hill,
Jehovah's bleſt abode!

The

The Holy Ghoſt, deſcending ſtill
Upon the ſons of God,

Commands eternal life and joy,
With glory from above;
That they may love eternally;
For God himſelf is Love.

PSALM CXXXIV.

'SING praiſe, ſing praiſe, ſing praiſe; ſing 'praiſe unto our King!' Pſal. ..vii.

Redeemed by the Lord of Hoſts,
The Lord in whom our ſpirit boaſts,
This ſong of praiſe, for evermore,
Let his redeem'd ſing o'er and o'er!

1 O Bleſs the Lord, his ſervants all,
Who watch within the temple-wall,
And nightly praiſe him as ye ſtand,
With lifted eye, and lifted hand!
2 Clap, clap your hands, exult and ſing,
In holineſs of Chriſt your King:
Behold, he hath redeemed you,
To bleſs and praiſe him as ye do.

3 The Lord who made the earth and heav'n,
The bleſſing to the nations giv'n,
From heaven bleſs thee evermore,
O houſe of God, the Lord before!
The bleſſings of eternal love,
The bleſſings of th' Eternal DOVE,
All falling down in heav'nly ſhow'rs,
Fill Zion's fields with fruits and flow'rs!

Let Zion now rejoice, and bring
Her precious ſpices to her King,
Her faith, her hope, her joy, her love,
Which all deſcended from above!

PSALM

PSALM CXXXV.

—'To shew forth the praises of him who hath 'called you out of darkness into his marvellous 'light.' 1 Pet. ii. 9.

This song to God, their Lord and King,
Let God's peculiar people sing;
And, while his glory they confess,
With knowledge let them praise express!

1 O Praise Jehovah, praise his name,
His servants all, his praise proclaim:
2 Ye in Jehovah's house that stand,
In Zion's courts, a joyful band!
3 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good:
Sing to his name with gratitude;
For it is pleasant so to do,
And much, ye saints, beseeming you:

4 For ye are his beloved race,
The chosen vessels of his grace,
Whom he hath form'd for his own pleasure,
His own peculiar royal treasure!
5 Messiah is the Lord we sing;
The Christ of God is Christ our King:
The Lord our King is very great,
Above the gods of highest state!

6 What thing soever pleas'd the Lord,
He hath accomplish'd by his word;
The heav'ns, the earth, the deeps, the seas,
He does his will in all of these:
7 He causeth vapours to ascend,
Around the earth, from end to end;
He wings the lightning's fiery way,
And makes them thro' the tempest play:

He from his treaſures brings the winds,
Whoſe wings within his fiſts he binds;
He makes his thunders round him roll,
And ſhakes the world from pole to pole:
8 The elements, with all their laws,
Jehovah joined in his cauſe,
When he the ſtrength of Egypt ſlew,
Her firſt-born, men and cattle too:

9 He made the world his wonders ſee,
O Egypt, in the midſt of thee,
On Pharaoh and his ſervants all,
O'erthrown with an eternal fall.
10 Great nations, Lord, are ſmote by thee,
And mighty kings before thee flee;
Sihon, high king of Amorite!
Proud Og of Baſhan! wing'd their flight:

Yea, Canaan's high and lofty kings,
Exclaiming, trembling, cry'd for wings!
They fled—they periſh'd in their fear—
For God appeared on their rear:
11 He gave their land in heritage
To Iſra'l, for a preſent pledge
Of future and ſuperior joy,
Which foes, or time, ſhall ne'er deſtroy.

12 O Lord, thy name ſhall ſtill endure,
And thy memorial ever ſure:
And, after time ſhall be no more,
Eternity ſhall thee adore.
13 The Lord ſhall judge his people; he
O'er them ſhall always watchful be,
To turn their ſorrows into joy,
And their deſtroyers to deſtroy.

14 The ſorrows of the Gentiles all,
Their idol-gods on which they call,
Of molten ſilver, molten gold,
The works of men who made their mold—

15 Mouths they poſſeſs, but never break
Their ſilence; for they cannot ſpeak:
16 Eyes have they too, yet ſee they not;
17 And ears, but have no hearing got:

They neither promiſe life nor death;
For in their mouth there is no breath:
18 Their makers are like them, and all
Who lowly down before them fall!
19 O houſe of Iſra'l bleſs the Lord,
With one conſent, and one accord:
O houſe of Aaron, bleſs thy God,
And ſound Jehovah's praiſe abroad.

20 O houſe of Levi, join'd to heav'n,
Thy praiſe to God the Lord be giv'n:
O, all ye lovers of the Lord,
For evermore his praiſe record.
21 Bleſs'd be the Lord Meſſiah, who,
Ye ſons of Zion, dwells with you:
Bleſs ye your Father, and adore
His Holy Spirit evermore.

PSALM CXXXVI.

COMMEMORATIVE, deſcriptive, and expreſſive of the name, character, and ways of the Meſſiah, THE SON OF GOD, the brightneſs of his Father's glory, and the expreſs image of his perſon; and, in him, of the Father, and of the Holy Ghoſt; for theſe THREE are ONE. See Pſal. ii. Heb. i. *&c.*

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God alone of Iſra'l's hoſt,
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore,
Let Iſra'l evermore adore!

1 Confeſs

1 CONfeſs the Lord Meſſiah's praiſe;
Confeſs and praiſe him all your days;
For he is good; for evermore
His mercy laſts: your God adore.
2 Give thanks to God, the God of gods;
His mercy mounts above the clouds;
His mercy laſts for evermore;
Your God, the God of gods adore.

3 O thank the Lord, the Lord of Lords;
His pow'r repels the boldeſt ſwords:
His mercy laſts for evermore;
Your Lord, the Lord of lords, adore.
4 The Lord alone, who wonders does,
Whoſe glory far exceeds your views;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
The God of glory, praiſe, adore!

5 The Lord, who made the heav'ns on high,
Whoſe wiſdom ſpread the curtain'd ſky,
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore,
The Lord Creator, praiſe, adore!
6 The Lord who ſtretch'd the earth abroad,
And built the mountains on the flood;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
God over all the earth, adore!

7 The Lord who made great lights to ſhine,
The Lord of life, the light divine,
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
The Lord, your light and life, adore!
8 Who made the ſun to rule the day,
And bade his beams of glory play;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
The Sun of Righteouſneſs adore!

9 Who made the moon ſo clear and bright,
With twinkling ſtars, to rule the night,
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
Your God who changes not, adore!

10 Who Egypt ſmote in her firſt-born,
That Iſra'l might not mourn forlorn;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
Thy God, O Iſrael, adore!

11 Who hath ſuch works of wonder wrought,
Who Iſra'l hath from Egypt brought;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
Thy Leader, Iſrael, adore!
12 Who ſtretched out his mighty arm,
And ſav'd thee from the grand alarm;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
Thy Saviour, Iſrael, adore!

13 Who made the Red-ſea part in twain,
And for his choſen form a lane;
Whoſe mercy laſts for evermore;
The wonder-working God adore!
14 The Lord, who carried Iſra'l through
The waters, which aſunder flew;
The Lord who rules the floods adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

15 The Lord, who Pharaoh overthrew,
And Pharaoh's mighty army too,
Amidſt the Red-ſea—O adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
16 The Lord who through the deſert led
His people, whom his love made glad;
The Lord our Shepherd, bleſs, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

17 Who great and mighty princes ſmote,
With mighty armies where they fought;
The Lord, th' almighty Lord, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
18 Who ſlew great kings of high renown,
And trod them under Iſra'l down;
The Lord, the King of kings, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

19 Who

19 Who Sihon, king of th' Amorite,
Deſtroyed for his haughty ſpite;
The Lord, th' avenging Lord, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
20 Who Og, the King of Bathan-hill,
That vow'd in Iſra'l's blood to ſwill,
Deſtroy'd in wrath—the Lord adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

21 Who gave their land for heritage,
Of heav'nly reſt an earthly pledge
To God's redeem'd—the Lord adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
22 Who gave their land to Iſrael,
His ſervant, whom he lov'd ſo well:
The God of Iſra'l, O adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

23 Who us into his mind did call,
And rais'd us from our deadly fall:
The Lord, our Saviour, bleſs, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
24 The Lord who us delivered
From all our foes, by whom we bled:
Our Lord, Redeemer, O adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

25 The Lord who gives all fleſh their food,
Who fills our hearts with gratitude;
The Lord, the bounteous Lord, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.
26 The Lord, the Lord of earth and heav'n,
To him alone be glory giv'n!
The Lord Meſſiah bleſs, adore;
His mercy laſts for evermore.

SECOND VERSION.

1 PRAISE God, for he is good;
Unto Meſſiah ſing
Sweet ſongs of gratitude;
For he's the Lord our King:
For evermore
His light divine,
Wherein we ſhine,
We ſhall explore.

2 He is the God of gods;
Let all the gods him praiſe,
With high celeſtial odes,
And everlaſting lays:
For he, in love
Perpetual,
Hath made them all
To ſhine above.

3 He is the Lord of lords,
The ſov'reign Lord of all;
Let them revere his words
All round the earthly ball:
For, by his nod,
Their ſceptres they
Have leave to ſway,
And lift the rod.

4 He works the wonders all
Which make the nations ſtare;
The kingdoms, great and ſmall,
By him created were:
Let them obey,
In love and faith,
Whate'er he ſaith;
Leſt they decay.

5 The

5 The heav'ns by wiſdom he
Expanded all abroad;
And ſtretch'd his canopy
All over our abode:
Let heav'n and earth,
Beneath the wing
Of God their King,
Expreſs their mirth.

6 He ſpread the earth above
The horrors of the deep,
And bade them ne'er remove,
But their own bound'ries keep:
O let them now,
Submiſſively,
Before him lie,
And lowly bow.

7 He is himſelf the light;
He made the light to ſpring
From the primeval night,
That we might ever ſing,
'He is the Light,
'The Life of men;
'With him we reign
'In glory bright.'

8 He made the ſun to rule,
And meaſure out the days;
For he is bountiful
To all beneath his rays:
O let the ſun,
With all below,
Set forth and ſhow
What he hath done.

9 He made the moon and ſtars,
And bade them rule the night;
The glory that is theirs
Is but the ſhade of light:

But

But let them ſhine
In their own place,
To patch the face
Of Light divine.

10 He ſmote th' Egyptian race,
And ſlew their whole firſt-born;
Becauſe they ſcorn'd his grace,
They mourn'd their hopes forlorn:
O tremble then,
Who ſpurn his way,
In this your day,
Ye ſons of men.

11 Iſra'l he ſav'd, and led
From their tyrannic lords,
Who ſcorn'd the Lord their Head,
And laugh'd at all his words:
Let Iſra'l, then,
The Lord adore,
For evermore
Bleſt in his reign.

12 By his almighty hand
He ſav'd his choſen race,
And brought them from the land
Of bondage and diſgrace:
O then adore
The Lord your King,
Who you did bring
From ſlav'ry ſore.

13 He made the Red-ſea fly
In twain, to right and left;
And Iſra'l marched dry,
When he the billows cleft:
O Iſra'l, thou,
Thy Lord adore
For evermore,
And pay thy vow

14 His Iſra'l through he bore,
And made him paſs along,
Where billows erſt did roar,
By his puiſſance ſtrong:
Iſra'l, adore
Thy God, thy Guide
On ev'ry ſide,
For evermore.

15 He Pharaoh overthrew
In midſt of the Red-ſea;
The ſurges o'er him flew,
O ſea, in midſt of thee:
O praiſe thy King,
Who ſaved thee,
And through the ſea,
Did ſafely bring!

16 He Jacob led along
Amidſt the wilderneſs,
And ſav'd his choſen throng
From ev'ry dire diſtreſs:
Let Jacob praiſe,
Eternally,
The Lord on high,
Who led his ways.

17 He ſmote and ſlew great kings,
By his almighty arm,
Who vow'd to do great things,
That ſhould the world alarm:
Advance his praiſe,
Ye people all,
Both great and ſmall,
Who know his ways.

18 Kings great and mighty he
Deſtroy'd utterly,
That they no more ſhould be
The rivals of the ſky:

Let

Let his redeem'd,
Through all their days,
Advance his praiſe,
By him exeem'd.

19 Sihon, the Amorite,
That proud and haughty king!
He ſoon ſubdu'd his ſpite,
And down to duſt did bring:
Let thoſe rejoice,
Whom he hath freed
From fear and dread;
And ſing their joys.

20 He Og, the Baſhanite,
Deliver'd to the bow;
And ſtrengthen'd Jacob's might,
His foes to overthrow:
Let Jacob, now,
Advance his praiſe
With loftieſt lays,
And pay his vow.

21 The heathens land he gave,
A faithful pledge to them
Whom he decreed to ſave;
Who glory in his name:
O let the bleſt
For ever ſing
To God their King,
In whom they reſt.

22 He gave the lot to us,
Who are his ſervants dear;
The children of his houſe,
Who ſerve him without fear:
Let us conjoin,
With hand and heart,
And all our art,
In 's praiſe divine.

23 He,

23 He, in our low eſtate,
Remember'd us forlorn;
And, in our mis'ry great,
Diſcharged us to mourn:
For he is love,
And all his ways,
Which ſpeak his praiſe,
The ſame do prove.

24 He from our foes redeem'd,
When we were ſore oppreſt;
And when he had exeem'd
Us, then he bade us reſt:
Redeem'd, we reſt,
And aſk no more,
For evermore
In Jeſus bleſt.

25 He giveth food to all,
That all may bleſs his name;
He hears us ere we call;
O ſound aloud his fame:
Let all the ſaints
For ever ſing
To Chriſt our King,
Who hears our plaints.

26 Give thanks to God alone,
The One Eternal Three,
The Three Eternal One,
Who *was*, *is*, and *to be*;
Who heav'n above,
And earth below,
Hath made to know
That HE IS LOVE.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVII.

'ALL these things happened unto them for 'ensamples (or types) to us: and they are writ-'ten for our admonition, upon whom the ends 'of the world are come.' 1 Cor. x. 11. See Psal. xliv. *&c.*

'By Babel's streams they sat, and wept;'
But still their heart Jerus'lem kept:
And so, till time shall be no more,
On earth the sons of God complore!

1 BY Babel-streams we sat, we mourn'd,
While all our thoughts on Zion turn'd;
2 Our harps beside us, all unstrung,
Upon the drooping willows hung.
3 Ev'n there, our spiteful jeering foe,
Insulting o'er our grief and wo,
Said tauntingly, 'Cheer up, and sing
Some song of yours to Zion's King:'

Our spoilers call'd for mirth, and they
Who led us captive, bade us play!—
4 In this strange land how shall we sing
The songs of Christ, our Lord and King,
To give those strangers joy and mirth,
Who give to all our sorrows birth,
And grievously augment our thrall
By cruel mock'ries at our fall?

5 But if, Jerus'lem, I forget,
On thee alone my heart to set,
Let my right-hand forget her skill,
And play no more on Zion-hill!
6 If I do not remember thee,
Then let my tongue be lost to me,
And, useless, cleave to my mouth's roof:
Nay, death itself be my reproof—

If I prefer not far above
My chiefeſt joy, my life, my love
Jeruſalem, for evermore,
Where ſtill my heart doth God adore!

7 Remember Edom's curſed race;
O Lord, remember, in thy grace,
How Edom, in Jerus'lem's day,
With rankling wrath, did roar and ſay—

'Raze! raze it to the very rock!
'Let not a ſtone eſcape the ſhock,
'Till Zion, wholly overthrown,
'Shall, name and place, no more be known!'

8 O daughter, thou, of Babylon,
Devoted to thy doom anon!
How happy, happy ſhall he be,
Thy deeds to us who turns on thee!

9 He ſhall receive a noble prize,
Who taketh up, before thine eyes,
Thy tender little darling ones,
And daſheth them againſt the ſtones:
Thus periſh all the foes of God
And Zion, all the world abroad!
Thus Babylon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
A type, O *Antichriſt*, of thee:

Thou, Zion, by thy Lord redeem'd,
From all thy woes at length exeem'd,
Shalt be an everlaſting ſign
Of glory great, and love divine:
With glory great, and majeſty,
O Jeſus, come thou from on high;
That Zion's wounds may all be heal'd,
And all her ſons with thee reveal'd.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

FULL of Christ, and consolation to the Christian. See margin.

Our Shepherd sang along his way,
Approaching to his Father's home;
That we might now take up the lay,
Till our eternal glory come.

1 WITH my whole heart I'll thee confess;
Before thine angels sound thy praise;
To men display thy righteousness,
And sing of all thy glorious ways:
2 I'll bow towards thy holy hill,
And there, my God, I'll praise thy name;
Thy love and truth I ever will,
To all my brethren dear, proclaim:

For thou hast made thy word to shine,
The light, O Lord, of all thy name:
By it we see thy name divine,
With all thy works of glorious fame.
3 Lord, thou didst answer in the day,
When I my supplication made;
For, lo, by thee, when I did pray,
My soul with strength was strengthened.

4 All kings of earth shall give thee praise,
When they have heard thy words of truth:
5 Yea, sing triumphing in thy ways,
And drink at fountains of thy mouth:
For, lo, thy glory shall compel
As many as shall see the same,
Upon thy glorious name to dwell,
And sound thine everlasting fame.

6 Although the Lord be very high,
Yet he respects the lowly ones;
Beholding, with a frowning eye,
Pride's swelling high and lofty sons.

7 Though

7 Though I in midſt of trouble walk,
And trace my ways with my own blood,
Ev'n to my grave, thou'lt bring me back
Ev'n from the deep's devouring flood:

Thou'lt ſtretch thine hand againſt the wrath
Of all my raging enemies,
And raiſe me from the deeps of death,
To dwell with thee above the ſkies:
8 Thou wilt reward the work I've done,
And perfect all concerning me;
O Father, glorify thy Son;
Thy Son hath glorified thee:

For evermore thy mercies laſt;
Thy mercies, lo, I claim and praiſe;
Me from thy preſence never caſt,
But hold me up in all my ways:
The work of thine own hands I am;
From doing of thy will I come:
My God, my Father, ſee thy Lamb!
Receive me to thy glory home.

PSALM CXXXIX.

'IF the blind lead the blind, both ſhall fall in-'to the ditch.'—But to the reader, who beholds the glory of God as it ſhines in the perſon of JESUS, and beams ſo brightly forth from the whole face of this divinely glorious Pſalm, it would be holding out a taper to the ſun, to attempt a formal illuſtration thereof.—Only, to ſtop the mouths of gainſayers, let the man of God, who will be taught, reproved, corrected, and inſtructed in righteouſneſs, by the Scriptures alone, conſult the parallels, and read them in the light of the New Teſtament.

A ſong of God's beloved Son,
Triumphing in his Father's ways—
To him aſcribe the victʼry won!
Let evʼry breath be joy and praiſe!

1 JEHOVAH, thou haſt ſifted me,
And ſearch'd, and ſeen, and fully known:
2 My ways are all well known to thee,
My riſing up, and ſitting down:
My thoughts thou knoweſt from afar:
3 My ſteps and ways thou well doſt ſee:
My lying down and riſing are,
O Lord, ſtill manifeſt to thee:

My motions all thou doſt explore;
4 Forth from my tongue no word can flow,
But thou canvaſſeſt o'er and o'er,
Ere it into expreſſion go.
5 Behold, O Lord, before, behind,
Thou haſt beſet me evʼry where;
Where-e'er I go, myſelf I find
Faſt in thy hand; for thou art there!

6 Such knowledge, great and marvellous,
Which thou haſt made around me blaze,
So god like, high, and glorious,
Has fill'd my ſpirit with amaze!
7 Where ſhall I from thy Spirit go?
Or whither from thy preſence fly?
8 If I ſhould mount the winds that blow,
And riſe with them, and ſweep the ſky—

If high, upon the heavʼns, I ride,
Or make my bed in deeps of hell;
Nor here, nor there, I can me hide,
But ſtill ſhall in thy preſence dwell.
9 If I ſhould take the morning's wings,
And fly beyond the utmoſt ſea,
Or, paſſing all created things,
Should launch through vaſt immenſity;

10 Evʼn

10 Ev'n there thy hand would find me out,
And hold me in its hollow ſtill,
Thy glory circling me about,
As if I were on Zion-hill.
11 If I ſhall ſay, the ev'ning ſhade
Shall ſhroud from thy piercing ſight;
Lo, then the night, like mid-day made,
Surrounds me with a blaze of light:

12 The darkneſs hideth not from thee,
Thou ſpring of everlaſting day;
Death's ſhadows from thy preſence flee;
The night is like the morning-ray.
13 Lo, thou, O Lord, poſſeſſedſt me,
Before the mountains great or ſmall,
Before the world began to be,
From everlaſting ages all:

Thou alſo, in my mother's womb,
Didſt wrap me up in love divine,
When thou, o'erſhadowing her, didſt come,
That ſhe conceiv'd by pow'r of thine.
14 I'll thee confeſs, my Lord, my God:
Amazing are thy ways in me!
I'll ſhew thy glorious praiſe abroad:
Thy wond'rous love my theme ſhall be:

My ſoul ſhall dwell upon thy love;
My ſoul ſhall triumph in thy work;
Thy light and truth my ſoul ſhall move;
No darkneſs in my ſoul ſhall lurk:
15 My ſubſtance was not hid from thee,
When I was form'd in ſecret place;
In human frame wrought curiouſly,
Lord, by thy wiſdom and thy grace:

16 Thine eyes did ſee my ſubſtance well,
While yet in embryo I lay;
Yea, thou couldſt all my members tell,
Ere being did their form diſplay:

They in thy book were all pourtray'd,
Their uſe, their manner, and their way,
Ere length of days their form diſplay'd,
With life infus'd, and faſhion'd clay.

17 How precious are thy thoughts to me,
O Lord, my God! How great's the ſum!
18 If I ſhould ſum them up to thee,
Amazement, lo, would ſtrike me dumb:
They're more in number than the ſand,
Or wat'ry drops that ſwell the ſea!
O Lord, the wonders of thy hand
Are almoſt infinite like thee!

When I awaken in the womb,
Arrayed in my robes of clay,
And when I waken in my tomb,
Lo, ſtill, O Lord, with thee I ſtay.
19 But thou the wicked men ſhalt ſlay,
And bid them far away be gone;
Their blood on their own heads thou'lt lay
Who tread the blood of thy dear SON.

20 Againſt thee wickedly they ſpeak,
O God, and take thy name in vain;
Preſumptuouſly thy laws they break,
And ſcorn thy ways in jeering ſtrain!
21 How I do hate them, O my God,
Who hatred bear to thee and thine!
How I deteſt that curſed brood,
Who riſe againſt thy ways divine!

22 With perfect hatred them I hate;
I count them all my mortal foes:
To duſt and death my foot ſhall beat
Thoſe ſerpents with reſiſtleſs blows.
23 But ſearch thou me, O God, and know
My inmoſt heart, and ſecret thought,
And ſee, if any cauſe of wo,
Within the ſame has e'er been wrought:

24 Explore and ſift me thoroughly,
And winnow all my heart and ways;
If ſin is with me, let me die,
And never more again me raiſe:
But if I ſtand thy teſt, O God,
Shew me thine everlaſting ways;
That I may ſhew thy ways abroad,
And fill the world with joy and praiſe:

So I ſhall ſing for evermore,
And all my ſaints ſhall ſing with me;
Redeeming love they ſhall adore;
For I their Surety ſet them free.

PSALM CXL.

ANTICHRIST, 'that wicked, (the man of ſin), 'revealed, whom the Lord ſhall conſume with the 'Spirit of his mouth, and ſhall deſtroy with the 'brightneſs of his coming.' 2 Theſſ. ii. 8, *&c.* See Pſalm vii. *&c.*

Lo! Antichriſt, with all his ways,
By Chriſt the Lord deſtroy'd ſhall be:
To Chriſt alone be all the praiſe!
He comes to ſave and ſet us free.

1 LORD, reſcue from *the man of ſin*,
Preſerve me from the vi'lent man:
2 Who miſchief roll their heart within,
Still plotting war in dark *divan*.
3 Their tongues are ſharp like ſerpents ſtings,
And, brandiſh'd, quiver in their mouth;
Fierce adders poiſon ever ſprings
Beneath their lips, the foes of truth!

4 Keep me, Jehovah, from the hands
Of that preſumptuous helliſh foe;
Preſerve me from the vi'lent bands,
Who would my goings overthrow.

5 The

5 The proud have hid a snare for me,
And by the way-side drawn their cords;
Their nets are spread where'er I flee:
They mean to trap me in my words.

6 I cry'd unto the Lord, and said,
Thou art my God, I flee to thee;
The Lord regarded when I pray'd,
And speedily relieved me.
7 My God, my Lord, my Strength, my Might,
And my Salvation evermore,
My head who cover'st in the fight,
When rage and war against me roar;

8 O grant them not their wicked will,
Nor prosper thou what they devise;
Lest, when they have achiev'd their ill,
They vaunt them of their enterprize.
9 The works of their own lips surround
The heads of those surrounding me;
Let burning coals upon them bound;
Their fire unquenched ever be:

10 They shall possess the fiery flame—
The lake of brimstone, evermore;
Because they scorn'd Messiah's name,
The floods of hell shall o'er them roar.
11 That man of tongue, that son of lies,
That hypocrite, that antichrist—
O God of truth! against him rise:
Soon let him be from earth dismiss'd.

12 I know Jehovah will maintain
The cause that is Jehovah's own;
The Christ of God shall ever reign,
While antichrist is overthrown:
13 The Christians, reigning with their Lord,
Shall praise the FATHER, with the SON,
And thee, O SPIRIT, bless'd, ador'd;
Th' eternal GOD, the THREE in ONE.

PSALM

PSALM CXLI.

THIS Pſalm may be conſidered as the ſequel of the laſt, with this difference only, that, as in the former the High-prieſt of our profeſſion, JESUS, intercedes againſt his and our enemies; ſo here he more immediately makes interceſſion for his friends, interpoſing himſelf, with his own blood, in the breach between them and all danger. —Reader, thy ſoul is at ſtake! Conſider the Apoſtle and High-prieſt of the Chriſtian profeſſion, JESUS: his blood is thy life, or thy death!

The Angel of the covenant,
Who brings the mercy that we want,
Stands up for all his choſen ſeed,
And ſmites the ſerpent on the head.

1 LORD, how I mourn and cry to thee!
O ſwiftly fly, and anſwer me;
Give ear unto my plaintive voice,
And change my ſorrows for thy joys:
2 Thine own Meſſiah intercedes,
And, in the breach, before thee pleads,
The High-Prieſt of thy ſaints, O God,
Who ſheds for them his ſacred blood:

O let my mediation be,
My God, accepted now by thee;
And let my pray'r before thee riſe,
As clouds of incenſe, to the ſkies:
Accept my ev'ning ſacrifice,
My lifted hands before thine eyes;
Accept me with my ev'ry gift,
Upon my croſs when they me lift.

3 They ſtrive to catch me in my words,
While their own tongues are brandiſh'd ſwords;
Be thou the watch, Lord, of my mouth,
And let my lips be kept by truth.

4 Incline

4 Incline thou not my heart unto
The evils which I ſhould not do;
But draw away my heart from thoſe
Who work the works that bring them woes.

O rather let me ne'er be bleſt,
Than that their dainties I ſhould taſte;
Their works of wickedneſs I hate,
And ſcorn the pleaſures of their ſtate:
5 O let the righteous God me ſmite;
To do his will is my delight:
Let mercy thro' my ſuff'rings come:
My blood ſhall bring the baniſh'd home:

Let God correct me for their ſin;
My ſoul for that ſhall ne'er repine:
It ſhall be like a precious oil,
Which ſhall not bruiſe, but cauſe me ſmile:
My head ſhall never bruiſed be
By all my God ſhall do to me:
My pray'r to him ſhall ever riſe,
To ſave my ſaints from miſeries:

6 And when their judges are o'erthrown,
Who riſe againſt thy Holy One,
I will not leave them fatherleſs,
To wander lone in wilderneſs:
I'll cauſe my voice invade their ear,
And ſtrike them all with joy who hear;
How pleaſantly my words ſhall greet,
And turn their bitter things to ſweet!

For I am with my choſen ſtill,
Their Shepherd, on my holy hill:
What tho' our bones are ſcatter'd round,
Like cloven wood upon the ground—
7 What tho' the grave devour us up?
We lay us down in certain hope,
That we ſhall riſe in joy anon—
Behold, O God, thy riſen Son!

8 Mine eyes to thee with boldneſs look,
For I have borne thy fierce rebuke,
Thine indignation, for my flock,
Jehovah—look on Zion's Rock!
In thee I truſt; O leave not me,
Now deſtitute, whoſe hope's in thee:
9 Preſerve me from the deadly gin
Of men who glory in their ſin.

10 In their own nets let ſinners fall,
Whilſt that my ſoul eſcapes withal;
And let my ſaints eſcape with me:
My blood their *paſſover* ſhall be.

PSALM CXLII.

'THE ſufferings of Chriſt, and the following 'glory'—1 Pet. i. 11, *&c.* Whatever aſcertains the meaning of Pſalms xvi. xxxi. xxxiv. xlvi. lxiii. lxix. *&c.* the ſame preciſely aſcertains the meaning of this and the following one, which are firſt and ſecond parts to one another.

A pray'r of God's beloved Son,
Low down into the dungeon gone,
When all the floods of death and hell
Around his ſoul began to ſwell.

1 I Cry'd unto the Lord amain,
In tender ſupplicating ſtrain:
2 I gave my grieved ſpirit vent,
And pour'd before him all my plaint:
3 When deep o'erwhelming floods o'erflow'd
My ſoul, thou knew'ſt my way, O God:
It was thy way I walked in;
'Twas there for me they hid their gin:

4 I look'd on my right-hand, and, lo,
No man was there my ſoul to know;

I look'd

I look'd upon my left—alas!
No friend I saw in my distress:
They all deserted me, they fled—
They stood at distance—all afraid;
No refuge was at all for me!
My grief with pity none would see—

5 I cry'd to thee, O Lord, I said,
On thee alone my soul is staid;
Thou art my refuge, and my lot
In land of life, forget me not:
6 Attend unto my mournful cry;
I very low before thee ly:
Deliver me from all my foes,
Who me pursue with mortal blows:

7 O rescue, Lord, my soul from hell,
And let me not in prison dwell;
That I may praise thy holy name,
And sound thine everlasting fame:
The righteous shall encompass me,
When they thy bounty to me see;
They shall rejoice exceedingly,
To see me reign with thee on high.

PSALM CXLIII.

THE continued grief, mourning, intercession, and prayers of the Lord Jesus, the Servant of the Father, persevering to the death, till death is swallowed up of life.—See the last, with Psal. lxiii. lxxvii. *&c.*

A song of grief and mournful wo,
When God's beloved Son did go
Through floods of death, through floods of hell,
To save his church he lov'd so well.

1 O LORD, my ſupplications hear;
Unto my pray'r O lend thine ear;
I plead thy truth and faithfulneſs:
Lord, anſwer me in righteouſneſs.
2 Wilt thou not into judgment call
Thy Servant, Lord, who ſtands for all
Thy choſen thou haſt granted him,
Whoſe blood ſhall purge away their crime?

If he ſhould in a tittle fail,
Would not the Lord detain the Bail,
Confin'd within the dungeon deep,
In utter darkneſs ſtill to weep?
For in thy ſight no living ſhall
Be juſtify'd, by thee, at all;
Behold they all aſtray are gone,
And are corrupted ev'ry one:

But, lo, thou haſt appointed me
To ſtand for them, and plead their plea;
That I may all thy choſen give
With me eternally to live:
3 Unto the death, behold, I cleave,
And bend for them unto the grave:
The enemy hath ſmote me down,
And roll'd in duſt my royal crown:

In darkneſs he hath made me dwell,
Poſſeſſed by the deeps of hell;
4 My ſpirit's overwhelm'd in me,
My heart is toſt as billows be.
5 I call to mind the days of old,
And all thy ways my thoughts unfold;
I daily meditate and muſe
On all the works Jehovah does.

6 To thee I ſtretch my weary hands;
For thee I thirſt, as weary lands
In ſummer's drought, for moiſt'ning rain,
Until thou me revive again:

7 Lord, grant my pray'r full ſpeedily;
My ſpirit faileth while I cry,
And makes a plaintive noiſe to thee;
O hide no more thy face from me:

For I'm eſteem'd a broken reed,
And well nigh number'd with the dead;
Nay, down into the duſt I fall:
Lord, wilt not thou my ſoul recal?
8 Wilt thou not in the morning make
My ſoul from duſt and death awake;
And cauſe me then thy voice to hear;
And all thy glory to appear?

My body then ſhall ſpurn the duſt,
And fly to thee in whom I truſt:
Cauſe me, O Lord, to know my way,
And lead me to the ſpring of day:
Behold, I lift my ſoul to thee;
9 From all my foes deliver me:
To thee, O Lord, my ſpirit ſprings;
O hide thou me beneath thy wings.

10 Teach me to do thy holy will,
For thou'rt my God, my Guardian ſtill:
Thy Spirit's good; O lead me thou
Unto thy land of glory now.
11 Revive me for thine own name's ſake,
And from the duſt my life awake;
In juſtice lead me to thy throne;
Let juſtice crown the work I've done:

In faithfulneſs my ſoul ſet free;
12 In mercy ſlay my foes for me;
Lord, let deſtruction on them roll,
Who roll themſelves againſt my ſoul:
For I'm thy Servant evermore;
Jehovah's juſtice I implore:
Let death and hell deſtroyed fall!
Thy King unto thy glory call!

For

For death and hell, ſubdu'd by me,
In utter darkneſs ſunk muſt be;
That I, O God, thy Chriſt and King,
Thy church redeem'd to thee may bring.

PSALM CXLIV.

THE prayers and ſufferings of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt crowned with victory, praiſe, benediction, and triumph, evermore. Similar to Pſalms viii. xviii. *&c.*

Let all the children loudly ſing,
And chant to God their choiceſt lays,
Who triumph with the Lord their King,
Who won for them eternal bays!

1 BLESS'D be Jehovah evermore,
My Strength, my Rock, who teacheth me,
When tides of war againſt me roar,
To roll them back on their own ſea.
2 My Mercy and my Fortreſs, he,
My Tow'r, my Elevation high,
My Sun, my Shield, my Sword, ſhall be
My God, on whom I will rely.

'Tis he my people ſhall ſubdue,
And ſays, My kingdom ſhall be thine;
For ev'ry knee to thee ſhall bow,
And tongue confeſs thy pow'r divine.
3 Lord, what is man, (thou knoweſt him!)
Or *Son of Man*, that he ſhould be
Advanc'd to glory ſo ſublime,
To dwell and reign, O God, with thee!

4 Yet man is like to vanity;
His days as ſhadows paſs away,
And, like the vapours of the ſky,
His preſent likeneſs ſhall decay.

5 Lord, let thy wonders all appear;
O bow thy heav'ns and come thou down;
Touch thou the hills, they'll fly for fear;
The mountains ſmoke when thou ſhalt frown.

6 Caſt forth thy lightnings all abroad,
And fill the world with fear around,
And ſcatter all my foes, O God;
Let them in their own floods be drown'd.
7 O downwards reach thine hand to me,
And rid me from the raging wave,
For rolling waters round me be:
Me from the ſons of Belial ſave.

8 Their mouths in ambuſhment they lay;
With lies they occupy their ground,
While hell's artillery they play,
And throw their falſehoods all around.
9 But I, victorious over all,
Victorious by thy word of truth,
Will all the pow'rs of muſic call
Into my heart, into my mouth;

And I will ſing, O God, and play
A new-ſong unto thee aloud,
And all my ſaints, in joyful lay,
Shall ſing the praiſes I have vow'd.
10 'Tis he, my God, the King of kings,
Who gives ſalvation unto men,
Who his belov'd Meſſiah brings
From death and hell, with him to reign:

11 Ev'n ſo, my God, deliver me
From ſerpent's pow'r, and ſerpent's ſeed;
Let me, the woman's Seed, go free,
When I have bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
12 Let Zion's ſons, as plants grown up,
The glory of the God of truth,

Bloom,

Bloom, full of faith, and full of hope,
Of joy, and love, in endleſs youth!

Let Zion's daughters ever ſhine
As pillars in thy houſe, O God,
Poliſh'd with care and ſkill divine,
Thy praiſe in all the world abroad!
13 Let all thy treaſures overflow,
Affording all delights in ſtore;
That all thy fam'ly, Lord, may know
Thy loving-kindneſs evermore!

14 Let thouſands and ten thouſands go,
And let them lead ten thouſands more,
Who ſhall thy goſpel-trumpet blow,
To ſpread thy joy all nations o'er!
Let no in-breaking ever be,
In going out, or coming in;
From all complaints our ſtreets be free,
Our God, our Glory ſtill therein!

15 Thus bleſſed ſhall the people be
With everlaſting truth and grace,
Whoſe God Jehovah is—for he
Shall make Meſſiah's blood their peace!

PSALM CXLV.

MESSIAH, glorified, ſings to God, with all his ſaints around. See Pſal civ. cviii. &c.

The triumph of the Son of God,
Who glorioufly triumphant rode,
In chariots of ſalvation grand,
Victorious o'er the helliſh band,
Aſcribing to his Father's praiſe
The glory of his Father's ways,
And teaching all his ſaints, along,
To join him in his joyful ſong.

1 I'LL thee extol, my God, O King,
And all my saints with me shall sing:
I'll praise thy name for evermore,
And all thy glorious ways explore.
2 I'll bless thee, Lord, and, all day long,
Thy name shall ever swell my song:
3 The Lord is great, and greatly he
Is to be praised still by me:

His greatness far all search exceeds,
And like himself are all his deeds:
Th' expressions of Jehovah's love,
Jehovah-like, shall never move.
4 Race unto race shall shew thy ways,
And sing the glory of thy praise;
They shall declare each work of thine,
And praise the joys of love divine.

5 Thy glorious Majesty I'll tell,
And on thine honour ever dwell;
Thy works of wonder I'll display,
And muse upon them night and day.
6 My saints around me catch the theme,
And sing the glories of thy name,
Thy terrible tremendous ways
Become the subject of their praise:

For, while thy greatness I describe,
My song and spirit they imbibe;
And, while thy glory circles round,
Both earth and heav'n with joy resound:
7 They publish shall abundantly
The mem'ry of thy love so high:
The glory of thy righteousness,
In songs of praise they shall express.

8 The Lord is very gracious,
In him compassions ever flow;
In mercy he is plenteous,
And unto wrath and anger slow.

9 The

9 The Lord our God is good to all;
Like dews and rains his bleſſings fall
Upon the evil and the good:
O were his bleſſings underſtood!

But, oh! the myſt'ries of his love,
The choſen few alone ſhall prove:
His mercies are ſo great and high,
They fill the earth and fill the ſky.
10 Lord, all thy works thy praiſe proclaim,
And all thy ſaints ſhall bleſs thy name:
11 They ſhall thy kingdom's glory tell,
And on thy pow'r and love ſhall dwell:

12 To make the ſons of men to know
The mighty actions he ſhall ſhow,
And all the glorious majeſty
Of his Meſſiah's kingdom high.
13 Thy kingdom, Lord, thro' ages all,
With thy dominion, ever ſhall
Remain the ſame, the Lord before—
When time itſelf ſhall be no more.

14 The Lord alone upholdeth all,
And raiſeth thoſe again who fall:
15 The eyes of all attend on thee,
That they with food may filled be:
16 Thine open hand moſt lib'rally
Doth all their craving wants ſupply,
O thou, the giver of all good:
Let men be fill'd with gratitude!

17 The Lord is juſt in all his ways;
His holineſs proclaims his praiſe:
18 The holy Lord is nigh to all
That call on him, in truth that call.
19 He will fulfil the Juſt's deſire,
And grant them, ere they can require,
Who love, and glory in his name,
The bleſſings that are meet for them.

20 The

20 The Lord preſerveth in his joy
The faithful, who themſelves employ
In works of faith, in works of love,
That they may all his glory prove:
But he will overturn them quite,
Who in their perverſe ways delight;
Who his ſalvation great neglect,
The Lord will evermore reject.

21 My mouth the praiſes of the Lord
Shall evermore with joy record:
Let all fleſh bleſs his holy name,
And ſound his everlaſting fame:
Clap, clap your hands, ye ſaints, to God,
And ſound your Father's praiſe abroad;
Around Meſſiah, evermore,
Your Father and your God adore!

PSALM CXLVI.

THE ſpirit and ſubject of this, and the four following Pſalms, may moſt conciſely be expreſſed in that one word, wherewith they both begin and end, *viz.* HALLELUJAH, rendered, 'Praiſe ye the 'Lord;' which may be called their illuſtration or title.—See Pſalm xxxiii. *&c.*

Come, celebrate, with raptures great,
With holineſs and joy,
The reign of grace, truth, mercy, peace,
Which we with Chriſt enjoy!

1 TO God let hallelujahs riſe;
My ſoul, O praiſe him thou:
2 For, while I live, I'll praiſes give
Unto my God, I vow:

I'll

I'll praiſes ſing unto my King,
And glory in my God:
And, while I live, I will contrive
To ſound his praiſe abroad.

3 Truſt not in kings, nor earthly things;
The ſons of men are duſt:
In man there is no help nor bleſs;
In God Jehovah truſt.

4 For man ſhall die, his breath ſhall fly;
Unto his earth he turns:
That very day his thoughts decay;
His friend who truſts him mourns.

5 O happy he, whoſe help ſhall be
The God of Jacob, then,
Whoſe hope is on the Lord alone!
His God ſhall him ſuſtain:

6 His God, who doth delight in truth,
Who made the earth and heav'n,
The ſea, and all around the ball,
His plighted faith hath giv'n;

7 That he will do the judgment true
For all oppreſſed ones,
And will ſupply the poor who cry,
And hear the pris'ners groans:

8 The Lord the blind, in eyes and mind,
Will bleſs with pleaſant ſight;
The Lord will raiſe the low and baſe,
And make their darkneſs light:
The Lord beholds, and ſtill upholds,
The ſons of righteouſneſs;
But all their foes he fills with woes,
And ſhame, and dire diſtreſs.

9 The Lord obſerves, and ſtill preſerves,
And helps the fatherleſs,
The widows too, and all who do
Delight in holineſs;

But

But yet, alas! the wicked's ways
Provoke his anger sore:
He turneth them into the flame
Of hell, for evermore!
10 Jehovah reigns, who holds the reins;
Zion, thy God's thy King
For evermore—Thy God adore;
And hallelujahs sing!

PSALM CXLVII.

HALLELUJAH.

With gratitude to God, so good,
Come, let us sound our joy aloud!
For who with us, below the sky,
May for so many blessings vie?

1 SING hallelujah: it is good
To sing to God with gratitude;
For it is comely, pleasant, sweet,
To praise our King, when churches meet.
2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem:
The Lord we'll praise with sound solemn;
All the dispers'd of Isra'l he
From foes and bondage shall set free:

From ev'ry land he bring them will,
And make them dwell on Zion-hill;
The Lord their Shepherd *one* shall be,
And *one* the flock by him set free.
3 He heals the grieved in their minds,
And tenderly their wounds up-binds:
To broken and to bruised hearts
The Lord his mercy still imparts.

4 The number of the stars he tells;
In twinkling glory each excels;
He names them by their sev'ral tribes,
And marks the circle each describes:

(Such

(Such are the gems, with light divine,
Which in thy crown, Meſſiah, ſhine;
From thee they borrow all their gleam,
And blaze the glory of thy name.)

5 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
His underſtanding's infinite:
6 The Lord in haſte lifts up the meek;
He'll on the proud his vengeance wreak;
He'll caſt the wicked to the ground,
And make their pride themſelves confound:
Thus unbelievers periſh quite,
Who hate the life, and hate the light.

7 Sing to the Lord with thankful voice,
Sing pſalms to God with cheerful noiſe:
To God the Lord, to God our King,
The Lord Meſſiah, we will ſing:
8 'Tis he who veils the heav'ns with clouds,
Who pours the rain on earth in floods,
Who makes the graſs on mountains grow,
To feed the herds on them that low.

9 He gives the ſavage of the wood
His ſeaſonable daily food;
He feeds the ravens young, who cry
To him for meat—with all that fly.
10 He is not taken with the force
And brawny ſinews of the horſe;
Nor values he the rider's might,
Nor in his ſtrength of limbs delight:

11 The Lord in thoſe who love him doth
Delight—and thoſe who hold his truth,
He filleth more and more with grace,
And makes their glory ſtill increaſe.
12 O praiſe the Lord, Jeruſalem,
Confeſs thine own Meſſiah's name;
O Zion! praiſe thy God, for he
Alone is all thy praiſe in thee:

13 For

13 For thy gates bars he maketh ſtrong,
And fills thy ſtreets with joy and ſong;
O! ever bleſſed let him be;
For he thy ſons hath bleſs'd in thee.
14 He in thy borders maketh peace,
And lifts on thee his gracious face;
He fills thee with his fineſt wheat,
And makes thee hidden *manna* eat.

15 He ſends forth his command on earth,
To fill the world with joy and mirth:
His word along ſo ſwiftly flies,
As lightning ſhooting thro' the ſkies:
16 It flows along, like fleecy ſnow,
When freezing breezes ſlowly blow;
It falleth down, like gentle dew
And hoary froſt, in open view:

17 It comes reſiſtleſs, like the ſtorm,
And winter, which his will perform;
Congeal'd, the waters ceaſe to flow,
And riſe in hills of ice and ſnow:
Who can endure the piercing cold,
Tho' wrapt in garments manifold?
18 Behold, he ſends his word again,
And, lo, the waters melt amain—

He makes his mighty winds to blow,
And then the roaring billows flow—
Lo, theſe are traces of his ways,
Which ſhadow forth, yet hide his praiſe.
19 But, Zion, thou ſhalt know full well
The ſigns thy prophets all foretel;
For he his word hath granted thee,
That thou mayſt all his glory ſee.

20 With any nation never he
Hath dealt before as now with thee;
For they his judgments have not known,
Which he to thee hath fully ſhown:

O Zion, praiſe the Lord thy God,
And ſound Meſſiah's name aloud;
Let earth and ſkies the note prolong,
And hallelujahs crown the ſong.

PSALM CXLVIII.

HALLELUJAH.

All nature's univerſal choir,
With all your ſoul, with all your fire,
Come, join us in one grand concert!—
We ſing to God with joyful heart.

1 SING hallelujah, praiſe the Lord;
Ye heavens, praiſe him in your height:
2 Ye angels, praiſe with one accord;
Praiſe ye the Lord with all your might:
O praiſe him, all ye heav'nly hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt:
3 Praiſe ye the Lord, O ſun and moon,
Praiſe him at midnight, and at noon:

Praiſe him, ye ſtars that rule the night,
Praiſe him with all your twinkling light:
4 Praiſe him, ye heav'ns of heav'ns high,
And all ye floods above the ſky:
5 O praiſe, O praiſe Jehovah's name;
For he commanded, and ye came,
Created, into being all,
Obedient to Jehovah's call:

6 He hath appointed you your way,
And bid you in your orbits ſtay;
For you he made a firm decree,
And mark'd your path in each degree.
7 O praiſe him from the earth beneath,
Ye dragons, and ye deeps of death;
Tell all the wonders of the Lord
Wherewith the earth and ſeas are ſtor'd:

8 O vapour, fire, and hail, and snow,
And all ye stormy winds that blow,
Praise ye the Lord with all your force,
Whose word hath train'd you to your course.
9 Ye mountains, and ye little hills,
With all your rivers and your rills,
Your fruitful trees, and cedars tall,
O praise the Lord, who made you all.

10 Wild beasts, and cattle, creeping things,
And all ye fowls of various wings,
Praise ye the Lord, where-e'er ye go,
In all your motions, swift or slow.
11 Kings of the earth, and people all,
Princes and judges, great or small,
Praise ye the Lord, and rev'rence shew
To him who hath appointed you.

12 Young men and maidens, all of you,
Old men, and children, humbly bow;
O praise the Lord, who made you all,
And low before his presence fall:
13 O praise the Lord, the Lord alone,
Whose name 's above all glory gone;
Above the earth, above the heav'n—
To him the glory due be giv'n!

14 Behold the Son, the Saviour born,
Who shall exalt his people's horn!
The praise of all his saints is he;
And he alone shall praised be:
O Zion, thou, a people near
Unto thy God, arise, appear;
Let heav'n and earth the Lord adore
With hallelujahs evermore.

SECOND VERSION.

1 LOUD hallelujahs ſing,
With heav'nly ſymphony,
2 To your eternal King,
Who made you gods on high,
To hear his call,
Or cherubim,
Or ſeraphim,
Ye angels all.

3 Praiſe, praiſe him, ſun and moon;
Praiſe him, ye ſtars of light,
At midnight, and at noon,
Who made you ſhine ſo bright:
Where-e'er ye move,
Let all your ways
Advance his praiſe,
And ſpeak his love.

4 Ye heav'ns of heav'ns, ſo high!
High hallelujahs ſound;
Ye floods above the ſky,
Convey the echo round:
5 He ſaid the word,
And then they were
Created fair,
To praiſe the Lord:

6 With unremitted force,
They run their daily rounds;
Nor dare they turn their courſe
From their appointed bounds:
How kindly they
On us diſpenſe
Sweet influence,
By night and day!

Thou earth, and deep abyſs,
With all thy monſters, riſe;
Roar, dragons,—ſerpents, hiſs,
In chorus with the ſkies:
Fire, hail, and ſnow,
And ſtormy wind,
And vapours kind,
Rain, ſwift or ſlow;

All ye, his holy will,
Are taught to know and do:
Each mountain, rock, and hill,
With ſhrub, or cedar, bow:
Beaſts, cattle all,
Each creeping thing,
And bird of wing,
All, lowly fall.

Kings of the earth, adore,
And this your King obey;
Low in the duſt, before
His feet, your ſceptres lay:
Ye people all,
Prince, judge, or lord,
Before THE WORD
INCARNATE, fall.

Young men, and maidens fair,
O praiſe him in your ſongs,
Who made you what you are;
Your love to him belongs:
Ye full of days,
Be full of praiſe,
And teach your babes
To liſp his ways.

Let all that be advance
The name of JESUS high;
His works his praiſe enhance
Above the earth and ſky:

His name alone
Is glorious,
Victorious,
Th' ETERNAL SON!

14 He liſts our horn on high,
Of all his ſaints the praiſe,
The glory of the ſky,
Through everlaſting days:
O Iſra'l, now,
A people near
To God, and dear,
Praiſe, praiſe him, thou!

PSALM CXLIX.

HALLELUJAH.

Redeemed by your Saviour's blood,
Ariſe, ye ſaints, and hail your God!
Your bodies from the duſt ſhall riſe,
And ſhine like ſuns above the ſkies.

1 SING hallelujah to the Lord,
And raiſe new ſongs with one accord;
O praiſe in your aſſembly, ſtill,
The Lord who dwells on Zion-hill.
2 Let Iſra'l in his Maker joy,
And in his praiſe his heart employ;
Let Zion's children, joyful, bring
Their ſongs of praiſe to Chriſt their King.
3 Let them with joy to him advance,
And hail their King with holy dance;
With pleaſant harp and timbrel's ſound,
Let all the temple echo round:

Behold the temple's glory come!
The God of glory fills the dome!
Arise and shine, O Zion, now!
Messiah comes to pay his vow!

4 Messiah loves his people all;
He loves them now, and ever shall;
His hand the meek shall raise on high,
And with salvation beautify:
5 He'll make his saints eternally,
In glory, reign with him on high;
Ev'n while they sleep on beds of dust,
Their spirits sing among the just:

6 But when they rise, O joyful day!
Their resurrection shall display
The glory which cannot be told!
The glory which we shall behold!
The praises high of God, their King,
They in their mouth aloud shall sing:
Their hands shall wield a two-edg'd sword,
The mighty word of God the Lord;

7 To execute the vengeance due
On all the lewd, ungodly crew,
Who trampled on the Son of God,
And vilify'd his sacred blood;
8 To bind their kings with weighty chains,
And fill their loins with heavy pains;
To fetter their proud nobles down,
Who rose and rag'd against THE SON;

9 To sit in judgment with the Lord,
And judge them by the written word:
This prize have all the saints of God!
High hallelujahs sound aloud!

PSALM

PSALM CL.

HALLELUJAH.

O Zion, Zion, now rejoice;
Lift up thy head, lift up thy voice:
See, ſee the ſhadows all decline!
King JESUS *ſhines thy Light divine!*

1 SING hallelujah to your God;
High hallelujahs ſound aloud!
Praiſe, praiſe him in his holineſs;
Heav'ns of his pow'r, his praiſe expreſs:
2 Praiſe him for all his glorious ways,
His mighty acts of glorious praiſe;
While ye his glorious greatneſs tell,
His glory let your muſic ſwell:

3 O praiſe him with the trumpet's ſound;
Let vaulted heav'n to earth rebound;
Bring, bring the harp and pſalt'ry nigh,
And tune them to his praiſes high:
4 Praiſe him with timbrel, dance, and pipe;
Let holy virgins lightly trip;
Let ſolemn-ſounding organs blow,
And all the pow'rs of muſic flow:

5 Praiſe him on cymbals, ſounding loud;
On cymbals, high-ſounding to God,
Exalt his praiſe, exalt his fame:
Let Zion glory in his name.
6 Let Zion well obſerve each ſign,
And look for glory more divine;
Theſe ſigns but for a ſeaſon ſtay,
Till ſhadows break, and fly away:—

Behold, the goſpel-day is near,
When God in glory ſhall appear:
Meſſiah comes! Go, meet your King!
Judah, be glad, and Zion, ſing!

Praiſe

Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE GOD ALONE, in whom we boast!
Let ev'ry breathing creature sing
Loud hallelujahs to our King.

END OF THE PSALMS.

GLOSSARY.

BOURNE; *A bound or limit.*
DIVAN; *A council assembled.*
EMPYREAL; *Heavenly.*
ERST; *Formerly, before, long ago.*
ESCORTING; *Convoying, or guarding from place to place.*
ETHER; *The substance of the heavens.*
ETHEREAL; *Heavenly.*
HECATOMBS; *Sacrifices of a hundred cattle.*
HOLOCAUSTS; *Whole burnt-offerings.*
INCARNATE; *Clothed with flesh, embodied.*
INDIGNANT; *Inflamed with anger and disdain.*
LEVEE; *the time of rising.*
MYRIADS; *Ten thousands, an immense number.*
PEERLESS; *Unequalled, having no peer or match.*
PUISSANCE; *Power, strength, or force.*
SANHEDRIM; *Jewish council.*
SIRE; *A father.*
SPELL; *A charm, enchantment.*

A HYMN.

Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Phil. iv. 4.

REJOICE, ye saints, in Christ your Lord,
By whom the heav'ns and earth were made,
Jehovah's true Eternal Word,
For ever in his name be glad.
The fulness of the earth below,
Sun, moon, and stars, in heav'n above,
And seas, whose waves he made to flow,
Proclaim his glory and his love.

Govern'd are they, upheld, and mov'd,
By Zion's great Almighty King;
Rejoice in him, his children lov'd,
And of his tender mercies sing.
Lo, all in Adam sinn'd and dy'd,
The figure of our Living Head;
But sov'reign grace is magnify'd,
In quick'ning of his chosen seed.

Though you, by Adam's one offence,
Were justly doom'd to endless pain;
Rejoice, through Christ's obedience,
Grace to eternal life doth reign.
Your ransom-price is fully told;
For Christ the law did magnify;
God's Lamb was slain; his blood, behold
For ever pleads your liberty.

Triumph, your King exalted reigns;
All pow'r in heav'n and earth are his;
Jehovah's whole perfection shines,
Expressed bright in Jesus' face!
Rejoice in bearing now the cross;
Your pattern he did so ordain,
And bore it first, tho' Lord of Hosts,
Your crown of glory to obtain.

Altho'

Altho' the world make you their ſong,
And they with ſcandal blot your name;
Rejoice, your name is found among
The living in Jeruſalem.
Thro' fire he'll purge you from your droſs;
Thro' floods his hand ſhall you ſuſtain;
Nor life, nor death, can be your loſs;
For Chriſt is your immortal gain.

Behold, he comes, the Morning Star,
Firſt-born of all his choſen ones;
His brightneſs ſee, out-ſhining far
Ten thouſand thouſand flaming ſuns.
His angels ſtrong in raptures burn;
They bring his ſaints home at his word:
Then, cloth'd with ſhame, the wicked mourn;
Then ye are faſhion'd like your Lord.

Lo, down to outer darkneſs, then,
His foes by his great pow'r are thruſt;
Ye to their doom ſhall ſay, Amen,
Rejoicing in his judgment juſt.—
Lo we, redeem'd from ſin and ſhame,
All ſpotleſs in his tent divine,
Circling in viſion of the Lamb,
Round all eternity ſhall ſhine.

Our King hath conquer'd death and hell;
No evil now can us befal:
Within his palace fair we dwell,
Where God himſelf is all in all.
The ſin and darkneſs paſt away,
Jehovah never more ſhall frown;
Jehovah's our eternal day;
The Lamb is our eternal Sun.

Triumph in God, and praiſes ſing
To him in whom we are approv'd:
While God omnipotent doth reign,
His ſaints ſhall never more be mov'd.

THE

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

OUR Father, who owneſt that dear holy name,
O deal thou with us as becometh the ſame;
We doubt not thy wiſdom, thy pow'r, nor thy love:
Thy love, and thy wiſdom, and pow'r, let us prove.
Direct us, protect us, and comfort us ſtill;
Adviſe us, chaſtiſe us, deny us our will:
We aſk of thee nothing but this, great or ſmall,
That thou, only thou, mayſt be all and in all.

Thy name, holy Father, be hallowed ſtill;
With filial feelings thy family fill;
With high emulation thy children inſpire,
And keen-burning zeal to reſemble our Sire;
Conduct us, inſtruct us in brotherly love,
All blameleſs and harmleſs as thy Holy Dove;
Univerſal our love and our bounty to all,
As thy ſhow'rs and bleſſings diffuſively fall.

Thy kingdom, our Father, ſo holy and pure,
We wiſh in our hearts may for ever endure:
Thou art everlaſting; thy kingdom's the ſame;
No kingdom but thine e'er deſerved the name:
Advance it, enhance it, with glory and pow'r;
We meet it, and greet it, with joy ev'ry hour:
Let all the evaniſhing things paſs away,
And haſten thy kingdom and glory, we pray!

Thy will, over all the terreſtrial ball,
Be done as above, where 'tis holineſs all:
In all thy beloved ſubdue ev'ry ſin
By the pow'r of thy Spirit, reſiding within.
Inſpire us, and fire us, with heavenly love;
That, ſoaring, exploring, we onward may move,
Advancing from glory to glory and ſtrength,
Until we be with our Redeemer at length.

With food all-ſufficient, and daily, and due,
We truſt in thy promiſes faithful and true,
That thou wilt ſupply us, and give us enough,
Without our perplexities touching the ſtuff:

Perſuade us, and lead us in thy holy way,
Obſervant and fervent in ſpirit *to-day*,
To do to our Father whatever we do,
And leave for *to-morrow* the cares of it too.

Forgive us our treſpaſſes; Father, forgive;
For who without treſpaſſing daily can live?
All glory to thee, who in Chriſt haſt forgiv'n,
And freely abſolv'd us, O Father in heav'n!
Forgiven by heaven, we alſo forgive
Each other, as brothers who tenderly live:
Compaſſionate, courteous, pitiful, kind,
Let us, like our Father, be always inclin'd.

O never expoſe us to th' heat of the day,
Nor on us a burden too heavily lay;
But hold with thy hand, and o'erſhade with thy wing,
Thou Father Almighty, our Shepherd and King:
O ſhield us, and yield us the victory ſoon,
When tried and plied by that evil one:
When Jordan is ſwelling, and death is the flood,
O reach down, and ſave, who haſt waſh'd us in blood.

Amen to thy name, and amen to thy will;
Amen to thy wiſdom, thy pow'r, and thy ſkill;
Amen to thy kingdom, thy truth, and thy love;
Amen to thy coming with thy ſaints above;
Amen to the THREE-ONE, who bear the record,
The Father, the Word, and the Spirit—the Lord,
Our Father Jehovah, ONE GOD evermore:
For thine is the kingdom, the glory, and pow'r.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.